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Mr. Zirkle & Ruthless Rose Amy

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AMONG the sweetest of the sweet girl graduates of 1907 was Rose Amy Tanner, of Milwood College. Rose Amy pronounced the oration over the new-planted class ivy in the worst rain-storm of the year 1907; nor would she cut a single paragraph of her speech, though her friends and classmates, Misses Oldmixon and Barnes, appointed to hold the umbrellas over her, repeatedly urged her to do so in perfectly audible tones. The reporters, sitting dry in Abercrombie Hall, wrote it up, you may remember, as quite a plucky thing. Having installed the ivy, bought a green tin second-hand tube for her diploma, and saluted 107 bosom friends a long good-by, Rose Amy came home to Wattlesburg and was put in charge of the Zirkle Free Library.

As Rose Amy secured her appointment to the library by pull, so, as she well knew, she was likely to lose it by the converse influence, to wit, push. As the pull came from her Uncle George Terwilliger, chairman of the board, so the push was morally certain to be applied by Zirkle himself.

Old Zirkle was a hard man and his business was hardware. All the old biting similes for meanness had been resurrected for his benefit, and many new ones, of fair quality only, had been invented by the wits of Wattlesburg in front of the drug-store. The library, built, stocked, and endowed with the hard hardware funds, was the flower of Zirkle's senility. Even this was no untrammeled donation, for he had reserved the right of veto on all acts of the board: a little joker which he employed, oddly enough, exclusively for propelling a long succession of librarians into the discard. He tripped them with cunning catch-questions and (at the board meeting following) whoopingly slashed off their heads with his little snickersnee. The old Bluebeard bagged eight the first year.

Old Zirkle died of hardening of the heart, and the snickersnee passed to young Zirkle by a special clause in the will. Young Zirkle was a chip of the old block, Wattlesburg told Rose Amy. The old man's acquaintance with books had been limited to bank-books, which the library, alas, did not circulate; but the young one, observed Wattlesburg derogatorily, was a

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scholar. He lived alone in the great house on the hill, consuming folios for breakfast, quartos for dinner, and octavos, duodecimos, and tomes before retiring for a fitful rest. Accordingly, his interrogations to librarians had a singular dexterity, a profound and stunning adroitness. Only three months he had worn the black cap, and already he counted four heads, blonde, red, and brunette, in his little basket.

It was not to be expected, however, that a girl capable of apostrophizing a sickly ivy sprig for forty minutes in a typhoon would tamely suffer herself to be made the sport of the bookworm offspring of a hardware man. In availing herself of Uncle George Terwilliger's nepotism, Rose Amy went in braced for trouble.

"I shall endeavor," she said to her young friend, Dick Harcourt, who dropped in on her first day at the library, "to prove myself an expert librarian, a courteous lady, a devoted booklover, an efficient attendant, a discriminating purchaser of new volumes, and a wise counselor of the young."

"You will endeavor to prove yourself a syndicate," said Dick Harcourt glumly.

"If," continued Rose Amy, "in despite of so many and such valuable merits, he upsets me on a technicality and discharges me, I promise you, Dick, that I shall not leave without giving him a piece of my mind."

"All your esteemed predecessors did that," said Dick. "He's got more styles and samples of mind now than he knows what to do with."

"Not enough to be ashamed of himself with, it seems. A fine sport for a grown man — tricking frightened girls out of their bread and meat!"

"Ashamed?" echoed Dick. "How on earth could you expect a man with a sense of shame to have a pile made out of plumbers' supplies? Be reasonable, Rose Amy. Well, let me know when you want another job. Oh, by the way," he added as he rose, "I came in to get a book, librarian. G. B. Adams's 'Civilization During the Middle Ages' — immediately, *if* you please."

"No joking during library hours," said the librarian severely. "Good-by."

Dick, aghast, protested that since the world began no man ever joked about civilization during the Middle Ages.

"You know very well that you don't want that book, Dick. You couldn't understand a word of it."

"I know very well I could," said Dick warmly.

Disputation followed, and at length she rose crossly. Ensued an exasperated sacking of some thirty or forty shelves, at the end of which she emerged with the book in her hand and a great splotch of dust on her left eyebrow. Harcourt accepted the volume sternly.

"Suppose," said he, "that Zirkle had witnessed this astonishing exhibition. I ask you to put that to yourself, my girl. I courteously enter this great people's institution, free to all, however humble. I respectfully ask for an improving work. You upbraid me for my lack of learning, you insult me with bitter taunts. You take forty minutes to fetch me my desire. I say to you that you have proved yourself neither an expert librarian, nor a courteous lady, nor a wise counselor of the young, nor yet again——"

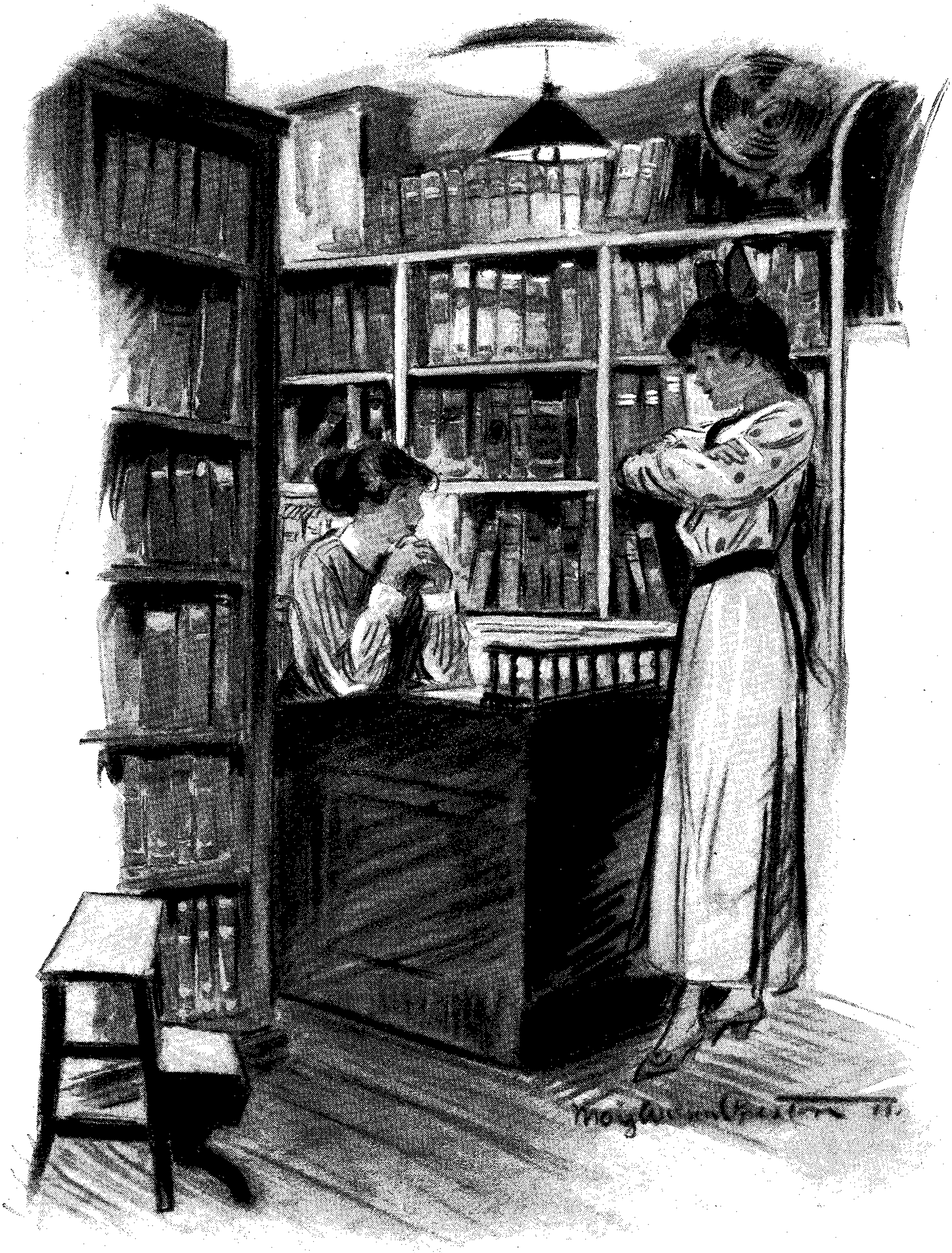
"Go along with you, Dick Harcourt!" cried Rose Amy, stamping her foot. "I'm *busy!*"

In fact, Rose Amy needed no object lessons. She saw her needs, had her schemes. The library closed to the Wattlesburg public at 6 P. M., but the library light burned on till late. Rose Amy was within, taking inventory (as they say in the hardware trade) of the stock. After a week of silent communion with the shelves, when she knew them backwards and forwards, both going and coming, she had her little sister come down and instituted practical drills and quizzes. Rose Amy's little sister would circle among the volumes, pick out a couple of the stiffest-looking stickers she could find, and, approaching the desk, say: "Will you kindly give me Law's 'Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life' and E. P. Roe's 'He Fell in Love With His Wife'?" And Rose Amy would reply, "Certainly, Mr. Zirkle," and march straight off and pluck out the works in question with a careless bibliophile air.

Very earnestly did Rose Amy thumb "The Small Town Library and Its Function," by the renowned Dr. Horace Pipstick. The "Zirkle Free Library Rules and Regulations" she scrutinized as a New England school-marm scrutinizes a prospective flyer in foulard. She perused the card catalogue as an editor his own articles, the current book news like a poet publishing at his own expense. So the little ivy orator trained for the predestined encounter with the famous decapitator of librarians. And on the second day of the third week, at ten o'clock in the morning, the decapitator at last broke cover and charged upon her.

Rose Amy knew him the minute he opened the door, from Dick's stinging pen-sketches; she did not need the curious, excited glances of the half dozen people in the reading-room, flitting expectantly from him to her. A tall, stooped, pale, shabby young man he was, with steel-rimmed spectacles and black hair that cried for a barber.

Rose Amy marshaled her composite mental



"'WILL YOU KINDLY GIVE ME LAW'S "SERIOUS CALL TO A DEVOUT AND HOLY LIFE" AND E. P. ROE'S "HE FELL IN LOVE WITH HIS WIFE"?'"

photograph of the library in review, shelf by shelf, not without complacence. She saw no gap in her literary armor-plate — her book-plate, if you will — through which the snickersnee could smite and bite.

"I should l-like," said Zirkle, in a low, stammering voice, "to look at your copy of M-MacMifflin's spring catalogue, if you please."

The librarian turned scarlet.

"I am very sorry," she said, with some difficulty, "but — but we have not made a practice of filing publishers' catalogues."

"Don't you think it might be well to adopt that practice?" asked Zirkle.

"Well, you see, our space is very limited, and few or none of our members are interested in the catalogues."

"You have ascertained their tastes with c-commendable quickness."

"Yes — thank you; I have tried to do so," said she, covering a sinking heart with a look of gratified humility.

"You had a copy of MacMifflin's catalogue, didn't you?" resumed the decapitator.

"Yes, we had one; but after we had selected three or four books to order from it, we — we threw it away. I am sure," she added hurriedly, "you can get one at the book-store."

"Oh, you th-threw it away?"

"We threw it away," said the librarian, clinging desperately to the plural pronoun, which seemed to suggest that she was the mere mouthpiece of a large corporate body of vast mysterious powers — "since our space is limited and it promised to be of interest to few or none of our members."

Zirkle bowed coldly.

"Isn't there something else I may get you?" she wheedled in her softest tones.

"Only M-MacMifflin's catalogue," said Zirkle, and went.

So Bull Run was over, and the horrid depths of the Zirkle meanness stood fully revealed. After all her learned preparations, he had stooped to catch her on a miserable compilation of advertisements, and refused her the chance to redeem herself by the brilliant delivery of some recondite volume of his naming. The interested eavesdroppers in the reading-room, thronging round, warmly praised Rose Amy for her courage under fire, but over the question of her continued incumbency all shook their heads sadly. Dick Harcourt, with plans of his own for Rose Amy's future, was profoundly pessimistic.

"One more ex-librarian loose in Wattlesburg," said he, with characteristic bluntness. "Another good pull on Uncle George Terwilliger's leg, that's what this means."

But Rose Amy bravely declined to admit the extreme view of the situation as yet.

"I'm right about that catalogue, and he knows it," said she. "We're not running a book-store or a mail-order house here. Trust me, Dick, I'll be so agreeable, so well informed, so clearly invaluable, that this little affair will soon drop from his mind. He has rather nice eyes, Dick."

"Must have put in glass ones since I saw him," said Dick huffily.

Zirkle attacked again in three days. He came at two-thirty o'clock on a rainy afternoon, and the library was deserted. He had not yet visited a tonsorial artist, and two buttons were missing from his shabby black vest. Rose Amy's heart rose confidently for the conflict.

"I have ventured to b-bring," said Zirkle, "a small contribution to the library."

He took it from his pocket, done up in brown paper, and carefully untied the string.

"A copy," said he, offering it, "of M-MacMifflin's catalogue."

The librarian's heart fell like a thousand-weight of brick. By a herculean effort she kept her face impassive.

"Ah, the spring number, I see," said she, turning the pages with a studious air. "Why, that is very kind of you, but the fact is that we have had this."

"Don't you want to f-file it?" asked Zirkle, in his lowest voice.

"I don't quite see how we can find the space for publications of this sort. You see, if we filed MacMifflin's, we ought also, to be consistent, to file Scribbler's, Appleholt's and Triplepage's."

"You r-refuse it, then?"

With difficulty Rose Amy kept from screaming. Why, oh why couldn't the man come in like a human being and call for real books, stickers if necessary, the same as her little sister had done in the drills? However, catalogues were no part of a library's equipment, and she would *not* be browbeaten into pretending that they were.

"Unfortunately," said she, "limitations of space and the general interests of the members make it impossible for the library to accept many offerings not in themselves — hem — without merit."

"Considering s-space and the members, you refuse M-MacMifflin's catalogue?"

"Yes," said Rose Amy, with the calm of desperation.

Zirkle bowed formally. He took his spurned offering, carefully rewrapped it, and restored it to his pocket.

"I should like Green's 'History of the English People,' if you p-please."

"Certainly," said Rose Amy, her dead heart springing to life again.

She rose, walked with a firm, sure step past four stacks, turned in at the fifth, passed the first row of shelves, and from the next to the top shelf in the second row plucked down the sixth volume from the left. Bearing it, she returned to Zirkle.

"I requested," said he, glancing at the fat volume without taking it, "Green's 'History of the English People.' You have brought me Green's 'Short History of the English People.'"

Rose Amy flushed to her hair. In truth, it was all up with her now. She murmured an apology, replaced the short history, and, moving as in a nightmare, doubled around the stack for the long one. In comparatively little demand, this work was placed on the top shelf of the one tall stack in the room. The step-ladder was required, and Rose Amy brought it, placed it, and climbed precariously up four steps. Zirkle, standing at the foot of the ladder, received the volumes tenderly.

"This work is too useful a one, I should say," he remarked, "to be relegated to such an inac-c-essible place."

"An excellent history," said Rose Amy wildly, from the steps. (Oh, how she hated and despised him!) "Though we prefer the shorter work, and invariably recommend that to our members."

Zirkle glanced up with a faintly ironic eye. "You are f-familiar with both works, then?"

"Oh, yes," she replied. "I studied both in the earlier years of my college course. Afterward I naturally became fond of more advanced and specialized reading — Burnet, Clarendon, Hallam, Lecky, Hume, Gardiner, Froude, the diarists, the biographers, the memoirists. Nowadays, of course," she said, her gaze fastened upon Green, "I hardly care to go back to the more elementary text-books."

"Your knowledge of English history," he suggested, with some interest in his eyes, "must indeed be profound."

Rose Amy bowed silently. "But doubtless I should be doing an injustice to Milwood," she said, ostentatiously seating herself on the ladder, since Zirkle guarded the pass at the bottom in the best manner of Leonidas, "if I left you with the impression that my knowledge of history is confined to England. The fact is, indeed, that I know all history: Babylonia, Assyria, Phenicia; Judea and Egypt; the early Mycenæan civilization; Greece, Rome; the rise and progress of the Teutons and the Franks; the Renaissance, the Reformation, and the rise of modern Europe; and so on down to the latest development of the constitutional situation in China and the purchased election of Mr. Frankenberger to represent Wattlesburg in Congress."

"Your mind," said Zirkle, clearly taken aback, "must be an astonishing r-repository of useless information."

His thin mouth had indubitably widened into a smile, and Rose Amy, from the top of the ladder, smiled back dangerously.

"Why useless?"

"I never had much opinion of c-college education for women."

"No," she said pleasantly; "I suppose it takes rather a broad man to do that."

"Oh, I don't know that I'm so narrow, as f-far as that goes."

The librarian turned casually back and began straightening the books on the top shelf.

"May I ask," said Zirkle, "why you conclude that I am a narrow man?"

"It is not the policy of the library to criticize the breadth or the outlook of those who favor it with their patronage."

"It occurs to me that the library has already violated its policy in the g-grossest way."

Silence from the ladder.

"I should be interested to hear," said Zirkle coldly, "why you think that I am a n-narrow man."

She turned her blue eyes down upon him and laughed, deliberately, showily.

"For one thing, consider how enormously interested you appear to be in talking about yourself. A——"

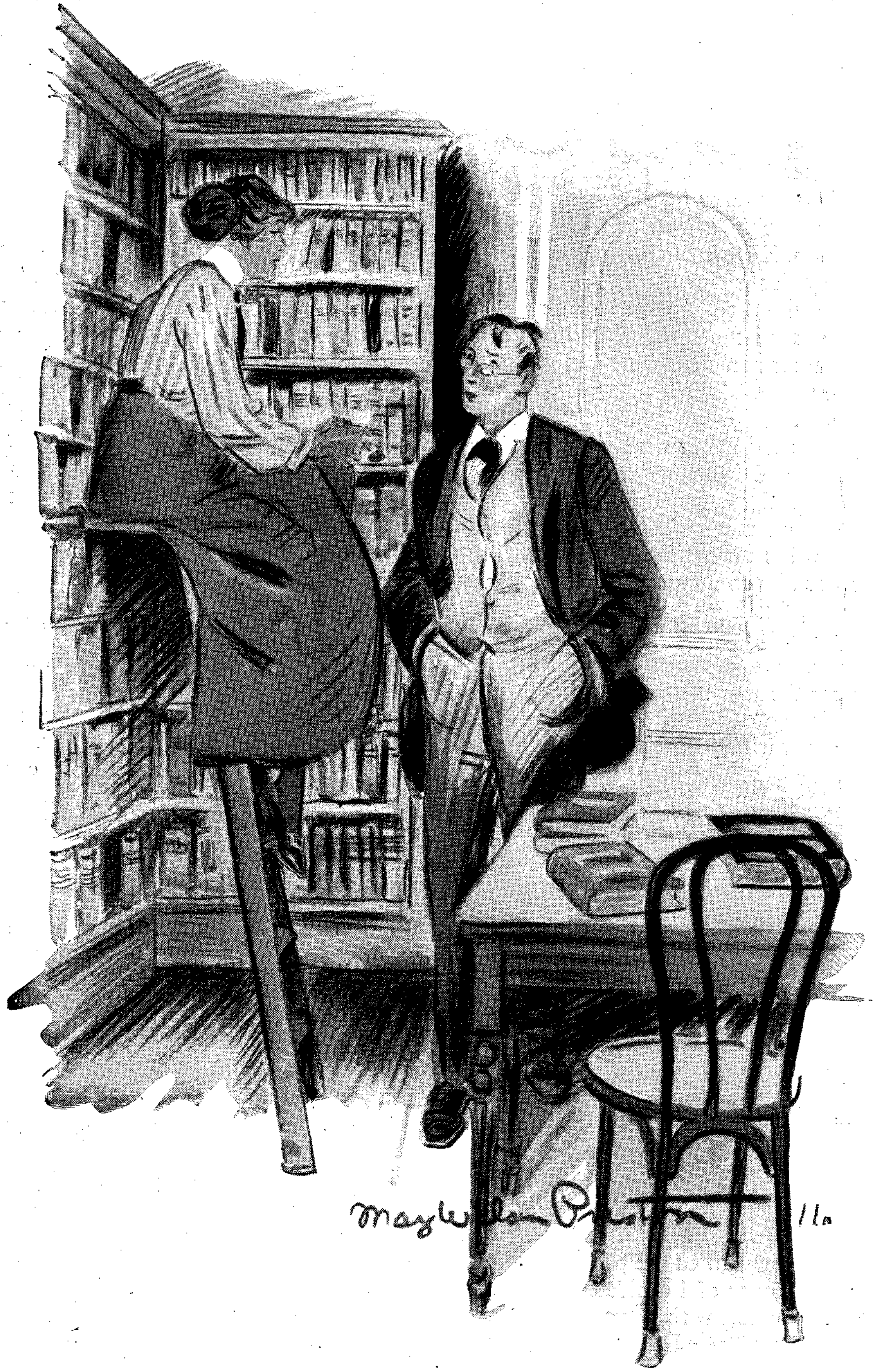
The library door opened, and there entered a little bevy of girls, with a teacher or two, just out from the high school. The gazes of all were immediately riveted by the spectacle of the pretty librarian on the ladder and the wealthy young patron staring upward from its foot. Zirkle's face reddened. He hastily withdrew from the ladder.

"There is not the least s-sense," he said sharply, "in placing these valuable books so far out of reach. You should have a new s-stack built at once, to s-stand there between the windows."

At the cowardice of this assault, the mean treachery of it, Rose Amy's cheek flamed. She descended from the ladder, trying, unsuccessfully, to do it gracefully.

"I am sorry to say," she answered, quite loud enough to be heard in the reading-room, "that the small, I may almost say the *niggardly*, endowment of the library leaves us no funds for the purchase of new equipment."

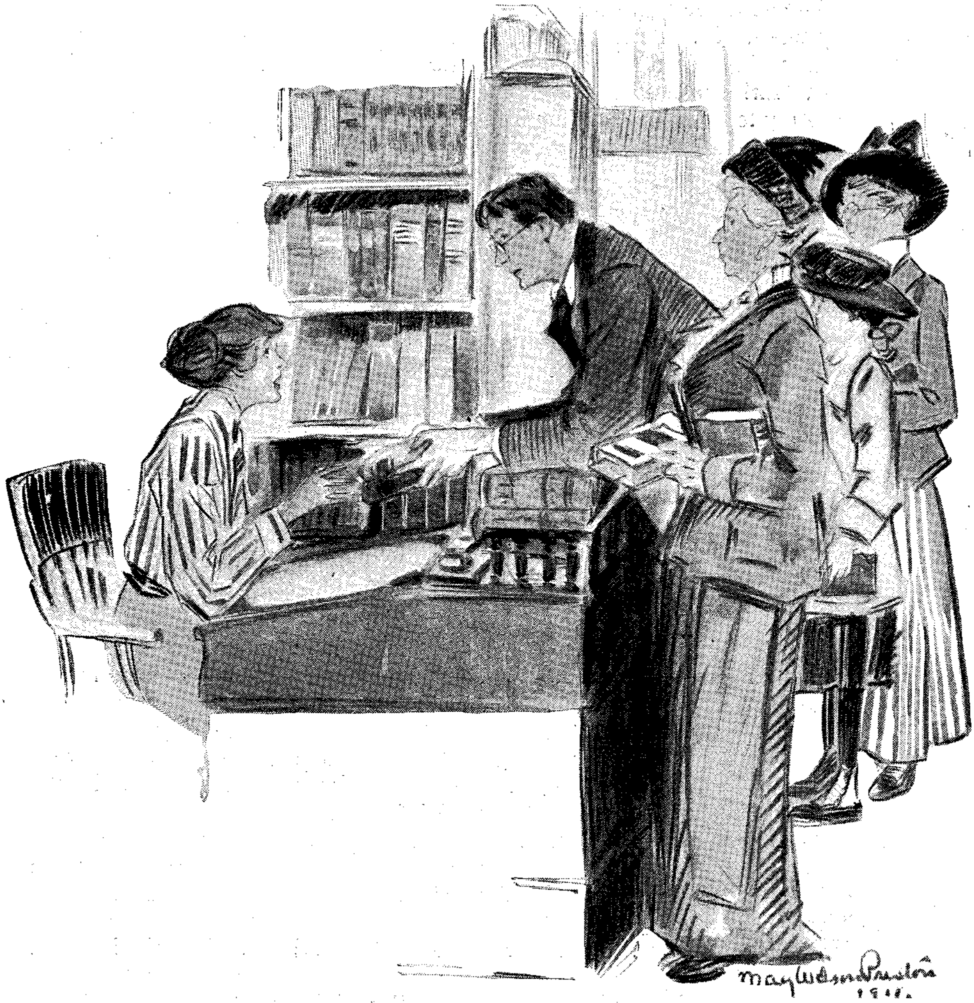
"You may send the b-bill to me," answered Zirkle icily.



"'YOUR MIND,' SAID ZIRKLE, 'MUST BE AN ASTONISHING REPOSITORY OF USELESS INFORMATION'"

"If you will leave me your name and address?" said Rose Amy sweetly.

Zirkle stared at her, speechless, and retired among the stacks. There he snooped about for some time, one steel-rimmed eye scanning the shelves, the other scanning Rose Amy as she courteously dispensed volumes to members and wisely counseled the young. In half an hour he stood before her desk again.



"'OH!' SHE CRIED PASSIONATELY. 'YOU BROUGHT THEM BACK AND JUST PUT THEM THERE'"

"I have j-just been looking about among the books," said he. "On the whole, I doubt if 'Gulliver's Travels' and Hubbard's 'Little Journeys' should be classified as travel books, Miss T-T-Tanner."

Rose Amy, though nigh to bursting, said nothing, scorning to incriminate her predecessors.

"And I don't believe that I should put 'The L-Little Minister' under Theology and Bible Criticism, either. I think you made an error of judgment there, Miss T-Tanner."

The librarian glared at him.

"I should like," said Zirkle drily, "to g-get Adams's 'Civilization During the Middle Ages.'"

"I am sorry," said she, endeavoring to perk up under this sudden ray of hope, "but that book is out."

"Out? Oh, no, I think not."

"I am sorry, but it is out."

"On the contrary," replied Zirkle, "here it is."

By a marvel, his eye had fallen upon it in the pile of books upon the librarian's desk,— it was the top one in the pile, ah me! — and he held it up. How under heaven she could have forgotten that Dick had fetched the hateful thing back the night before Rose Amy could not now imagine. But she declined to betray the smallest concern over its highly inopportune appearance.

"Ah, I recall now," she said casually. "It was returned yesterday. You wish to take it out, I believe you said?"

"Th-thank you."

And now, her neck already palpitating prospectively under the stroke of the snickersnee, she was ready to launch the return bolt she had had upon ice for three weeks. Be assured that the rain-proof orator of Milwood meant to die with her boots on. Zirkle produced his member's card. Rose Amy took it and looked up its fellow in the little card catalogue in the drawer.

"Oh, you are Mr. Zirkle, then," she said, with well-feigned, mild surprise. "Mr. F. X. Zirkle."

"Such," said Zirkle, "is my name."

"Why, it seems that you already have out two books, Mr. Zirkle. Freeman's 'Federal Government' and Hannis Taylor's 'Origin of the English Constitution.' You've had them out since April 14."

"I r-returned those books," said Zirkle.

"I'm sorry, but I don't find any record of their return, nor do the books appear to be in the library. So there is quite a fine against you, I'm afraid, running since April 28. It will be — let me see — h'm — $5.64."

"But I r-returned the books a few days after I got them out."

Rose Amy expressed regret over the absence of any verification of this assertion in the official archives. Zirkle hesitated.

"P-perhaps you will be good enough to look the matter up more fully, letting the alleged f-fine run until to-morrow. Meantime, I should like to take out this book."

"I'm sorry, but our members are allowed to have out but two books at a time."

A look passed between Zirkle and the Zirkle librarian. Simultaneously a giggle from the breathless audience in the reading-room broke the tense calm.

"You r-refuse to let me take out this book?"

"Merely pending the return of overdue volumes and the payment of all fines incurred," said Rose Amy, from the "Rules and Regulations."

"Without such action on my part, you r-refuse to let me take out this book?"

"Unfortunately, I have no alternative," said Rose Amy, with a casual smile. "Did you wish something, Mrs. Tompkins?"

The decapitator laid down the book and walked away without a word.

With the shutting of the door upon him a great stir and buzzing instantly broke out in the reading-room, and, this being sternly checked by Rose Amy, there followed an excited exodus. So it became quickly noised over the town that the eponymous patron of Zirkle Free Library had been summarily suspended from membership by a pink-and-white slip of a three weeks' librarian. A sad dog of a reporter on the Wattlesburg *Bee* heard the wild story and wrote it up for his paper, in the human-interest manner with facetious touches. He also gave it to the Associated Press, which scattered it over the country. Thus it came under the eye of the editor in New York who had written the witty editorial about Rose Amy's exploit around the ivy. The wag remembered her, it seemed, and wrote a second witty editorial called, impudently enough, "Mr. Zirkle and Ruthless Rose Amy." Men in Portland, Maine, and Walla Walla, Washington, spoke of Rose Amy as of an old friend.

Meantime Wattlesburg was in an uproar. Hardly anything else was talked of by the wits at the drug-store for days.

Ninety-nine out of every hundred Wattlesburgers supported Rose Amy with vociferous congratulations and acclaim. This, they said cordially, was where Zirkle got his. Dick Harcourt, with his private plans for Rose Amy's future, was especially jubilant. She had handed the brute, in his figurative language, such a smite on the plexus that he couldn't come back. Some voices were raised, however, on the other side. There was Rose Amy's little sister, for instance, who urged her to kneel instantly at Zirkle's feet and implore his forgiveness with tears. Friendly members of the board suggested, after varying preambles, that it might — hum, hum — be good policy to yield the rule in this particular instance. So also said the Wattlesburg *Guardian* in a column editorial, though the *Bee's* facetious reply next morning won far more public approbation. On the third day Uncle George Terwilliger dropped in, sighing heavily.

"It's suicide, Rose," he said lugubriously. "That's what it is."

"No," said Rose Amy; "I was dead and buried already."

"No comp'omise on a matter of principle — my motter all my life long. Still, Rose — when you think it's Zirkle — *Zirkle* ——"

"On the board," said Rose Amy, "he is the son of the man who gave the library. In here he is simply a member, like the rest of them. If I break the rule for him I must break it for everybody."

"Of course, now, he says," observed Uncle George weakly, "he *says* he returned those books, Rosie."

"Some people will say anything for $5.64," said Rose Amy.

Uncle George mopped his brow, meditating that women beat *him*. Well!

"Letty Wilson'll be the next librarian. Miss Bemis is pledging votes for her now. Runnin' you down some, too, Bemis is, the old cat. Says Zirkle's going to institoot legal proceedings against the libr'ry and you an' me personally. Well, Rose, I'll see if I can't find you something at the school, though Lord knows good jobs don't go begging these days."

The same day five friendly members of the board signed and submitted a petition for Zirkle's reinstatement, thus kindly offering the librarian a most beautiful chance to crawl out, with all the responsibility nicely thrown upon the shoulders of her superiors. Rose Amy refused to take advantage of this line of retreat, and early on the following morning she met Uncle George Terwilliger.

"Calling a board meetin' for to-morrow at five-thirty," said Uncle George.

"Whom was it requested by?" asked Rose Amy, of Milwood College.

"Zirkle," said Uncle George, all but bursting into tears.

Rose Amy plodded on to the library, where her days were now so numbered and brief. It was a fine, sunny morning in early fall, whose joyousness not even the decapitators of this weary world could wholly spoil. On the library steps, leaning against the locked door, stood Zirkle.

"Good morning," said Rose Amy distantly.

He had bundles of books and papers under his arms, and he shifted his burdens to lift his hat gingerly.

"I called to propose a c-compromise," said Zirkle calmly. "I will consent to pay that fine, under p-protest, provided that you will dismiss the charge of the missing books."

The little librarian unconsciously stiffened. Flaunting the morrow's board meeting over her head, he was mean-spirited enough to try to make her back water for the contemptible gratification of his vanity.

"In cases of delinquency," said she, "the library is entitled to the payment of all fines incurred *and* the return of all overdue books. I have no authority to abrogate the rules in the interest of any member."

"In that case, I w-wanted to ask if my reading-room privileges were suspended also."

"I do not know of anything in the rules that requires me to take that step," answered Rose Amy, in the tone of one who has searched long for just such a requirement.

"I'm g-gratified to hear it," said Zirkle in a low voice.

She unlocked the door, and he entered after her, lugging along his paraphernalia. Rose Amy never forgot the day that followed.

It was the duty of the Zirkle librarian to serve as attendant in the reading-room, and Zirkle, having spread himself over a table, availed himself of his privilege that day to the uttermost stretch of the imagination. Rose Amy had not removed her hat before he rapped with his pencil and called for two books. She had hardly brought them and taken her seat before he rapped for two more, and then two more. So it ran all through the long day. The reading-room filled up with the morning loafers, emptied again at the dinner-hour, refilled in the afternoon with regular and transient trade. But, through all changes and vicissitudes, the decapitator sat on at his choice corner seat, picking his ostensible needs out of volumes with a flying glance, and rapping incessantly for more.

The librarian was equal to the occasion. If a man was low enough to seek a puerile revenge for his public (and just) penalizations, it was far from her nature to play into his hand with groans and lamentations. Through the long day she remained unshakably courteous and smiling, marvelously prompt, most provokingly efficient. Placing and replacing one million books, trotting up and down to an aggregate of one hundred and fifty miles, she unfailingly suggested by her manner that playing handmaid to Zirkle's nod was the one thing in the world calculated to keep her supremely happy.

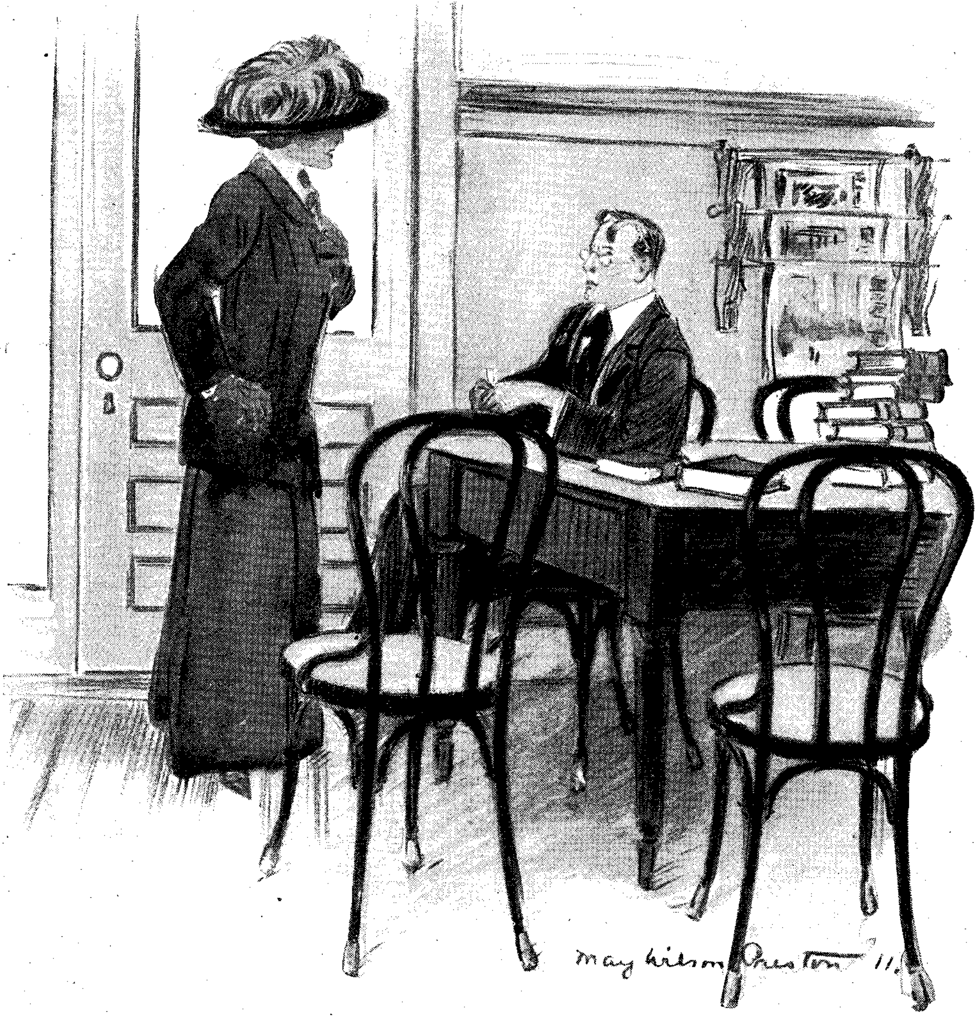
All this, and then to fail in the end. Rose Amy's brilliant triumph of good nature had a miserable anti-climax. About five-thirty, Zirkle, having verified his last alleged reference, approached the librarian's desk, while the ubiquitous fellow on the *Bee*, who had dropped in a-search for another story in his famous facetious vein, edged nearer to hear what he might say. Zirkle, it seemed, desired permission to make a personal search for the two deplorably missing works charged to his account. Rose Amy gladly accorded it. She embraced the prospect of seeing Zirkle work, especially in vain. Zirkle retired among the shelves. In three minutes he returned, and, in the sight of all, laid down the missing volumes under Rose Amy's fascinated gaze.

"They had f-fallen over behind," he said evenly, "in Stack 5, Section B."

The librarian stared at them, pale and speechless.

"I was c-certain I had returned them," said Zirkle's voice, in the room's still calm.

Rose Amy's world careened in red, and the redness showered shooting stars and a thousand pin-wheels.



"'TO-DAY I FOUND A MEMORANDUM IN THE DRAWER. I WAS—WAS IN THE WRONG FROM THE BEGINNING'"

"Oh!" she cried passionately. "*You brought them back and just put them there!*"

Even Zirkle's hands turned a dull, purply red. He stammered something unintelligible and backed away.

And next day, as if matters weren't in quite enough of a mess already, Rose Amy, straightening out desk drawers in preparation for her early demise, was suddenly struck cold by a scrap of brown paper wretchedly scrawled over thus: "4-17-7 B207f—B1772 ret'd Z." Upon investigation, B207f and B1772 proved to be Freeman's "Federal Government" and Taylor's "Origin and Growth of the English Constitution." Zirkle had returned them, just as he said, only the slatternly librarian of that date had been too lazy to get out his card and record that fact.

About five, Letty Wilson strolled past the library, examining it with quite a proprietary air. Letty had seven votes out of nine firmly pledged, Uncle George said. Half an hour later the board was to be heard gathering in session in the little "librarian's room" across the hall. It was still sitting when Dick Harcourt came in just at closing-time. By courtesy of the librarian, Dick was permitted to conduct the ceremonies of adjournment in the reading-room, which consisted merely in announcing that it was six o'clock. Dick made the most of his brief authority. He paraded up and down the two long rooms, repeatedly crying out in a needlessly basso voice: "Six o'clock! Six o'clock! *Six* o'clock!" — at the same time making large banishing gestures with his great hand.

The last reader banished, Dick sat by Rose

Amy and hearkened to her. Presently the sound of shuffling footsteps and opening doors from across the hall advertised that the rites of decapitation were concluded. Somebody rattled the reading-room door, but Rose Amy would not get up and unlock it. She felt that she could not stand Uncle George Terwilliger's tears just now. Besides, she was absorbed in her conversation with Dick.

"I want you to walk up there with me now, Dick. You see my position, don't you? Just because I hate him so, I can't sleep till I have apologized to him for what I said."

Dick argued stoutly for a letter.

"No," said Rose Amy. "I insulted him to his face, and I'll withdraw it in the same manner."

"You little cutey," said Dick, an irrelevance for which he was soundly rebuffed.

"Let's go," said Rose Amy, rising feverishly. "It's been on my mind all day, and I can't wait another minute. You fasten the windows, Dick, while I shut up the other room and bolt the back door."

Dick obediently fell upon his task. Rose Amy, already hatted and gloved, unlocked the door and flew across the hall. Dusk was filtering into the librarian's room. Chairs stood about the long table, pushed back in disorder. In one of the chairs sat a man, his head between his hands.

"Oh!" exclaimed Rose Amy, halting dead just inside the threshold.

Zirkle raised his head and looked at her in silence. Color came into his face — came, but soon departed.

"I'm glad that I found you," began Rose Amy, resolute but rather white, "because I — I wanted to ask your pardon for what I said to you yesterday."

"Oh, th-that's all right," said Zirkle calmly, curling and uncurling a piece of paper. "S-saying things never makes the least difference, so it seems to me. It is only thinking them that counts."

"But my apology is for thinking — that," said Rose Amy, draining her bitter medicine. "To-day I found a memorandum in the drawer. I was — was in the wrong from the beginning."

"A natural mistake, and one of no c-consequence," said Zirkle absently, his cheek upon his hand.

Rose Amy was somewhat at a loss. The subtle air of melancholy that seemed to envelop the decapitator's bowed figure was unexpected and a little confusing. However, she could not lock him up in the librarian's room, and so she turned to go.

"Should you say that the new salary is s-sufficient to insure us a good librarian?" said Zirkle's voice.

"The new salary?" she repeated, halting.

"That it is s-sufficient to insure us a good librarian?"

"I'm afraid I haven't heard about the new salary," said Rose Amy.

"Oh! I thought that was why you —" He broke off, hesitated, and drily resumed: "We have raised the librarian's salary to a thousand a year."

Under this final taunt, this crowning act of spite and petty reprisal, the girl's blood rose.

"It is more than sufficient for a good librarian, of course," said she. "But I'm afraid that the whole world does not contain a librarian that *you* would think good."

"On the contrary, Wattlesburg contains one."

"*Letty Wilson!*"

"Letty Wilson? Oh, no," said Zirkle, with the same strange listlessness. "I was s-speaking of you."

He continued to dog-ear his corner of paper, apparently utterly indifferent to the dramatic quality of his announcement. Rose Amy leaned against the shut door, very white and sick. The dim silence lengthened.

"Do you mean," said she, struggling against an absurd impulse to cry, "that you have made *me* librarian at a thousand dollars a year?"

"Yes," said Zirkle. "Yes, I think that is what my father would have wished."

"But why?" asked Rose Amy, in a very small voice.

"M-mostly," he said, "because you're not a politician."

She echoed his phrase stupidly, secretly rather disappointed. Suddenly he threw his arms over his head and rose, his air of fixed melancholy oddly and unexpectedly broken with feeling.

"Oh, they never understood father!" he cried out. "They never understood him!"

To her astonishment, he began to pace about the floor, talking passionately, her presence evidently quite forgotten. "They called him hard, but he was a s-shy man at heart, and this library was his pride, his monument. All his life he wanted to do something g-genuine for Wattlesburg, and when he could he did this. It p-pinched him to make the gift,—nearly half of all he had it cost,—but he said it must be a model library and never mind the expense. And what a lot of p-pleasure we had p-picking out the books, and how we planned and schemed to make it perfect in its usefulness and service to the town. That's what he did — and how have they rewarded him? Grabbed his gift for one more plum, that's all, one more j-job for incompetent hangers-on and imbecile f-favorites! Oh, it's enough to make one s-sick, the troop of little heelers they've foisted off on us. But we hunted them out like the worms they were, and, by heaven, I'll k-keep on doing so, as long as I'm f-fit to be his son!"

He stopped abruptly, and stared at Rose Amy with a faintly horrified look, as though just recalling who and what she was. His face changed; he made a slight formal bow, and, passing over to the table, began to gather up his things.

"However, I am s-sure," he added in a hard, dry voice, "that there will be no further necessity for that sort of activity."

Rose Amy leaned palely against the door, and looked at him from under a hat much larger than most librarians affect. Her thoughts were flying, reconstructing her universe. For the first time she saw young Zirkle as a son who had loved his father, but four months dead, and old Zirkle as a man who had, at least, done one generous thing, and seen his generosity meanly abused. And she wondered if young Zirkle also could possibly be shy at heart, and she saw that there was a third button gone from his vest to-day and that his black hair was in wild disarray.

"I sat on here a moment, thinking it all over," said Zirkle, picking up his shabby hat with the mourning-band. "I t-trust I have not detained you?"

He moved toward the door, but Rose Amy bravely stood her ground.

"I'm only a hanger-on, too," said she. "I got in by pull, just like the others."

"Yes," said Zirkle impersonally; "your uncle George Terwilliger is d-decidedly n-nepotistic in his outlook, to put it only generally. However, we are not raising his salary. You are no politician, at any rate. You st-stand on your own feet. You won't truckle. Besides, you're a first-rate librarian."

"I make a good many mistakes," said she, setting her teeth on her lower lip to stop its trembling.

"S-so does everybody. But you have the qualities of character, and you have the expert knowledge. I th-thought you had. So I gave you a pretty s-severe trying out to make sure. And you had."

He took another step forward, but still Rose Amy would not move.

"I — I've done you a — a great wrong in my thoughts, all along," faltered she. "And now — how can I thank you?"

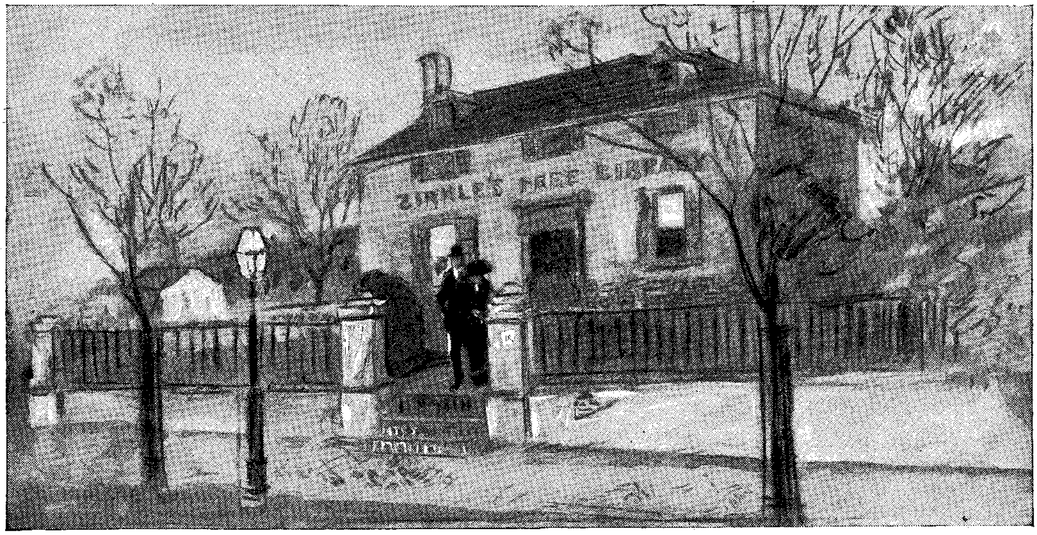
"Oh, there is no question of thanks," said Zirkle formally. "What was done was done for the library, n-not for any individual. There was nothing p-personal in it. Oh, no; n-nothing in the least p-p-personal."

He was looking down at her from his height, and suddenly all color ebbed from his sad young face. Now, indeed, Rose Amy stood away from his egress. Zirkle bowed hurriedly, passed her, and went through the door. Then he paused irresolutely. Then he turned back.

"By the way, I'm g-going in your direction, M-Miss T-T-Tanner," he said, his stammer at its worst. "As it is g-growing late, perhaps you will let me w-walk home with you."

"Why," said Rose Amy, her heart beginning to beat again, "that would be *awfully* good of you, Mr. Zirkle."

Out into the night they went together, Mr. Zirkle and the Zirkle librarian. And, for all the librarian thought of it at the moment, poor Dick might have waited the night in the reading-room, sleeping heavily upon a table.



THE CREATION OF AIRMEN

A Story of the Evolution of the Navigator of the Air

by HENRY WOODHOUSE

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HUBERT LATHAM, "THE MAN WITH THE CIGARETTE"
A DAREDEVIL AËRONAUT WHO FOR A WHILE MADE A SPECIALTY OF SENSATIONAL FEATS, SUCH AS FLYING IN STORMS AND GOING DUCK-SHOOTING IN HIS AËROPLANE

AN aëroplane will run alone just about as far as a bicycle; in either, eighty-five per cent of the ability to get up and go is human. Flying is temperament and brains driving through the air a gasolene engine set on a few pieces of stiffened cloth. Under conditions as they have been, it has been very largely temperament.

This principal factor in flying, the personal equation, splits up all flyers into three distinct classes. The first of these contains the most widely advertised — the sensationalists, the daredevils who don't know too much about an aëroplane, and who haven't yet been smashed into a scrap-heap of bones and flesh and ligaments.

The first of these adventurers appeared just as soon as the aëroplane had taken its first long hop off the earth and begun really to get into the air. This, so far as any general flying was concerned, was not until 1909. Before that year the only actual flying had been done in private by the secret and saturnine Wrights.

It was in the fall of 1908 that Wilbur Wright had shown France its first real flights. Early in the next year the French inventors had hitched close enough adaptations of the devices of his machine to their monoplanes to allow them to get up into the air. In the first part of 1909 the French inventor and flyer, Blériot—best known as the first man to fly from France to England — had helped to create, among other types, the *Antoinette* monoplane.

The old *Antoinette* was a big, vicious machine, full of all the crazy tricks of a "bad" Western horse. All aëroplanes have a temper of their own — just as, for that matter, all locomotives and steamships have. The Wright machine is a steady, level-going domestic animal; driving it, as some one has said, is like going out for a ride on your own piazza. But there are plenty of machines that are cranky — even now; they turn too easily and sharply in some directions, and too slowly and stiffly in others. The *Antoinette* was a dangerous brute; it had stacked up flyer after flyer on the ground; its makers were about to give it up.

The Boulevardier and His Cigarette-Holder

Early in 1909 a young Parisian was smoking his cigarettes as he strolled down the boulevards, and scanning the sky-line for the new shocks demanded by the best Parisian traditions for the jaded nervous system. This was Hubert Latham. In some way he became associated with the *Antoinette* concern and tried their dangerous machine.

Latham took to it; it exactly suited his temperament. Before long he was riding it like a bronco-buster, turning all kinds of capers in the air. Flying was young then, and even more dangerous than it is to-day; and all the flyers who preceded him freely predicted speedy death for Latham. The new flyer advertised his spectacular nonchalance by the characteristic piece of Gallic bravado which gave him his international reputation as "the man with the cigarette."

It was one feature of Latham's program as a boulevardier to smoke cigarettes in a long holder. When flying it became more and more frequent for him to forget to light his cigarette

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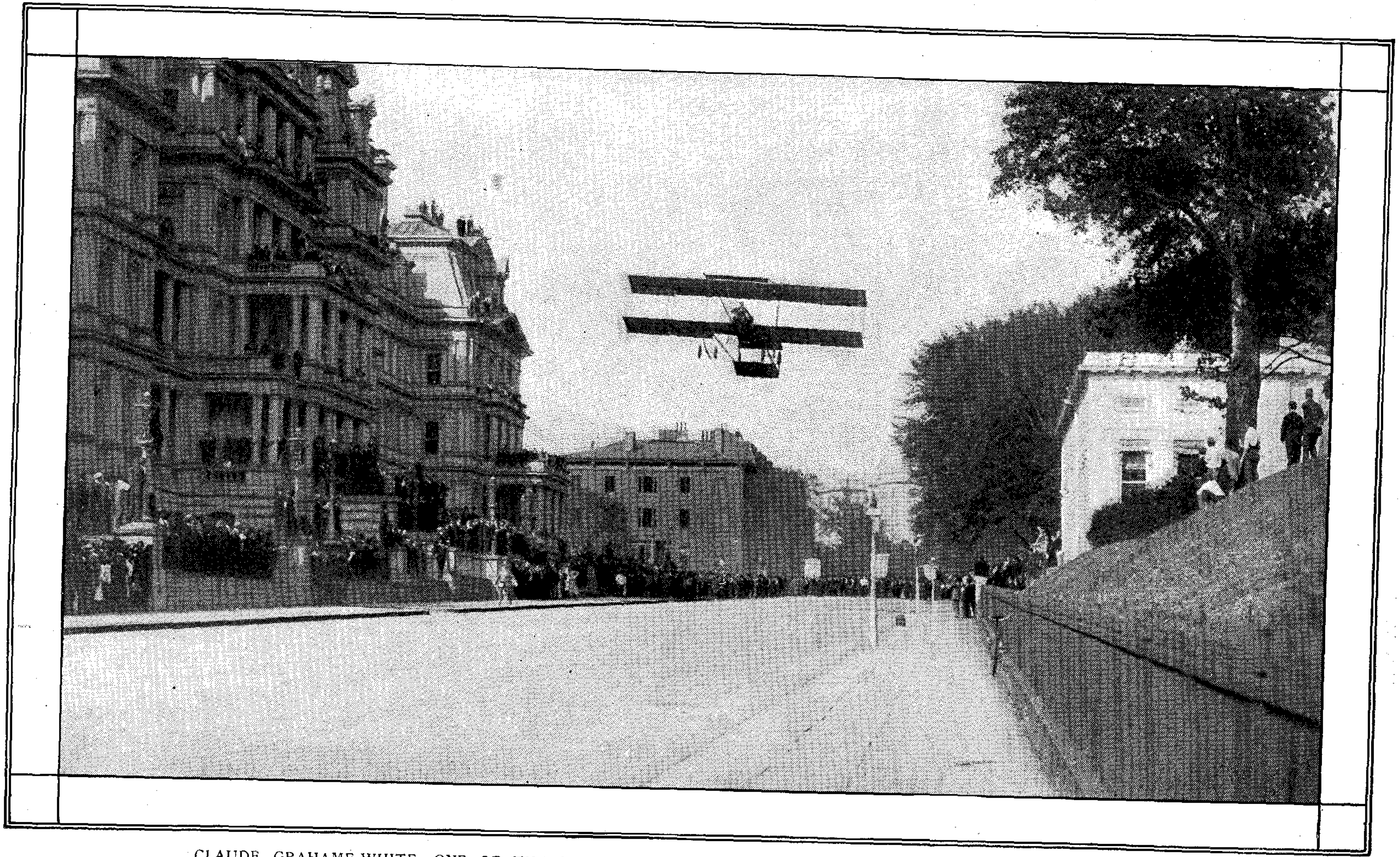
HUBERT LATHAM STARTING OFF ACROSS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL. TWO THIRDS OF THE WAY OVER HIS AËROPLANE FELL. WHEN THE BOATS ARRIVED, LATHAM WAS SITTING ON THE FLOATING WINGS OF HIS MACHINE, SMOKING HIS CIGARETTE



CLAUDE GRAHAME-WHITE, ONE OF THE BEST ALL-AROUND FLYERS ON THE FIELD TO-DAY, MAKING A FLIGHT DOWN EXECUTIVE AVENUE IN WASHINGTON before he left the ground. After starting, he would reach into his pocket, bring out his holder and his cigarette, and, taking his hands off the control, calmly proceed to light up. The ugly *Antoinette* — which had already capsized with one or two men — went sailing along by itself forty miles an hour, two or three hundred feet above the earth. Riding a bicycle, hands off, on a six-inch plank over a chasm, contains some few elements of the danger of this performance.

Duck-Hunting by Aëroplane

However, the notoriety from this source could not continue indefinitely. In a few months Latham proposed flying from France to England. He led his retinue of reporters and photographers to the coast, and camped out on the cliffs of Calais. Finally he started, splashed down into the English Channel two thirds of the way across, and, when the boats arrived, sat smoking his cigarette on the floating wings of his machine. There were more photographs. Then a few days later, on July 25, 1909, Blériot made the first flight across the Channel from Calais to Dover.

Latham devised other performances. He made a specialty of flight in storms; the high winds, which sent the rest of the flyers to their hangars, brought him out. At that time, when no flyer knew just where a gasolene engine would stop and let him down to the ground, he drove his machine across the country to attend sporting events. In 1910, during his American trip, he varied his program by going duck-hunting in his aëroplane. He drove out over the marshes armed with a shot-gun, swooped down and flushed his birds, and followed them a couple of miles, killing — according to press reports — one duck and wounding several others.

Then, after about a year of notoriety, Latham fell into comparative inconspicuousness. There were a number of falls, a greater knowledge of the limitations of the machine. The Gallic imagination for sensational acts was unchanged, but it could not replace the old foolhardiness of ignorance of the year before. Latham was learning too much. The Paris boulevardier was replaced in the center of the stage by the Central American revolutionist.

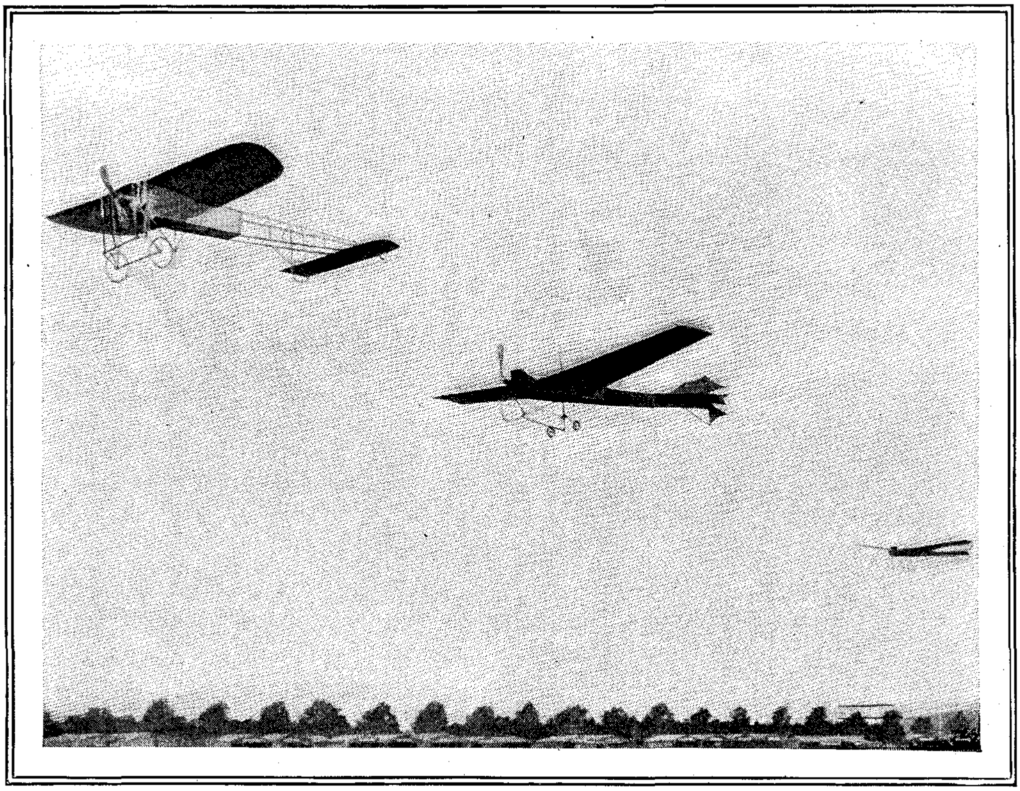
The First Air Travelers to London

In the last part of July, 1910, some three hundred thousand Parisians had risen at an unearthly hour in the morning to see the start of the big Circuit de l'Est. Cross-country flights were just beginning that year, new and dangerous events. Gas-engines were still most unreliable and tricky — likely to land the contestants in places where landing spelled death. Suddenly, just as the celebrated flyers were about to get away, high in the air appeared a new machine. It swooped down, landed, and out stepped a slight, youngish-looking man, followed by a young French sportsman whom he was carrying as a passenger. The flyer was John B. Moisant, who, because of inexperience, had been refused the license necessary to flyers entering the meet. This was his third flight. He announced that he was going to fly to London.

The professional flyers started in their Circuit of the East — cautiously, one man to a machine. Up to that time, two passengers had never been taken on any long cross-country cruise. Moisant set off for London, carrying his mechanic. On the way he took aboard a small cat, presented by a feminine admirer.

So the man who had flown twice in his life, and his mechanic, who had never flown at all,

HAMILTON, SIMON, BARRIER, AUDEMARS, GARROS, AND SEYMOUR, WATCHING THE ANTICS OF MOISANT AT NEW ORLEANS



LEBLANC, LATHAM, AND LABOUCHÈRE FINISHING FIRST, SECOND, AND THIRD IN THE HUNDRED-KILOMETER RACE AT RHEIMS

and a yowling kitten, sailed off over France, and the Channel, and England, and accomplished the first air flight from Paris to London without serious mishap. On arriving, Moisant informed the reporters, as he did continuously afterward, that if they wanted to know anything about flying they would have to ask some of the older men — the experts; he was a beginner; he didn't know anything about it. Which was true, and one chief reason how he came to make the flight.

A Central American Revolutionist Finds Work

It seemed that Moisant wasn't so young as he looked. He was born some forty years before, in Chicago, educated and started as an architect. Then, the family moving to Salvador, he and his two brothers went into the promotion of revolutions in Central America. The first one they took part in went through in Salvador, and after this the brothers secured concessions as state bankers for their work in it. They extended their banking into Nicaragua, and John became a Nicaraguan colonel.

Nicaragua was not profitable or exciting enough, and he then wandered into Honduras. While there, a tramp steamer was blown on the coast near his home, and abandoned by her crew. There was a $100,000 cargo in her. So Moisant took a small dug-out, paddled out alone through the storm, and climbed aboard her. Next morning the captain, seeing his vessel intact, went out with his crew to take possession of her again. Moisant, still alone on the boat, drove them away. The captain went ashore, and came out with a squad of troops. Moisant warned them to keep off, and shot a hole through their officer's sombrero. Their boat was tipped over, and the attacking party finally went ashore, and the captain appealed to the American consul to help them get their ship from Moisant. However, further action was not necessary. The storm freshened during that night, and in the morning the only part of the tramp steamer above water was a topmast — with Moisant lashed to it.

In 1907 the three Moisant brothers got into another revolution in Salvador, and two of them were jailed. John B., who escaped, after fighting a while with a small troop of his own, got help from Zelaya, then President of Nicaragua, took the city of Sonsonate, where his brothers were in prison, and liberated them. Zelaya took a fancy to him, sent him to Paris on a political errand, and was then overtaken by the common fate of Central American presidents and was thrown out of office. So it happened, just as aviation began, that there was a first-class Central American revolutionist in Paris looking for employment.

Killed by a Ten-Foot Fall

Moisant couldn't fly much; he never really learned flying — the steady, level flying of a skilled airman. But, aside from this, he had every qualification of a sensational flyer. In October, 1910, he came over to take part in the Gordon Bennett cup race at Belmont Park. Latham was there, talking glibly to the reporters. Moisant had little to say, except to deprecate his own performances; he was generally occupied in doing something else besides talking. There was an air eddy in the course which capsized machines and came to be known as "dead man's turn." Moisant made it his business to plunge through it. One day his mechanics forgot to turn the oil on in his machine. Instead of coming down, Moisant let go the controls and twisted around to turn the valve himself; the machine plunged down, rolled over sideways, and the wings folded around the body of the machine into an almost exact likeness of a coffin. Every one naturally thought there was a dead man in it. In a few moments Moisant emerged.

"I told you I wouldn't get killed," were his first words. He was a great believer in his luck.

On the day of the ten-thousand-dollar flight around the Statue of Liberty there were three aviators out of twenty-seven who cared to take the trip. The course over Brooklyn, with no possible landing-place in case of trouble, was too much of a chance. An hour before the race, Moisant smashed up another machine in a collision with Grahame-White's biplane. Before the hour was up he had secured a new machine from another flyer; and on this, without a preliminary trial, he took the prize. Afterward they asked him what he would have done if he had found, after he was up in the air, that the controls (which keep the planes in the air and direct their movements) had been entirely different from his old ones. He replied that it all depended on just how different they were.

On December 31, 1910, the Central American adventurer took his last chance at New Orleans. He was landing with the wind instead of against it, as he should have done. The tail of the machine was lifted by a gust, and the machine was turned over. Moisant plunged forward and broke his neck. He fell just about ten feet.

Fall of Three Quarters of a Mile

In America the sensationalist in the aëroplane with the most spectacular career has been a parachute jumper — Charles K. Hamilton. He is credited with starting in his line of work as a boy in New Britain, Connecticut, by jumping from a fifty-foot railroad trestle with a family umbrella. From this purely personal enterprise he developed, at twenty, into a professional parachute jumper. Soon after he became one of the first operators of dirigible balloons in this country. From that time on until a year ago, Hamilton was the man who took more dangerous falls than any ten men on earth.

His first fall was from a dirigible balloon in 1905. His machine — built by Captain Baldwin — was the first dirigible constructed in this country. It was a primitive affair, and was already a good deal the worse for wear when Captain Baldwin sold it to a Western man, who engaged Hamilton to operate it and arranged to have him give exhibition flights at Paterson, New Jersey. At the time little was known about dirigibles, and on this occasion this special balloon was filled tight with gas. The result was, as soon as they let it go it shot up in the air — dirigible no longer. At a height of three quarters of a mile it exploded.

Hamilton recently described the experience of his fall quite fully.

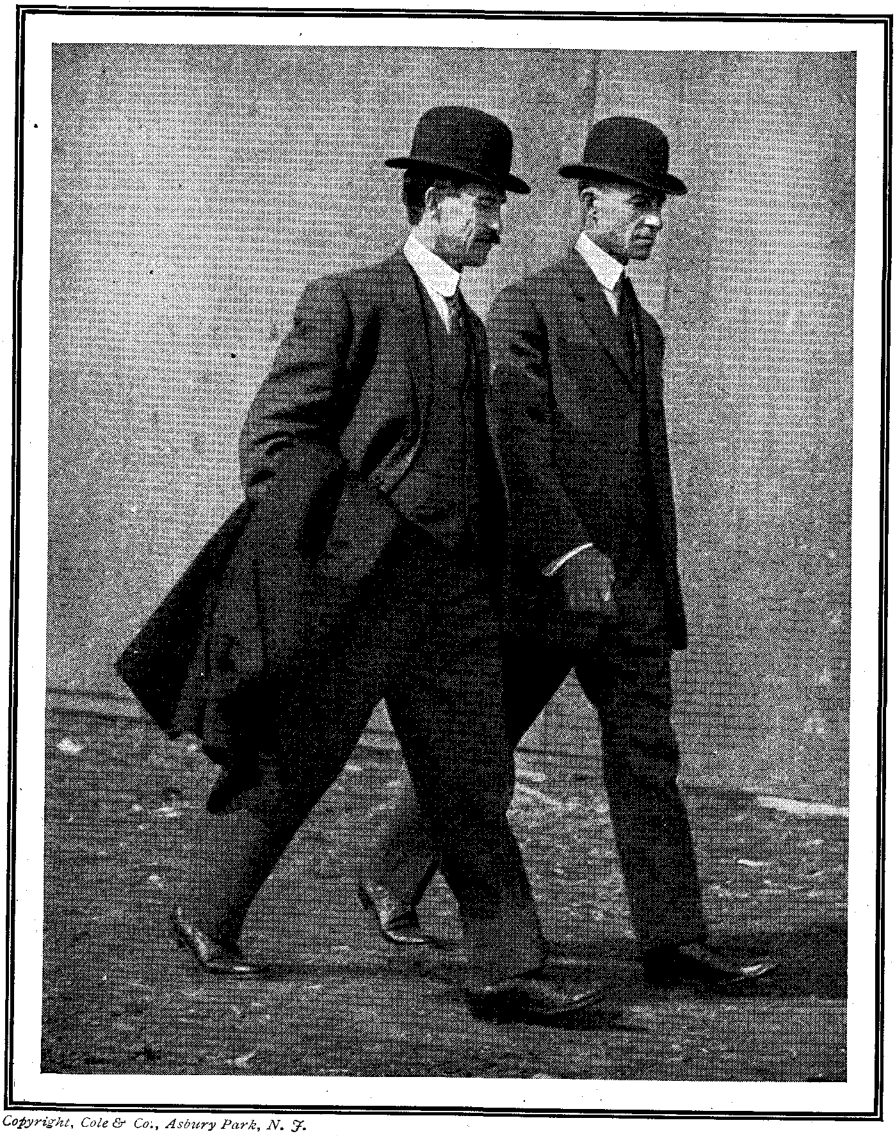
"Down, down, down I went," he said. "The rush of air was so great, I couldn't breathe. Suddenly, when the city loomed up directly below me, and I thought every second I should be smashed into a thousand pieces, the gas-bag of the balloon spread out like a parachute. It was only an accident that it did so. It had been cracking and flapping above me, making a terrific racket, and how or why it spread out two hundred feet above the ground instead of six hundred feet or ten feet — when it would have been too late — no one will ever know. It did spread out, however, and that saved my life.

"My fall was not stopped, but the parachute made by the gas-bag broke it to such an extent that when I crashed upon the roof of a hotel I was simply knocked unconscious. Part of the engine went through the roof, but within five minutes after it struck I was able to get up and walk away. Not a bone was broken, but the shaking up I got was so terrific that I had to spend the next three weeks in a hospital. Of course I was covered with bruises, but I wasn't really badly hurt.

Hamilton seemed specially adapted by nature for falling. He was very light and apparently elastic, and from ballooning he went into the experiments of towing gliders after automobiles.

The principles of making wings were not well known at that time, and these gliders were likely to come down any way — sideways, frontwards, or backwards. Hamilton's first falls from these experimental gliders were from some fifty feet or more above the ground. As they feared he could not stand higher falls on to solid ground, they started towing him over the water. Here he discovered, after a few experiments, that he could fall on the glider some two hundred feet without great damage. By doubling himself up just as he struck the water, he escaped without any serious discomfort. The only really bad fall Hamilton got with the gliders was on January 14, 1906, when his machine struck a flagpole, and he fell sixty feet on to a board walk at Ormond Beach, Florida. Landing on his chest, he had two broken ribs and a few dislocations.

By October, 1909, Hamilton was learning to drive a Curtiss aëroplane. In learning, he had three falls of fifty feet or over, by none of which was he greatly damaged. In January, 1910, he fell into Lake Washington at Seattle. In the autumn of 1910 he had two bad falls in one day at Sacramento. Since that time he has flown very little. He has probably come to the limit of what his imagination could stand in the way



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"THOSE STRANGE, UNCOMPROMISING PURITAN MECHANICS, THE WRIGHT BROTHERS," WHO REPRESENT THE MOST ACCURATE AND PRACTICAL KNOWLEDGE OF FLYING-MACHINES THAT HAS YET BEEN REACHED of falls. At one time or another, he has smashed a good share of the large bones in his body.

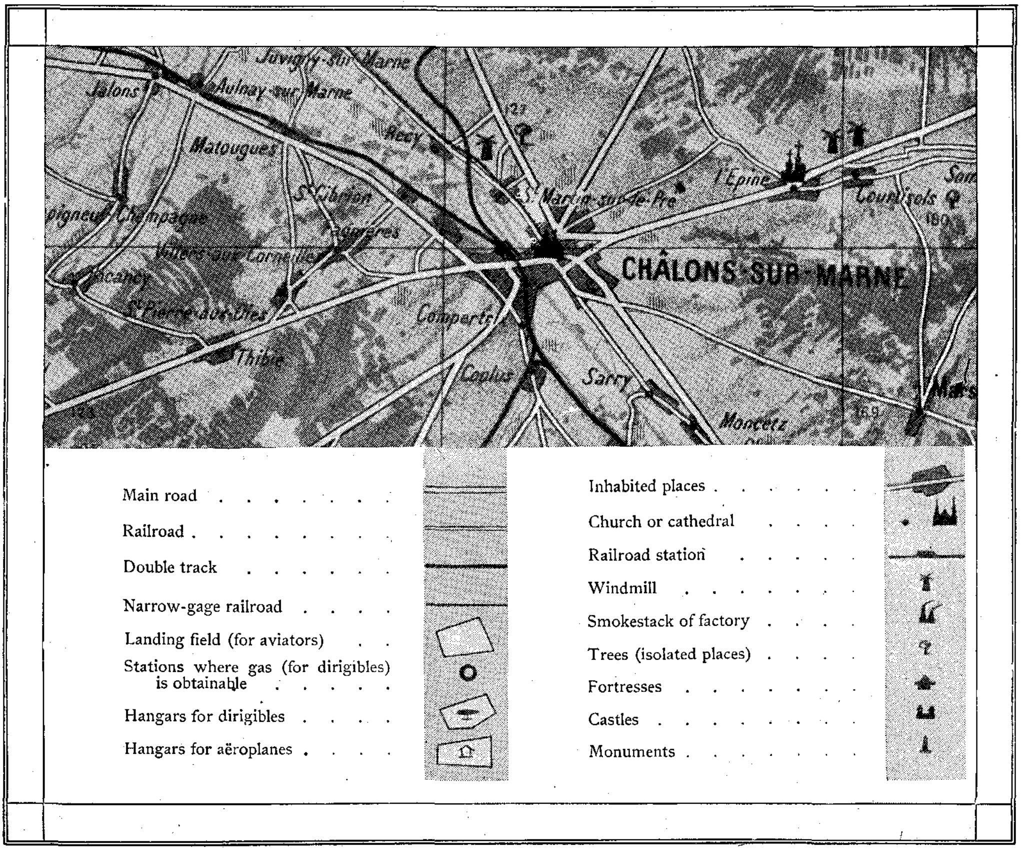
Why the First Trip Across the Alps Was Made

Men of this type, aërial adventurers, led on by the peculiar eccentricities of temperament and circumstances, have sprung up and fallen out every few months in the past few years. A few weeks' reputation, a sudden access of fortune, and they are gone again. It is a most curious and abnormal career. And the most curious motives often actuate it. The flight over the Alps was due to one of these; it was inspired very largely by the rivalry of two flyers for a young Parisian woman. Chavez, who made it, had had previous successes as a cool, calculating flyer. About a month before his death he began to change into a sensationalist. A young Parisienne was consciously encouraging a duel of sensational flying between him and another well-known aviator. During the last month of his life Chavez made both a new record for altitude and the first flight by man across the Alps. The prize of twenty thousand dollars for this flight was generally believed to be merely a safe bit of advertising; it was not thought that any one would dare to try for it. Then Chavez, on the last day of September, 1910, circled up a mile and a half in the air, crossed the mountains, and fell and was killed just before landing on the farther slope. One of his wings collapsed when he was some thirty feet above the ground.

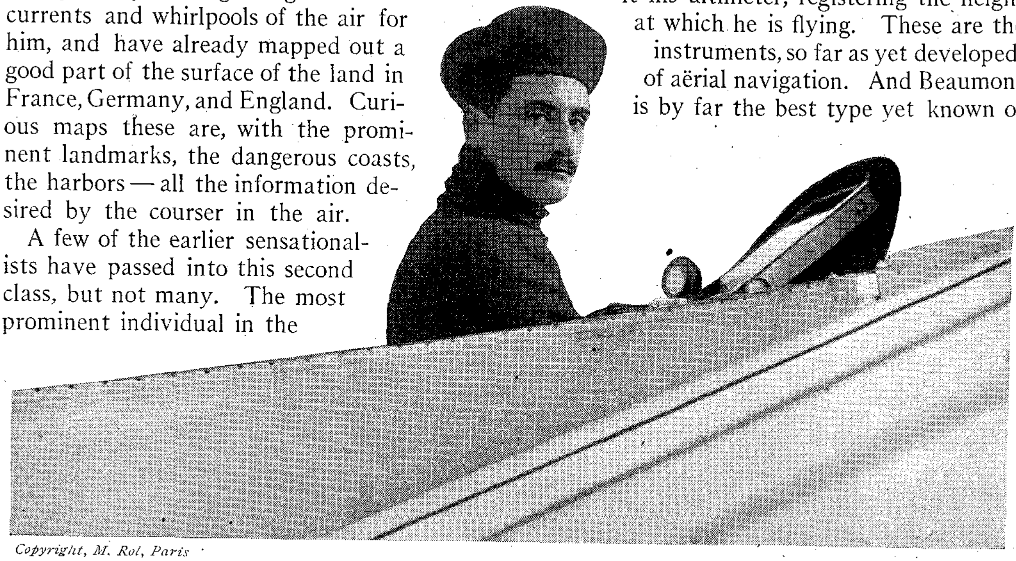
Air Navigators, the Second Class

With the close of the circus-riding exhibitions — now over in Europe and pretty well done in America — a premium is placed on a different and more stable type of flyers. The exhibition business is collapsing because public curiosity is not now sufficiently great to pay for its high cost. The gasolene engine has greatly improved; the whole machine is stronger; the aëroplane is rapidly becoming a practical cruising aircraft. For this has come the present demand for real air navigators — the second general class of airmen.

The real air navigator is the least spectacular flyer in the world. The beginner, dipping up and down, often stimulates the imagination of


Juvigny-sur-Marne
Jâlons
Aulnay-sur-Marne
Matougues
Recy
S^t Gibrien
S^t Martin-sur-le-Pré
L'Epine
Courtisols
Champagne
Villers-aux-Corneilles
Fagnières
CHÂLONS-SUR-MARNE
S^t Pierre-aux-Oies
Compertrix
Thibie
Coolus
Sarry
Moncetz
Main road
Railroad
Double track
Narrow-gage railroad
Landing field (for aviators)
Stations where gas (for dirigibles) is obtainable
Hangars for dirigibles
Hangars for aëroplanes
Inhabited places
Church or cathedral
Railroad station
Windmill
Smokestack of factory
Trees (isolated places)
Fortresses
Castles
Monuments

AN AIRMAN'S FLYING-CHART — A NEW THING IN TOPOGRAPHY the spectators without the least intention on his part. His irregularities are not what they are supposed — diverting tricks: they are like the staggering of a child just beginning to walk. The air navigator keeps on a steady, humdrum course; the currents of wind, of which the air is always full, he meets and allows for exactly as a skilled sailor does with a yacht. And now, in Europe, they are beginning to chart the currents and whirlpools of the air for him, and have already mapped out a good part of the surface of the land in France, Germany, and England. Curious maps these are, with the prominent landmarks, the dangerous coasts, the harbors — all the information desired by the courser in the air.



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GARROS, THE FRENCH AVIATOR WHO HOLDS THE RECORD FOR ALTITUDE FLIGHT. HE HAS RISEN NEARLY THREE MILES IN THE AIR

A few of the earlier sensationalists have passed into this second class, but not many. The most prominent individual in the class at the present time is an officer in the French navy named Jean Conneau, who flies under the name of André Beaumont. This flyer has won three big European circuits, each some thousand miles in length, in the past year.

The Cruises of a French Officer

Beaumont won these races principally because he was a skilled navigator. He is an intelligent man of excellent family — his father was physician to Napoleon III. He is trained to the navigation of the seas, and has applied his maritime training — his familiarity with the use of maps and compass and sailing — to the navigation of the air. He is a steady, unsensational flyer, using the winds instead of fighting them. In all of the three thousand miles through strange skies in his three races, he never lost his course, nor failed to land at the official landing-place, nor had a serious accident.

The object of this man's flight is to develop the aëroplane for the use of the French navy. He is now engaged in putting his knowledge into writing. It will be the first report of an officer of war on cruises through foreign air. In his three trips he passed over four countries besides his own, and crossed the English Channel twice without the slightest difficulty. It took him about twenty-two hours of actual flying time to make his thousand-mile circuit over England — about fifty miles an hour.

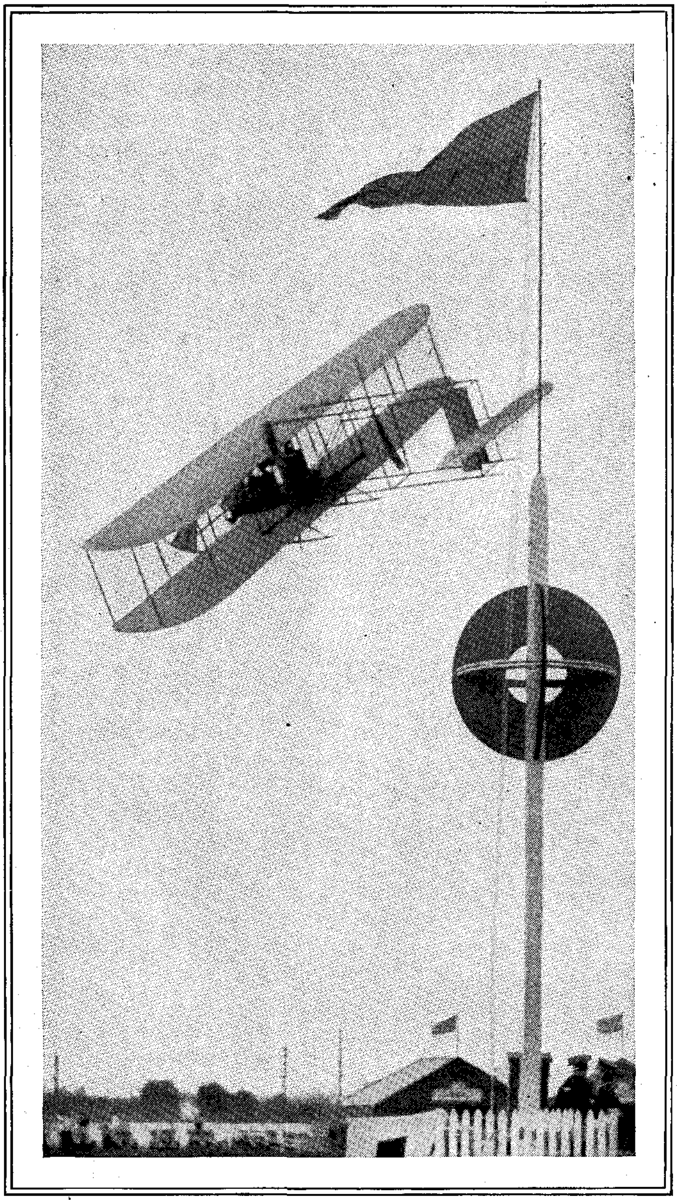
Beaumont flies a monoplane (a Blériot). In front of him is his rolling aërial map, his compass at the right of it, his clock at the left, and above it his altimeter, registering the height at which he is flying. These are the instruments, so far as yet developed, of aërial navigation. And Beaumont is by far the best type yet known of the air navigator of the future — the men who will guide the airships when the skies, as Tennyson prophesied forty years ago, are filled

> . . . With commerce, argosies of magic sails,
> Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with
> costly bales.

The Mad Frenchman Who Tears Holes in the Air

So high a type has not yet developed in large numbers. This could scarcely be expected yet, for the cross-country flying which is creating it is now only two seasons old. The most successful rival of Beaumont in Europe now is Védrines, an entirely different temperament, and a man with only a fraction of his training. Beaumont is a gentleman's son, an officer of the government, and a technically educated man. Védrines is a workman's son, a socialist, and a mechanic. Beaumont drives his plane steadily with the least possible loss of force; Védrines grits his teeth and tears holes in the air. Apparently he is always in a rage during his long flights.

In his trip from Paris to Madrid something went wrong; by the time he had finished, Védrines was in a crazy fit of anger at the various imaginary injustices inflicted by Providence and his mechanics. He landed first in the race. A committee of Madrid notables approached in solemn welcome. Védrines stood glaring at them from beside his machine. The ceremonious committee came to a standstill, waiting for him to greet them. Védrines refused to move. There was an embarrassing deadlock. The committee advanced to the side of the aëroplane, expanding into generous and hospitable emotions. Védrines straightened up, shaking his fist, cursing and blaspheming them until the committee quite logically sent for a doctor, believing that the man's long flight had driven him insane. The entrance of the physician on the scene almost unhinged the aviator's mind permanently. It was some time before he had calmed sufficiently to receive the customary public felicitations on his victory. It was even then difficult to induce this aggressive socialist and son of the people to recognize the greetings of the King of Spain.



HARRY ATWOOD, THE MOST NOTABLE AIR NAVIGATOR IN THIS COUNTRY, ROUNDING A PYLON IN HIS BURGESS-WRIGHT MACHINE

The Duel Between Beaumont and Védrines

This intense and insane anger, coupled with extraordinary physical endurance, has made Védrines a most dangerous rival. The most remarkable duel that has yet taken place in the air was between him and Beaumont in the English circuit. Beaumont drove through it easily and accurately, Vedrines raging.

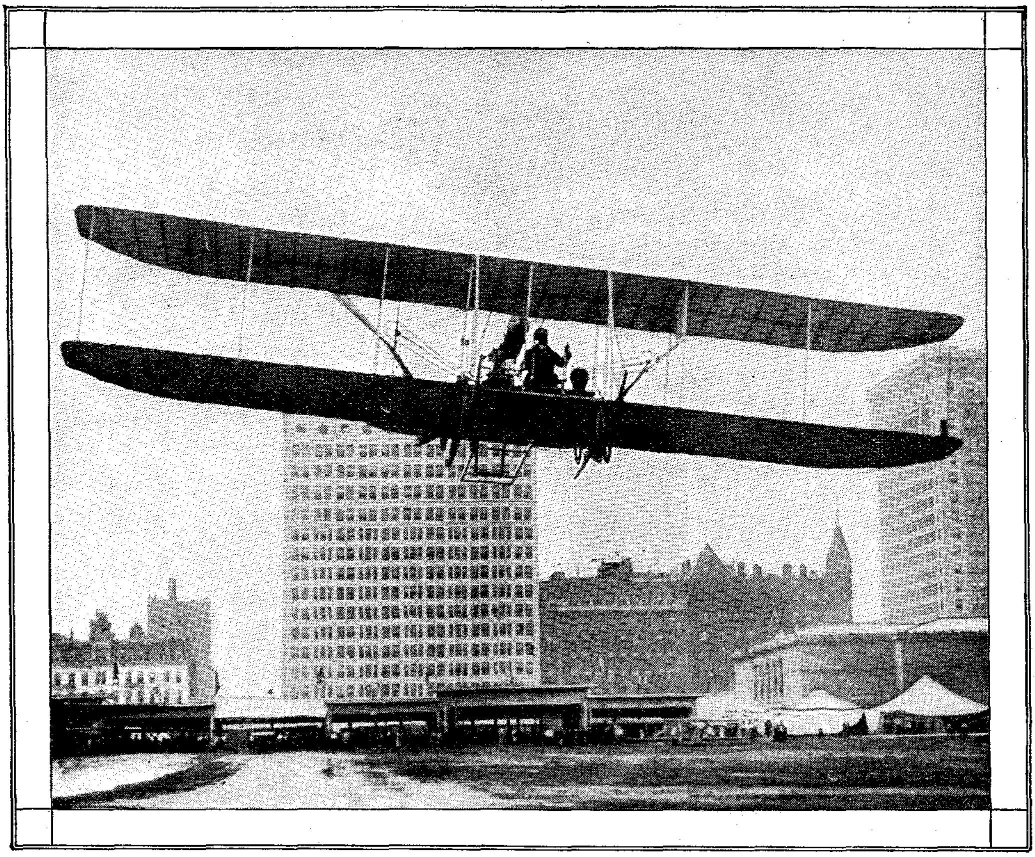
"He was a sort of wild devil, ugly and menacing, pursuing me ruthlessly," said Beaumont after the race. "He was always at my heels, pursuing and menacing. I heard him in the air as I drove over forests, mountains, and lakes; I heard him at the landing-places where he had descended — usually soon after I had landed. After a while I heard and saw him in my sleep. Somehow he obsessed me, creating a sort of fear in me, such as I had never experienced before."

But it was the careful navigator who finally won the race. Every time Beaumont made his proper landings. Védrines — not so sure or careful — was ahead at Bristol, well toward the end of the contest. He mistook the landing-place, dropped into another field, and so injured his machine that he lost several hours before he got under way again. Beaumont, though in a slower machine, won by a good margin.

Another serene navigator is Garros, who holds (when this is written) the record for altitude flight. He is of a quiet, easy-going temperament, who at twenty-one, two years ago, had started to study for a musical career at the Paris Conservatory. His first accomplishment was the mastery of the *Demoiselle* monoplane — the smallest and most treacherous machine then in existence. From this he graduated into a professional flyer, and was third only to Beaumont and Védrines in the great European cross-country flights of 1911. Incidentally, he has risen nearly three miles in the air. The process is simple — for Garros. He rose in spirals until his gasolene was gone, then glided down again in wide circles. It took him about an hour and a half to climb up, and twelve minutes to come down.

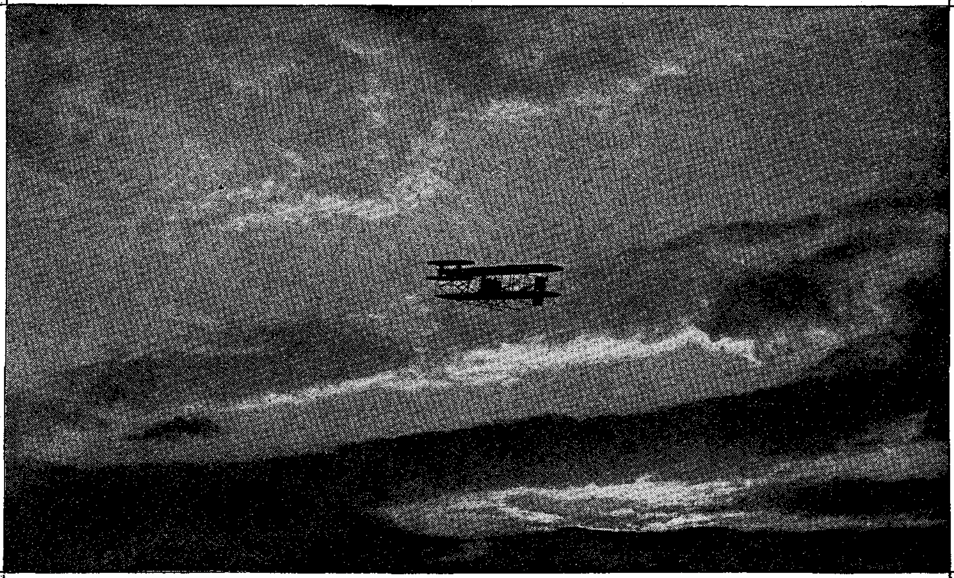
The Literal-Minded Atwood

Cross-country navigation in America arrived, in any general way, in 1911 — just about a year later than in Europe. The most notable air navigator in this country has been Harry N. Atwood. No more serious-minded or literal type could be developed than Atwood. He is a technically trained man, formerly a student of electrical engineering in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Last spring he was managing an automobile garage near Boston. In May he decided to learn aviation, and went to the Wrights' school for aviators at Dayton, Ohio.



HARRY ATWOOD LEAVING CHICAGO IN HIS SPECTACULAR FLIGHT FROM ST. LOUIS TO NEW YORK — A DISTANCE OF 1,265 MILES

There were a number of light-hearted youths who had preceded him there. They decided to take his education in hand — after hours. They found him a most willing and energetic student. One of their extra periods of initiation was devoted to a course in the strengthening of the sense of equilibrium — in which Atwood, loaded up with a heavy stone on each shoulder, was



A WRIGHT MACHINE FLYING IN THE CLOUDS. THE WRIGHT BROTHERS ARE NOT GIVEN TO SENSATIONAL FEATS. WHEN WINDS ARE UNSUITABLE OR THE MACHINES NOT READY TO FLY, KINGS AND PEOPLES MAY RAGE, BUT THE WRIGHTS DO NOT GO UP IN THE AIR

patiently taught how to stand on the axles between two automobile wheels and keep from falling over. Another educational effort resulted in his careful marking of a line of whitewash a quarter of a mile long across the field, to guide his earliest flying in a straight line. Orville Wright was finally compelled to step in and explain to Atwood that these activities were not essentials.

Some six weeks after, Atwood started from near Boston, and flew down to see the Yale-Harvard boat race at New London, Connecticut. From there he continued on to New York and Washington. A month afterward he was flying from St. Louis to New York — a distance of 1,265 miles — in twelve days, all done within three months of the first time the flyer stepped into an aëroplane.

There are now a number of Americans who are qualifying as air navigators. One man, Rodgers, has crossed the continent — the longest air cruise ever yet taken. A young American flyer, Lincoln Beachey, has developed wonderful control of an aëroplane. His performances — like his flying over the falls and under the bridge at Niagara — have, many of them, been spectacular, but they are done so easily and gracefully that the danger is forgotten.

The Third Class — the Scientific Flyer

These men and their kind make the second class of aviators — the forerunners of the practical air navigators of the future. A third class are the scientific flyers and practical students of flying — of which the most notable are probably the Wright brothers, Blériot, Curtiss, and Farman. But these last men have from the beginning been scientific experimenters primarily, and flyers principally for aiding their experiments. Those strange, uncompromising Puritan mechanics, the Wrights, still represent the most accurate and practical knowledge of the powers and limitations of the flying-machines.

The sensational flyer succeeds quite largely because his ignorance of the limitations of his machine makes him willing to take long and crazy chances. His carelessness grows upon him until he finally begins to go up with a weakened or imperfect machine. Many a death has been accounted for by some almost incredible laxity.

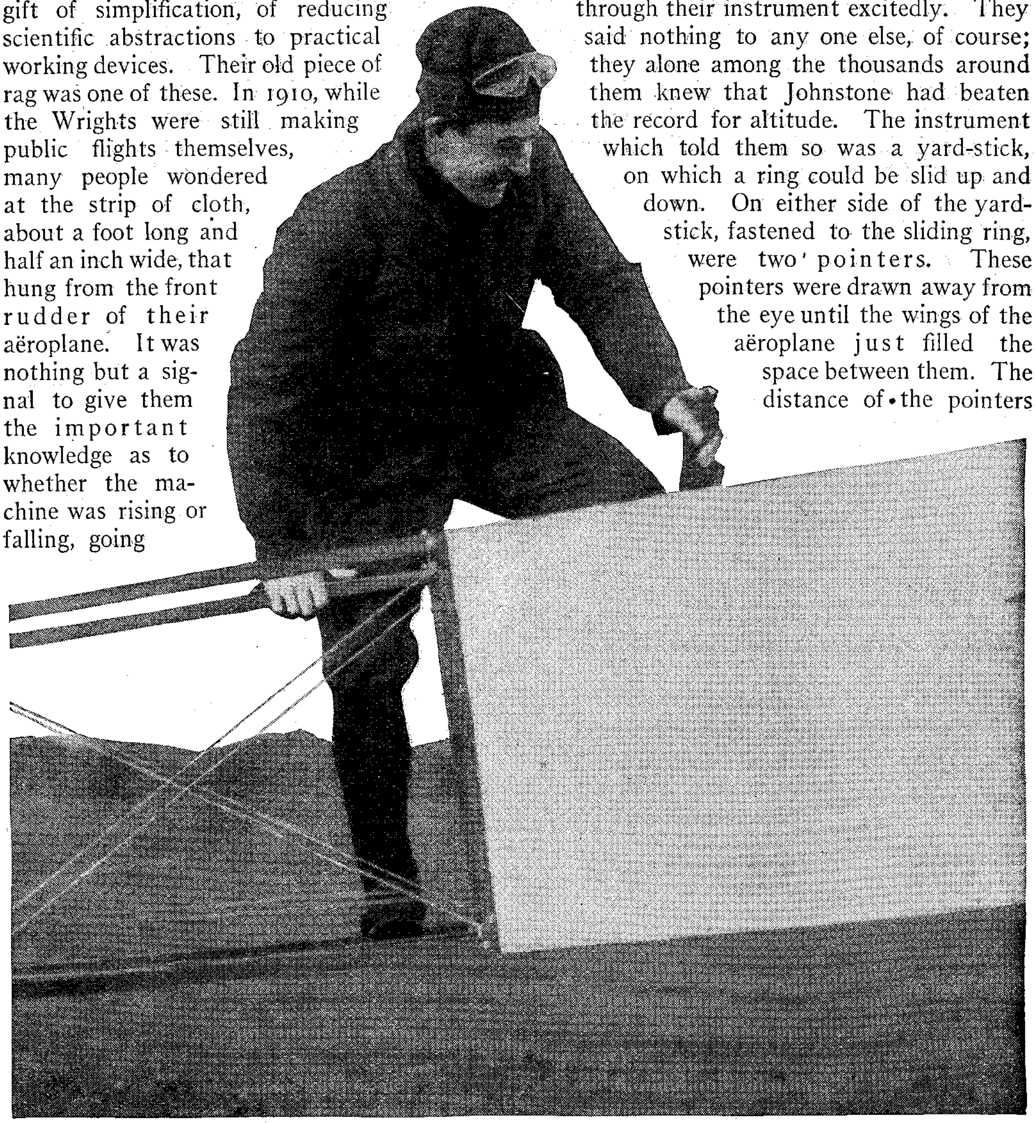
The Wrights reduce their chances to the minimum. Their early experiments were made with blow-pipes and pieces of paper; they hoped at first to make their gliding experiments, held in a stationary position like a kite; and ever since they have taken the minimum risk. Though they have been flying longer than any other men, they have had, so far, but one serious accident.

Whenever Orville, who does most of the flying, starts his machine, he has examined and tried each different part most thoroughly. He knows just how strong it is, and just what it will stand. When winds are unsuitable, or their machines not ready to fly, kings and queens and peoples may rage, but the Wrights do not go up into the air.

The Wrights' Little Strip of Rag

The Wrights, as those who see them closest know best, have the most extraordinary gift of simplification, of reducing scientific abstractions to practical working devices. Their old piece of rag was one of these. In 1910, while the Wrights were still making public flights themselves, many people wondered at the strip of cloth, about a foot long and half an inch wide, that hung from the front rudder of their aëroplane. It was nothing but a signal to give them the important knowledge as to whether the machine was rising or falling, going straight or sliding sideways in the air. There were all kinds of scientific instruments, aërometers and barographs, but there has still to be invented so practical a way of indicating the direction of progress through the air as the fluttering rag of the Wright brothers.

Another home-made Wright instrument was given a public exhibition at the Belmont meet in 1910. Johnstone was up in the air on a Wright machine, mounting higher and higher. The two Wrights were standing together in the middle of the field, glancing at him through a queer instrument. Suddenly, close observers saw the strange spectacle of the Wright brothers smiling, jumping up and down, and peering through their instrument excitedly. They said nothing to any one else, of course; they alone among the thousands around them knew that Johnstone had beaten the record for altitude. The instrument which told them so was a yard-stick, on which a ring could be slid up and down. On either side of the yard-stick, fastened to the sliding ring, were two pointers. These pointers were drawn away from the eye until the wings of the aëroplane just filled the space between them. The distance of the pointers



JOHN B. MOISANT, THE DARING YOUNG AVIATOR WHO MADE THE FIRST AIR FLIGHT FROM PARIS TO LONDON, HAVING FLOWN ONLY TWICE IN HIS LIFE BEFORE. FROM BEGINNING TO END MOISANT'S CAREER WAS A RECORD OF SENSATIONAL FEATS. HE TOOK HIS LAST CHANCE AT NEW ORLEANS, WHEN HIS NECK WAS BROKEN IN A FALL FROM HIS AËROPLANE up the yard-stick showed the Wrights just how high Johnstone was flying.

The Next Step — Automatic Stability

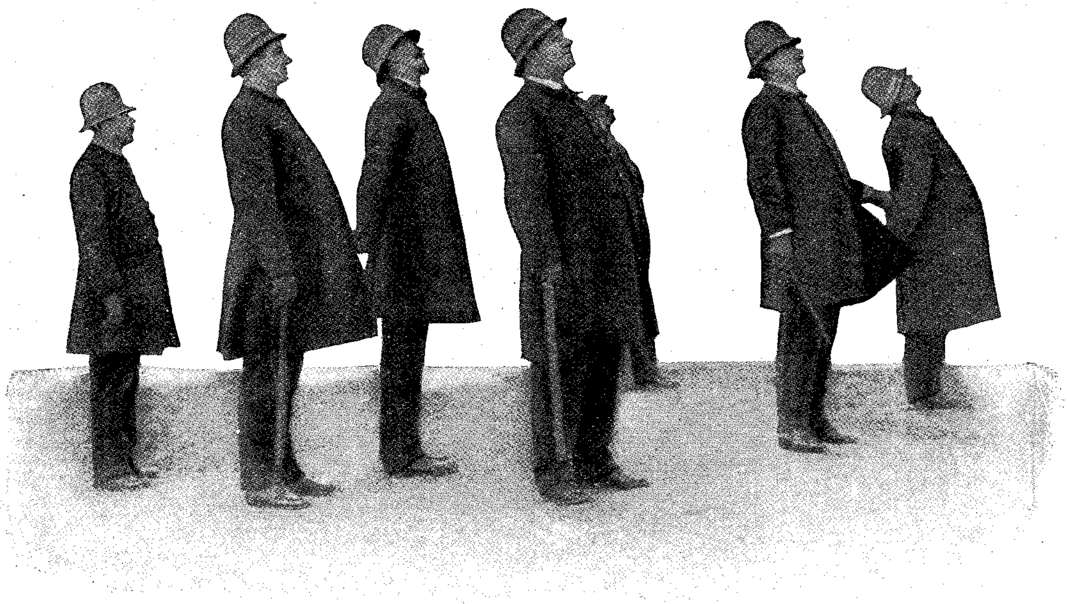
It is to the Wrights, and the men of their type, that the chief work of the future with the aëroplane belongs. The circus-riding period of aviation is now passing rapidly; the period of air navigation is just about to begin. The past year has seen a wonderful advance preparing for this. The construction of the machines has been greatly strengthened. In the monoplanes the frames of the bodies are being made of steel; everywhere steel joints are being used. The monoplane of the coming year will be widely different from the flimsy thing of a year ago.

But the greatest change will come with the achievement of automatic stability. This has been the aim of students of flying for more than a decade, before anything but gliders were in existence. In the past year greater strides have apparently been made toward accomplishing this than in all the years before.

Up to now, flying has been, like riding a bicycle, a matter of the constantly maintained equilibrium of the operator. Sooner or later, in the swirling currents of the air a flyer is liable to accident or death. The successful automatic stabilizer, when it comes, will revolutionize flying — will reduce to a minimum the human element, which now plays so great a part in it.

A French student of flying — M. Doutre, a lawyer by profession — brought out during the past year a device, operated by air pressure and the inertia of sliding weights, which, after continual tests by the French army, has been reported as successful in automatically preventing the dangerous forward plunges of the machine.

The new era of flying, it may safely be said, has now begun. The era of fantastic exhibitions is passing; the period of adapting the aëroplane to the serious uses of man is well begun. There will be dangers enough for the most adventurous for years to come. But the premiums, fortunately, will come more and more, now, not to acrobats and adventurers, but to careful and serious operators, and real students of flying; and, through the experience and knowledge acquired by these two classes, tremendous advances may be hoped for in aviation in the next few years.



Susie Essenheimer and Ma

by Mary Heaton Vorse

Author of "Mrs. McClanahan, the Chinese Laundry, and Beller," etc.

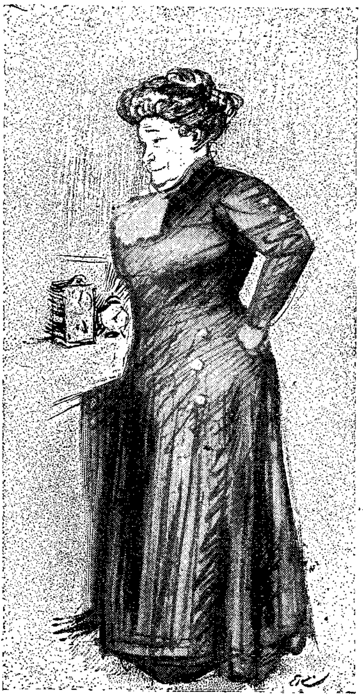
Illustrations by Boardman Robinson

THE Kid Reporter, whose real name was Lester Robinson, felt that his first duty was to know All Sides of Life; and, though he was regularly attached to the *Planet's* staff, he worked on space, and the assignments that he got were none too frequent and not of overwhelming importance. For that reason, a not inconsiderable leisure was his to go out and hunt conscientiously for New Sides. When nothing more interesting presented itself, he would sit in the back part of Mrs. Mary Phelan's beneficent pawn-shop.

The month was September; a little coolness was already in the air.

"Well, Mrs. Phelan," Lester began, "did you have a pleasant vacation? You've got a fine brown complexion from your stay at the shore."

"I had a fine vacation," Mrs. Phelan responded, "an' I had an instructive one, an' I'll tell you about it. The reason I keep so young — an' people often ask me why is it — is because my mind is open. I ain't never too old to learn, an' when you ain't too old to learn, you're young — though I don't say a good hair bleach like mine won't help out a woman's youth, too. But I'll tell you, Mr. Rob'nson, an' you c'n tell it to any lady friend you're interested in, that there ain't no hair bleach invented that ull keep a woman's years down if her mind ain't young an' flexible. No, sir; she c'n put on transformations an' rows o' puffs an' a false braid as thick as my arm, an' it won't take a year off, or a month, if her mind has lost its wiggle. I seen young wimmen in their twenties with minds that set that they wuz solid. You show me one with a mind like that, an' I'll show you one that's goin' to fall off from the day she's twenty-five on. That's what sets a woman's face in lines, an' not sorruh.


"'THERE AIN'T NO HAIR BLEACH THAT ULL KEEP A WOMAN'S YEARS DOWN'"

"Don't tell *me!* I ain't worked in my sister's hair-dressin', facial massage, an' manicure parlors for fifteen years, an' been married for ten to a man in politics like Phelan, an' me meetin' every one of the ward bosses, an' kep' a pawn-shop for ten more years, without knowin' somethin' about what keeps a woman young an' what ages her.

"Well, the lesson I learned, Mr. Rob'nson, this summer — an' I've had plenty of time to learn it before now — was not to judge no one by appearance. Though, when I tell you how I first met Mis' Kelsey, you won't blame me that I went off on the wrong track.

"If you wuz waked up in your foist sleep by a woman's rushin' inta your room with her hair down an' no kumona on, sayin', 'Oh, excuse me, excuse me, but lemme listen from your windah to see if I c'n hear my son's voice — to see if it's him!' you'd 'a' bin took aback.

"I riz up in my bed, an' I tucked my kumona about me to show her I wasn't used to such familiar goin's on, an' her daughter followed her up, sayin':

"'What's eatin' you, ma? Cheese it, ma! Oh, ma, put on your kumona, ma!'

"An' she answered jes' like this:

"'Aw, chase yourself, Genevieve! She's got sons herself, Genevieve!'

"An' then the girl called Genevieve explained to me:

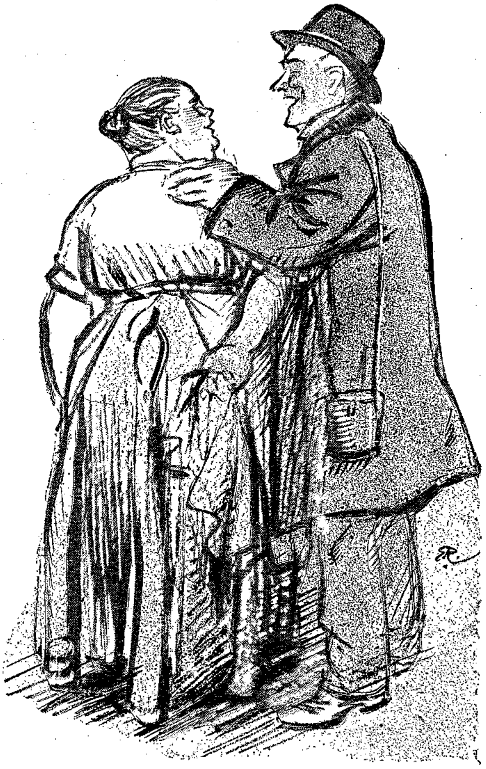
"'Excuse ma; she's jes' wild becuz Johnny ain't come home, an' she thinks she hears his voice to this side o' the house.'

"Then Mis' Kelsey cries:

"'Why couldn't he have stuck to the horses? A young man as could have gone into the business with his pa — as fine a chance as any young man ever had eatin' its head off waitin' for him! An' what's he done? Gone into the *grocery* business — an' it's twelve, an' him not seventeen, an' not home yet!

"'An' I can tell you, miss,' she sez to Genevieve, 'when your pa learns that you kids has been puttin' up such shenanigans on me jes' because he's off to the races, it'll be wholesome for the spot o' you where Maggie wore the beads — not!'

"Well, now, Mr. Rob'nson, do you think that's a likely introduction? It would kinda turn you against a person. You know me — you know I'm all for refinement in wimmen. W'atever else she is, I always *have* said, an' always will, that a lady had orter be refined. W'y, I've said that that frequent to my girls, I couldn't count it. I ain't seen but one thing yet where a woman's mind's superior to a man's. They ain't more honest, an' they're a darn sight meaner — though they ain't such nags as men. But in refinement most wimmen c'n beat men if they set out to, especially in languidge, an', anxiety or not, I always *shall* say that Mis' Kelsey had orter put on her kumona.

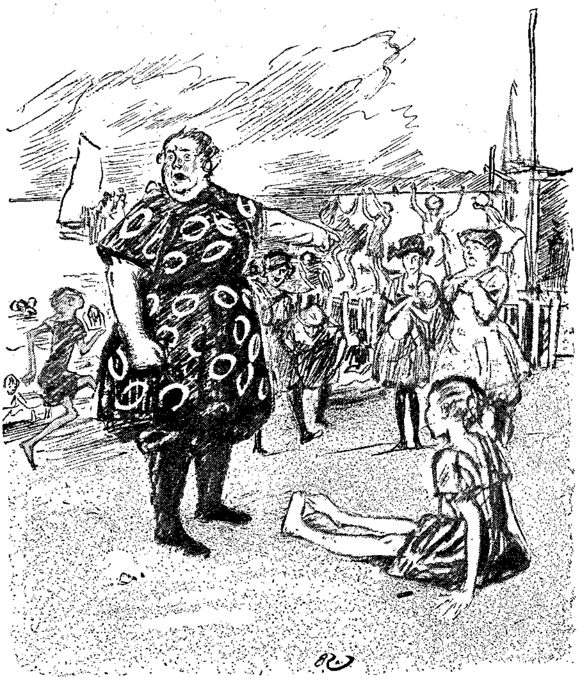

"'IF THEY FEEL LIKE THAT ABOUT EACH OTHER AFTER EIGHTEEN YEARS, IT DOES 'EM CREDIT.'"

"I sez to myself that night: 'Well, what sort of a place has Beller sent me to?' An' w'en I learned who Mis' Kelsey wuz, you could 've knocked me in a heap. You know Hennessey? She was his daughter. What? You don't know *Hennessey*, an' you a-knockin' round the ward for three years! Not know the undertaker Hennessey, that has every fun'ral fit to call a fun'ral between Fourteenth an' Bleecker? Well, I s'pose that's becuz you come from the country.

"I remembered then it was an awful blow to him when she took up with a sportin' man like Kelsey, though Kelsey was a perfec' gentleman — had nice manners, an' I never see a more model father. They was all down the road to meet him, his wife an' Genevieve an' six boys a-hangin' on to his coat-tails. An' he would spend the evenin's sociable in his fam'ly, teachin' the boys to play poker like a man, an' talkin' instructin' about racin'. He'd talk to me by the half-hour about not buckin' the av'rage, an' he'd figger it out to me an' figger it out to me how there wa'n't no way for nobody but the book-makers to make money. An' among all kinds o' people there ain't no pleasanter sight that I know of than seein' a father come home to his fam'ly who's crazy with joy to meet him. An' if a woman an' man feels like that about each other after eighteen years, I tell you, if you ask me, it does both of 'em a big lot o' credit.

"I couldn't deny but what Mis' Kelsey was a good woman; but when I seen her goin' round that boardin'-place without no corsets on, an' her a good ten years younger'n me an' not even a widow — she ain't got no pride, says I, an' she ain't got no shame. Lord! She'd set right down under a tree, an' her short an' fat, an' play penny-anty with the boys. So I didn't talk much to her, nor did Mis' Essenheimer, who was down there with her Susie; an' Susie's a perfec' little lady — a real lady is Susan Essenheimer, the kind of child that will ask to have her hair put up in curl-papers, the kind you don't have to tell not to get her dress mussed when she's got on a good one — she's got instinct, Susie has!

"So us an' the other ladies all sorter drawed off from Mis' Kelsey, also on account o' her bathin'-clothes, which were red an' she had made 'em out of an old wrapper — an' her not needin' to economize, neither. I do hate to see a woman economize if she don't have to. It was kind of a wine-red color with large white rings on it. Now, is that any way, Mr. Rob'nson, for a lady to go swimmin'? An' if she *had* gone *swimmin'*. But she couldn't swim — her fat made her too light; she would kind of bob right up out of the water when she tried an' go r'arin' along like a walrus. Then she'd lie right on her back, an' jes' her face an' her ab*do*men showin' out of the water in two rings, an' paddle herself backwa'd with her two han's above her head. An' that'd make the childrun real nervous,—they was awful fond of their mother,—an' they'd run up an' down the beach, yellin':



" 'LET ME KETCH ANY O' YOUS ON THE WATER-WINGS, AN' YOU'LL HEAR FROM YOUR PA!' "

"'Aw, gee, ma! Aw, cheese it, ma! You'll get drownded on us, ma!'

"An' she'd r'ar up her head like a turtle an' shout:

"'Aw, go swaller a hard-boiled egg!'

"An' Genevieve 'd holler out:

"'Aw, come in, ma; the tide's driftin' you out!'

"'Aw, go swaller a yard o' eel, Genevieve!' her ma'd beller back.

"Now, is that any way for a mother to set an example o' refined talk to her childrun? It ain't! Yet I'd orter have seen that a woman whose childrun set sech store by her was bein' a better mother than one who talked like a lady. But it went against my grain every time I hear Jimmie or Johnnie or Patrick yellin' out, 'Aw, gee, ma! Don't get drownded, ma!' — so tender an' thoughtful for childrun of their age,— to hear her bawlin' back: 'Aw, go sit in the well till you got it drunk!' or 'Go shut your face with a row o' pins!'

"Tough was what it sounded to me, an' the other ladies thought so, too. An' that's the way she'd float up an' down by the hour, with the childrun jest on pins an' needles. Well, we got to thinkin' of her like about that much scum, on account of her talkin' like what she did an' dressin' so awful free; but she didn't seem to notice none. We'd all go bathin' about the same time, an', if there was one thing she was down on, it was water-wings.

"'Let me ketch any o' yous,' she said to her childrun, 'on the water-wings, an' you'll hear from your pa where the turkey got the ax. An',' says she, 'I've been a regular life-savin' station this mornin'. They swim out too far, an' the air goes out of them wings, an' then I 'most boist a blood-vessel actin' like a Carnegie hero without any medal. There'll be one o' these childrun makin' a noise like a corpse round here before we're through.' Then she turned real savage on her childrun: 'But it ain't goin' to be none o' you, lemme tell you,' says she. 'Your pa ain't makin' out so good as some years, an' he can't afford no expensive fun'rals.'

"'Come here, Susie!' calls Mis' Essenheimer. For, ever sence Susie had come to us, askin', 'Say, mommah, how do you make a noise like a dead fish?'— for that's what she'd heard Mis' Kelsey tellin' Patrick to do,—she had always called her Susie away whenever Mis' Kelsey began shootin' off her face.

"Many a time Mis' Essenheimer had said to me:

"'If anything happens to Susie's refinement my heart will boist. Refinement's a natchrel gift with Susie——'"

Mrs. Phelan's assistant entered the room and shoved a watch under his employer's nose, asking, "How much?"

"It's Moriarty's!" Mrs. Phelan announced, examining it. "If it's Mrs. Moriarty, give her five; if it's Moriarty, one plunk is all he gets."

"'S Moriarty!" Fred Brennan gave out.

"— An' when Mis' Essenheimer sez, 'Come away, Susie dear!' — 'I think I'd like to wade out, mommah,' she sez.

"'Well, blow up your wings good an' tight,' sez her ma, bendin' over an' wringin' out the woist o' the water from her bathin'-suit — a reel elegant mohair, cut Directwah; an' we all went up to dress, Mis' Essenheimer hollerin' to Susie not to go out too far, an' Susie answerin', reel ladylike: 'No, mommah!'

"'I don't know what's got into Susie,' says Mis' Essenheimer to me. 'She's jes' crazy about them Kelsey boys; they're learnin' her penny-anty an' stud — awful out-o'-date games, I call 'em, an' vulgar anyway.'

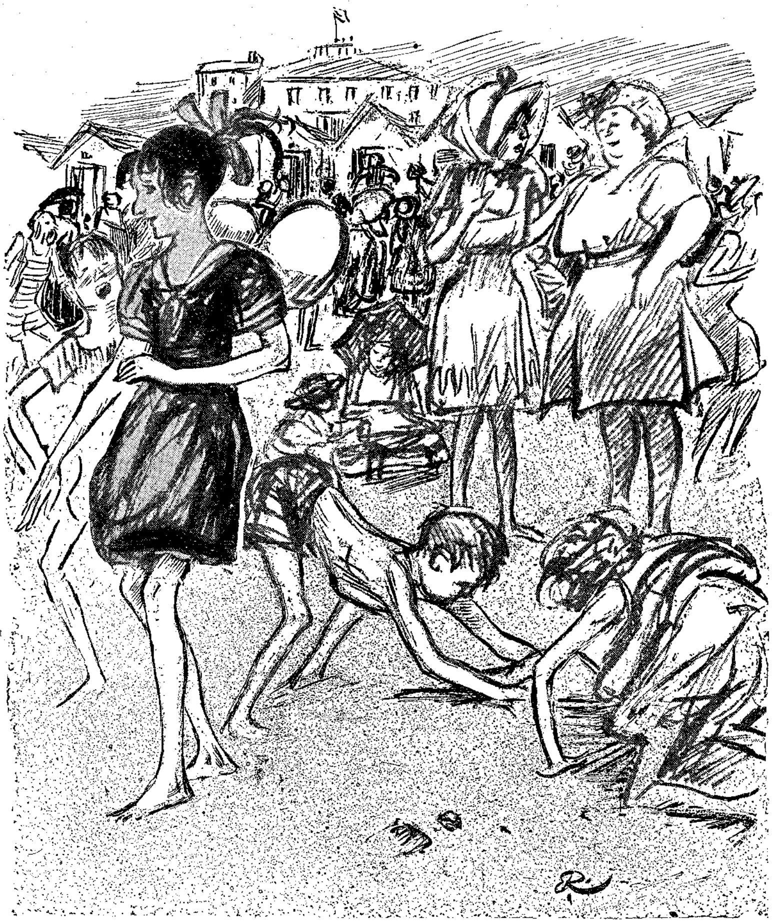
"Us ladies all got dressed an' came back to the beach in a bunch, an' ev'ry one was out of the water except Susie an' Mis' Kelsey. The Kelsey kids was beginnin' to run up an' down the beach an' beller:

"'Aw, gee, ma! You'll ketch a cramp, ma!'

"'Go pretend you're a clam,' bawls Mis' Kelsey.

"'Susie,' Mis' Essenheimer hollers. 'Susie, come in, dear!'

"'Yes, mommah,' sez Susie, an' then an awful thing happens. Susie wuz out of her depth, an' the water-wings wuz losin' their air, an' Susie sees it too, an' loses her head an' began shriekin' pitiful: 'I'm sinkin'! I'm sinkin'! I'll be drownded, mommah!'


"'IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO SUSIE'S REFINEMENT, MY HEART WILL BOIST'"

"Well, Mr. Rob'nson, did you ever hear a lot o' ladies or see 'em ac' in front of a drownin' child? I tell you, it ain't a sight to make you respec' your own sect. Mis' Essenheimer jes' squawked; she sounded like some kind of a fowl that's bein' killed. But I s'pose a woman whose child is bein' drownded before her eyes has a perfec' right to soun' like what she wants to.

But Mamie Ellis fainted right then an' there, an' Mis' Morgan — she wuz a bride — had the high-strikes, an' the three other ladies screeched on all different kind o' keys. Talk about your sirens! Talk about your calliopes!

"An' me — what d'you s'pose I done? Like an old fool, I waded right up to my waist. Yes, Mr. Rob'nson, in a new muslin dress!

"Well, 'twas an awful exhibition! I c'n jes' see how panics come an' how people get trampled on, an' I wuz jes' as bad as the rest. But there wuz jes' one who had sense — there wuz jes' one person who had a cool head, an' that was Mis' Kelsey. She didn't waste any wind hollerin'. She paddled slow an' steady right to that child. An' then Susie, who was scared to death, between feelin' herself sinkin' an' the noise that we was all makin' on the shore, claps her arms right round Mis' Kelsey's neck, an' they both went down together. A most awful wail went up from all the seven Kelseys:

"'Ma'll be drownded!'

"In a minute she had come up from the water, an', jes' as precise as any man could have done, she gave Susie a jolt that knocked her out an' made her loose up her strangle-hold. An' then she sunk down again; but she couldn't sink far, an' when the kids yelled at her, 'Oh, ma, you ain't drownded, ma?' I tell you, I never heard a pleasanter sound in my life than to hear her beller back, throwin' out water like a fountain:

"'Aw, jump in the well an' play you're a stone!'

"An', all this time, not one of us wuz of any use but to squawk an' high-strike an' faint — not one single one of all us ladies! Then the two oldest Kelsey boys an' Genevieve, havin' something o' their mother's sperit, pushed off a boat, an' soon enough we had 'em in, an' by that time Susie had come to.

"Well, I tell you, we may've been fools before, but we all knew how we had acted. Not one lady's eye met another lady's eye. An' then I reelized that a woman that is a real heroine an' a perfec' mother, an' one whose husban' comes home ev'ry night reg'lar after eighteen years of married life, don't need to be refined in her talk if she don't want to.

"I tell you, Mis' Kelsey put us all on the kazaz for the reel thing, an' we knew it. An' after that none of us could do enough for her; but she didn't seem to notice any alteration in us, an' when Mr. Kelsey sez, 'What's this, ma, I hear about you bein' a reg'lar life-savin' station?' she acted as embarrassed as a boy an' said:

"'Aw, gee, pa; I didn't do nothin'. It wuz all because them water-wings wuz all to the no-good!'

"An' after that Susie Essenheimer used to play cards ev'ry afternoon with the boys. 'Becuz,' sez Mis' Essenheimer, 'poker ain't stylish now, but it may be by the time Susie's grown up, an' you never c'n tell when a card game'll come in good for a lady to entertain her gentleman frien's with!'

"An' so, Mr. Rob'nson, you see how it is that I learnt, once for all, that there's wimmen, jes' like there's men, that don't need to talk nor ac' like the measly run of ord'nary ladies. Nex' time, when I see a woman without her corsets, I'll know better'n to think she jes' ain't got any pride; I'll see foist if character ain't what she's got."

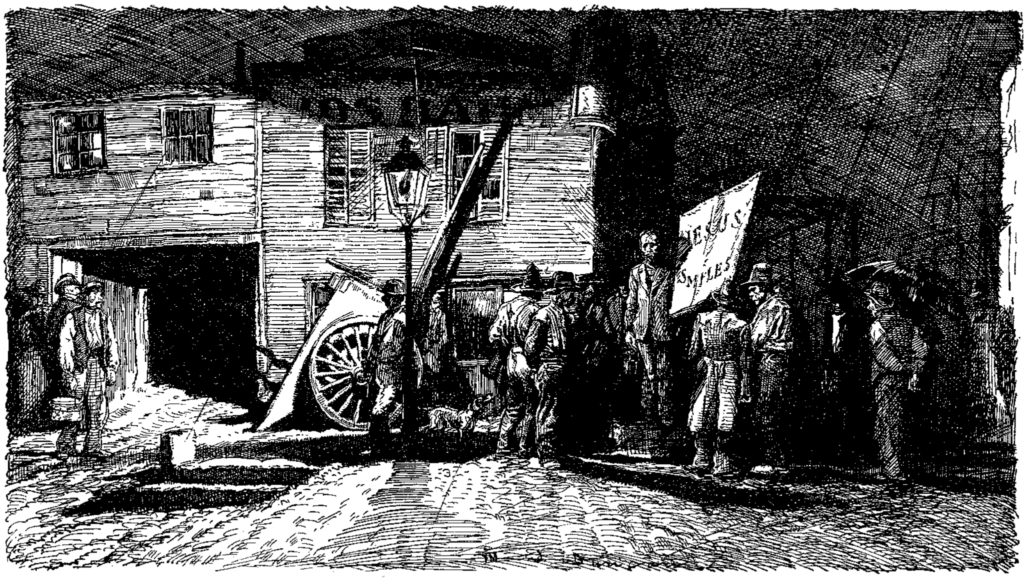
"MY FIDIL IS SINGING"

BY JOSEPH CAMPBELL

MY fidil is singing
  Into the air;
The wind is stirring,
  The moon is fair.

A shadow wanders
  Along the road;
It stops to listen,
  And drops its load;

Dreams for a space
  Upon the moon,
Then passes, humming
  My mountain tune.



The Nazarene

by John Fleming Wilson

Illustration by Walter Jack Duncan

I WAS in San Pedro, when I should have been in San Francisco, and I pleaded with the ticket-seller on the wharf to sell me passage on the steam schooner *Sybil Morrison,* at that moment loading for Oakland, and due to sail at midnight. The agent was kind but obdurate. "There isn't a berth left," he told me. "The only thing I can do is to sell you a deck passage."

I paid my money, and wandered disconsolately aboard the steamer, avoiding the swinging slings of cargo that hovered in the light of the setting sun. The steward received my story with calmness. "You will either sleep on the deck or take one of the boys' bunks in the glory-hole," he informed me. I settled with a waiter for his bunk, deposited my luggage, and forthwith became acquainted with the hero of my story: Tommy Sheridan, the Nazarene.

It was his bunk, tucked in among a lot of dark shelves in that infamous dark cellar, that I paid for. He was polite, and insisted on opening my suit-case and getting out an overcoat for me. "You will need it," he asserted, turning his elderly countenance benignly upon me. "Though this is far south, the nights are chilly."

Later, as I climbed out of the steward's quarters, he hailed me respectfully: "We shall sail at midnight, sir. Be sure and be aboard."

When I arrived in the cabin and breathed deeply, he smiled, an ancient and warm smile. Suddenly an apologetic expression flitted across his face. He held out his hand with a sheet of printed paper in it. "A tract," he murmured gently, and vanished.

I sought the chief steward again. "Look here, Vic," I said. "That old chap gave me a tract." I held up the incriminating paper.

"He doesn't mean any harm," the steward assured me. "But don't tell the skipper. Fact is, old Tommy is a bit cracked on religion. He's a good waiter, and I manage to keep his religion in bounds most of the time. I don't allow him to bother passengers. But you ——"

I accepted the compliment. "I won't tell," I said. "After taking a man's bed away from him, I think I won't report him for trying to save my soul."

Now, Victor Jorgenson and I have known each other for years. I pushed the papers aside and sat down on his little lounge. "I never heard of a preacher or missionary in the glory-hole before," I remarked.

Victor took off his glasses and handed me a cigar. "Funny old boy, Tommy," he said absently. "He has a religion all of his own. Calls himself a Nazarene. Ever hear of that sect?"

"I've heard of just one Nazarene," I returned. "He was a great man."

"Well," said the steward, returning to his menu cards, "Tommy is another. But if he bothers you, tell me. I'll shut him up. Only, don't say anything to the old man about it; ships nowadays aren't supposed to carry preachers in the crew."

I refused supper in the saloon, and made my way across the ferry to the main town. There I ate a meal and smoked a cigar, and then sauntered forth to pass the time as best I could between the hour of eight in the evening and the announced midnight of sailing. I was sure I couldn't sleep in that glory-hole until we were in the fresh and open channel.

Presently I was attracted by a small crowd gathered in front of a bar-room. Over the heads of the curious I could see the edge of a banner. I pushed my way among the loafers, and came to the curb directly in front of Tommy Sheridan, the waiter. He stood in the street, with a benign smile on his face, but utterly silent. In his right hand he held the staff of a small banner. A ribbon sewed across his cap displayed the word, traced in black ink, NAZARENE. The banner bore the device, "Jesus smiles."

Imagine my amazement. In a genuine silence, a silence where one heard the bewildered breathing of unclean and blear-eyed tramps, that elderly flunkey stood, proud custodian of an ill-made banner, and carrying on his head the name of an unknown sect. At first I thought my arrival had interrupted a sermon, an exhortation; but before many minutes had passed I understood that Tommy Sheridan's preaching was wordless. He merely stood there, the representative of an unknown creed, holding up to our eyes the simple and profound assertion that the Saviour of mankind smiles.

We have all heard the raucous discourses of the Salvation Army officer and the resonant doctrine of the Peniel missionary. They lay stress on the wickedness of the human soul and on the bitterness of its unregenerate destiny. But Tommy Sheridan did not speak. He merely displayed to our eyes the simple assertion that there is a smile on the face of the Redeemer for the erring one. And it seemed to impress the loungers, who were staring at that rude banner as if they dimly understood the kindliness and friendship silently preached by a curt and poignant statement.

I passed on, and returned to see a still larger group on the curb; then I caught the waiter's mild glance, saw a deprecatory expression settle about his aged lips, and went on, this time for good.

An hour or so later, while I waited for the little ferry, Tommy came down the steps to the float. I judged that a small and tightly rolled bundle in his hand was his banner. By the poor light I managed to make out that the word "Nazarene" no longer embellished his cap. I nodded to him.

"The launch runs only every quarter of an hour at this time of night, sir," he ventured. "I fear we have just missed it."

"I don't mind," I responded. "I saw you on the street back there. I never heard of the Nazarenes before."

"I wish I could preach, sir," the old man said timidly; "but I have no education, sir, and so I just hold up my banner, hoping that some poor fellow will be helped by it, sir. No harm in it, sir."

"Certainly not," I agreed. "But do you always have the same text on your banner?"

"Just that, sir," he replied, staring down at the water. "It seems the only thing that will really take hold of some of the poor boys, sir; I know I never got religion until I learned that Jesus was a real friendly sort, sir. I couldn't ever have got any help from feeling that God was waiting to punish me, sir; but when I found out that my Redeemer knew all about things, and didn't care so much about making me feel mean as he did about making me feel friendly, I said to myself: 'Tom, he's smiling. Don't be afraid.' You know, sir, we fellows in the glory-hole get more kicks and hard words than smiles and good mornings. And we just need some one — the only one, sir — who looks at us real friendly and smiles."

I shall never forget that extraordinary statement of the human need of a whole class of hard-working men. An ancient, foolish-looking old flunkey stood there on a dirty float and enunciated a creed of two words as if, at the end of a long and laborious existence, he had reduced experience and hope, toil and happiness, terror and joy, into an eternal attitude on the part of a comprehending and amenable deity. He repeated the two words in a mutter: "Jesus smiles."

"But the Nazarene part of it?" I demanded. "Who are they?"

He pulled the ribbon with the word on it out of his pocket. "I guess there aren't many of them," he said hastily. "I just kind of chose the word myself. You see, He was a Nazarene; and, from what I make out of the Holy Book, sir, he was kind of looked down on and despised, just as we are, sir. But, Lord! he just went his own way, and when he got on top he remembered the poor boys below and he just — smiled."

He thrust the cap-ribbon back into his pocket, and peered across the channel to where, under the flaring electric lights, they were loading the *Sybil Morrison* to the rattle and hiss of the winches. Suddenly a new expression came over his old visage. I was startled at the fierceness of it, the amazing intensity of that familiar look. He clenched a meager fist on the wooden rail; his voice was harsh.

"After all, a decent word or a smile ain't much, but most people think they are too costly to use for poor folks. That's what killed my mother. Nobody ever smiled at her friendly-like."

He turned his impassioned elderly face to me. "My mother was what most people call bad," he announced huskily. "She made her living on the streets, and died on the streets, sir, right in London, in the mud of the gutter. There's millions of people in London, sir, and not a soul ever smiled at my poor mother. She died when I was a bit of a lad. She had no money, and was kicked out of a pub into the slush. I was waiting for her at the corner, I being not more than six years old, sir. I tried to pick her up, but she only drew in her breath and died, sir." His savage eyes met mine. "I know what you would call her, sir. But it was because no one ever smiled real kindly at her. She didn't know that Jesus smiles, sir. He knew all about the cold and the wet and the rough words and me, sir. It didn't matter to him what she'd done, for he was lonely himself. Yes, sir; he'd have smiled calm and gentle, and forgiven her. But nobody ever was kind to her, sir!"

His cracked voice died away in the darkness that overhung the channel. I saw the red and green lights of the approaching ferry. "And you are saved?" I demanded.

He seemed sunk again into his usual mild apathy. "Of course it's not for me to be sure, sir," he mumbled. "*He* had to die, sir. I think sometimes that it was the only way he could fetch adrift from sin and misery. Maybe I'll have a chance myself some day."

A sudden bashfulness seized him. He moved a little closer. His tremulous tones barely reached my ear:

"Maybe . . . I could die . . . to save my mother . . . who died on the streets . . . unsaved."

As by a flash in the blackness, I seemed to see the elderly fellow transiently illuminated by a profound and pathetic purpose. He was a waiter on a steam schooner, hustling on servile errands, obsequious and despised. He was the son of a woman of evil life, kinless, homeless, friendless. Yet he contemplated in his heart a sacrifice like that of the Jesus he silently preached, his own death for the soul of a sinner — his mother. His meager form and homely face took on a little glory for that moment. But the ferry ground along the float, passengers hopped out, and I felt under my elbow the gentle fingers of the trained servant. He helped me aboard, and subsided into a seat a respectful distance away.

We crossed the channel, sprinkled with the riding-lights of vessels asleep, struck dazzlingly by the beams from the great lamps that lit the sweating stevedores at their work among the high-piled cargoes. As we neared the other side the rattle of the winches grew louder. I caught the steady cry of the callers-out directing the trucks this way and that, the staccato calls of the tallymen, the hoarse roars of overworked mates. The ferry slipped to its landing, and I got out and went up the incline to the wharf.

A hundred steps brought me to the brilliantly lit spot where the *Sybil Morrison* lay. I stopped to watch the great slings of freight rising from the wharf to swing over her hatches and vanish downward to the muffled yells of men in the hold. Vic, the chief steward, found me, and made violent remarks about belated passengers. "It will be two o'clock before I get any sleep," he growled.

The mate wandered up to snatch a puff from a cigarette. "I've got to get all that muriatic acid ashore now," he said, over the match. "Maybe you think that isn't a ticklish job." He returned to his labors.

"That acid is packed in big glass carboys," the steward explained. "Two carboys go to a case. A touch would crack the glass, and then — it's the fire-hose to save the rest of the cargo. There goes the first sling of it!"

A sudden silence had descended on the busy wharf. I saw a case rising in a sling into the bright light. The mate signaled sharply. The boom swung out and the case came softly down. Two men seized it and placed it on a truck. Business was resumed.

I walked on, and found myself in a small crowd of passengers returning from town. They jostled along good-humoredly between the line of railway cars and the ship. I saw Tommy Sheridan just ahead, with a suit-case in either hand. We came opposite the big cargo booms, and the little crowd opened for some rushing trucks. Then I found myself thrust over toward the ship's side, just as a sudden cry rose: "Look out! *Look out!*"

Caught between half-paralyzed people, I stared upward. Swinging outward, vomiting smoke and acid, a broken case was riding high, almost over us. With a rush the winchman dropped the sling till it was just clear of the ship's rail. I heard a stevedore behind me breathe heavily: "God! It's either us or the boys in the hold!"

Instantly I saw the predicament. To swing the streaming acid back would be to let it rain on the men in the depths of the steamer. To allow it to come on would mean that another two seconds would see us burning under that terrific cascade of biting acid. A fat man in front of me groaned, trying to edge himself backward. In doing so he left me on the outer rim of the crowd. I saw a sudden, flying figure darting toward the smoking case, heard a wild cry from somewhere, then saw the figure clutch the swinging death with desperate strength, drag it to an empty space, and hold it there. The winchman caught the meaning of this extraordinary self-sacrifice and the sling fell slack. I saw the figure of our savior drop away from the bubbling case and crumple up. The white stream of water from a hose swished over it. Two men dived at him and pulled him away. They dropped him almost at my feet.

I knelt down, half suffocated by the fumes of acid. The man on the planks lay there, burnt and smoking. I vaguely saw others kneel beside me, with kind hands pulling at the half-charred clothes, their kind voices hoarse with oaths. But the man merely turned his scarred face upward and shook his head as much as to say: "It is finished."

I heard a man at my side say in a loud tone, "Caught him fair. He is dead."

I bent farther over. I was peering into Tommy Sheridan's face. As I looked I saw its expression of pain and suffering clear away. I seemed to catch the faint whisper of a departing breath. "Yes," I agreed; "he is dead."

Some one thrust a hand into the torn pocket of the ex-waiter's jacket. "Here," he muttered. "Let's cover up the poor fellow's face." He shook out the cloth he had found and spread it out over the elderly visage of the Nazarene. The sprawled black letters looked up at us distinctly: "Jesus smiles."

We took off our caps for thirty seconds out of respect for the man and his silent creed — voiceless cry of a flunkey's hope for himself and a poor woman of the streets.

Then the winches took up again the noisy call to toil and danger and our breathless struggle for existence.

"BECAUSE MY OWN LIFE FALTERS HERE"

BY FLORENCE KIPER

BECAUSE my own life falters here,
Because my own soul burdened is,
I do not make demand of Fate
For the eternal mysteries.

Because I am flung twisted forth,
Because in the making I was marred,
I do not doubt the purpose deep
Behind the heavens calmly starred.

Life justifies in vivid ways
The heart that sees her great and sane;
Strong joy of being have I snatched
From out the fiery midst of pain.

The Adventures of Miss Gregory

by Perceval Gibbon

The Elopement

Illustrations by William Hatherell

IN the hall of that particular Berlin hotel which balances the stuffy inconvenience of its private apartments by the ornate spaciousness of its public rooms, Mrs. Seton-Howe was entertaining a small circle of her acquaintances with tea and prattle. She was a pale, eager woman whose husband had his being, and presumably his uses, on the fringe of the diplomatic service; and she was to be met with here and there on the continent of Europe, always established in a reputable hotel, always a hostess on a minute scale, and always equipped with an interesting version of the current subject of gossip. A certain ambassador once said of her that her instrument in the concert of the powers was the tinkling cymbal.

Her guests were diplomatic and consular ladies and Miss Gregory — the last-named newly arrived in Berlin, and encountered by Mrs. Seton-Howe in a shop. Her chair was withdrawn to the edge of the circle that surrounded Mrs. Seton-Howe's tea-table, and she seemed content to sit outside the ring of irresponsible tongues and play the part of an audience of one to a platform of five. There was nothing in any of them that could enhance the pages of her note-book; they were not figures that would have a place in the rich chronicle of her travels, the noble stout volume that was the goal of her wayfaring. She let her thoughts wander while they chattered, and looked idly about her at the grandeur of gilt and molding that made her feel as if she were drinking tea in a cathedral.

A fellow traveler would have noted a subtle change in Miss Gregory, now that she had crossed the frontier from Russia and was definitely in real Europe again. It was not merely that she was in possession of the trunks that had been forwarded from England to meet her in Berlin, and was attired in their contents — clothes of that exquisite inconspicuousness which is above all the fashions. It was more than that. She seemed to have changed her front to deal with a world in which men and women have a more complicated equipment than one finds on the East Coast of Africa, for example. Her quick, enterprising face looked about her with an undiminished courage; but there was a quality of reserve to supplement it. She was back in that world where manners count for as much as men, and she was prepared to handle it with fitting ceremony.

She was recalled to consciousness by a name that was mentioned. Mrs. Seton-Howe, always hard on the trail of the scandal of the moment, was talking vigorously. There had been, within the last few days, an elopement. A lady of a small royal house had vanished from the institution in which her august relatives had confined her in the hope of curing her of a fancy for a non-royal admirer; and the affair had leaked into the papers. Mrs. Seton-Howe, it appeared, knew all about it.

"They called it nerves," she was saying; "but everybody knew what the trouble was. Even as a quite young girl she was — queer!"

"Was she?" inquired one of her hearers.

"Oh, yes. There was talk of marrying her to one of the Altstadts — Prince Maximilian, you know; but it fell through. And the next thing was, she was sent to a home for her nerves. The trouble about the American man was hushed up, and he, I think, resigned and went back to the States."

"Did you know him?" inquired a consular lady.

"Know him? Mr. Van Cuyp? Of course I knew him," answered Mrs. Seton-Howe. "He had a beard. I didn't like him. But—why!"

She turned to Miss Gregory.

"You were in Paris when the Czar was there?" she said. "Of course you were. Then you must remember Mr. Van Cuyp, too?"

"Van Cuyp!" repeated Miss Gregory. "A Dutchman?"

"No; an American. Don't you remember him?"

"It's so long ago," said Miss Gregory apologetically.

Mrs. Seton-Howe looked at her thoughtfully. "Yes," she said. "And didn't you accompany your brother, the General, on that mission to the Kronberg Court? You must have seen *her* too?"

"I met so many royalties then," said Miss Gregory, "and I spoke German so badly, that I really can't remember which was which. Stupid of me, isn't it?"

"How strange!" said Mrs. Seton-Howe coldly, and turned again to the more profitable converse with her other guests.

"When I knew her," she told them, "she was a dark, thin girl with the *silliest* way of staring at people; I wasn't a bit surprised when I heard of her affair with the American, and that she had been sent to a home."

"Was she pretty?" inquired the wife of an attaché.

"Oh, no," Mrs. Seton-Howe replied, "not pretty; merely unusual! Still,"—with a glance at Miss Gregory,—"one could hardly help remembering her."

Miss Gregory smiled absently and was silent. It was the easiest way to induce the others to overlook her. She had her reasons for not wishing to be questioned about the Kronberg affair. She let the talk flow on, and presently took her leave.

Mrs. Seton-Howe glanced at her broad back as she went.

"Wonderfully preserved, isn't she?" she remarked in a low tone. "But her memory—she'll be quite an old woman soon!"

There is a special fate whose function it is to misguide the adventurous and see that their powers do not run to waste for lack of material to work upon. Miss Gregory had turned her back upon the East and arrived in Germany, where life is ordered by rule; yet, within a week of her advent, she found herself, as if by design, moving in the midst of the matter that sowed the newspapers with large head-lines and kept Mrs. Seton-Howe talking.

She had been visiting friends to the east of Berlin, and was returning to the city by one of those trains whose progress consists chiefly of stoppages at dreary little stations, neat as toys, lettered all over with notices beginning with the word *Verboten*. It was already evening, and growing dark; and Miss Gregory, with nothing to read and no one to talk to, found each succeeding stoppage more exasperating than the last. She had the ladies' compartment of the train to herself, and had been occupying her mind with experiments on the heating apparatus, controlled by a mysterious lever, when the train slid through a cutting, and came to a standstill again at the station where the affair began.

"Doesn't anybody either get in or out of this train?" Miss Gregory wondered indignantly, and then composed herself swiftly to the incurious and semi-torpid aspect proper to travel in the more civilized lands. The tall station-master was opening the door of her compartment to admit a couple of travelers. Miss Gregory, with her hands in her lap, lifted her eyes slowly to inspect them as they took their seats opposite to her.

The station-master slammed the door and the train resumed its spasmodic progress. When it was clear of the station, Miss Gregory looked up again. One of her fellow travelers was plainly a maid, a servant; it was the other whom she found interesting. She was a woman still short of thirty years of age, dressed with an extreme simplicity, and she showed to the light of the overhead lamp a thin, painful, desperate face. She leaned back against the cushions as if she were shrinking from an attack, and, though she held her features rigid, her fingers were fidgeting in a nervous agony. Her attitude, her expression spoke of an overmastering terror; the woman was tense as a fiddle-string with fear and fatigue.

Miss Gregory had forgotten to hide her inspection of her, and found suddenly that her gaze was being returned.

"Why do you look at me?" demanded the other, with a breathless energy. "You have been staring. Why?"

"Oh, I'm sorry!" exclaimed Miss Gregory, genuinely abashed.

The maid leaned over quickly and laid a

hand on the younger woman's arm, as if to hush her. The other shook her off.

"Do you know me?" she demanded of Miss Gregory. "Is that why you stare?"

"Yes," said Miss Gregory gently, "I know who you are."

The maid gave her a troubled look, and then turned to her mistress, who was sitting bolt upright, staring at Miss Gregory.

"You know?" she questioned fearfully. "You — you have been sent ——"

Miss Gregory was all at sea. She had recognized her traveling companion, thanks to an average memory for faces, and a certain interest with which she had observed, years before, a silent, unsmiling girl standing by a king's side at a court ball. But the rest was still incomprehensible to her. She only knew that the weary, strained woman before her was in fear of her.

"Nobody has sent me anywhere," she said. "If you had not asked me, I should not have spoken to you. As it is, if there is any help I can give, anything I can do ——"

"Help!" repeated the other vaguely.

The maid leaned across to Miss Gregory. "Pardon, Madame," she said. "But her Highness is incognito. She was — er — startled to be recognized."

Miss Gregory nodded. Her Highness was still staring, as if it cost her an effort to bring her mind to bear on this encounter. A momentary touch of vacancy in her manner suddenly gave Miss Gregory the clue she needed, and she understood everything. She remembered now: this was the Princess concerning whom there had been talk; she had been spoken of in connection with the retirement of a young American diplomat; it had been said that her mind was deranged, and that she had been placed under restraint in some private institution or other. The tale had gone the round of Europe, supported by occasional official denials, and now it returned to Miss Gregory. She took a moment for consideration. The wayside station, the fear and weariness, the dust on the dress of the Princess and her companion, all told their tale. This was not an ordinary journey, but a flight.

Miss Gregory fixed a masterful eye on the maid, who met it unwillingly.

"I have no doubt I understand," she said. "I hope you are not acting on your own responsibility. If you are not, I shall be glad to give any help in my power; but I must be sure that I am not helping you to compromise your mistress."

"Oh, Madame!" protested the maid, alarmed at the gray-haired stranger's authority. "But I assure you ——"

Miss Gregory shook her head. "It is not your assurances that I require," she said.

There was a consultation on the other side of the carriage, carried on in whispers, while Miss Gregory, in her corner seat, looked out of the window at the dark landscape to help their deliberation to as much privacy as possible. The toot of the engine, thus signaling that it was about to stop at another station, made them hurry their conclusion.

"Madame!"

It was the Princess who spoke, and Miss Gregory turned to listen gravely.

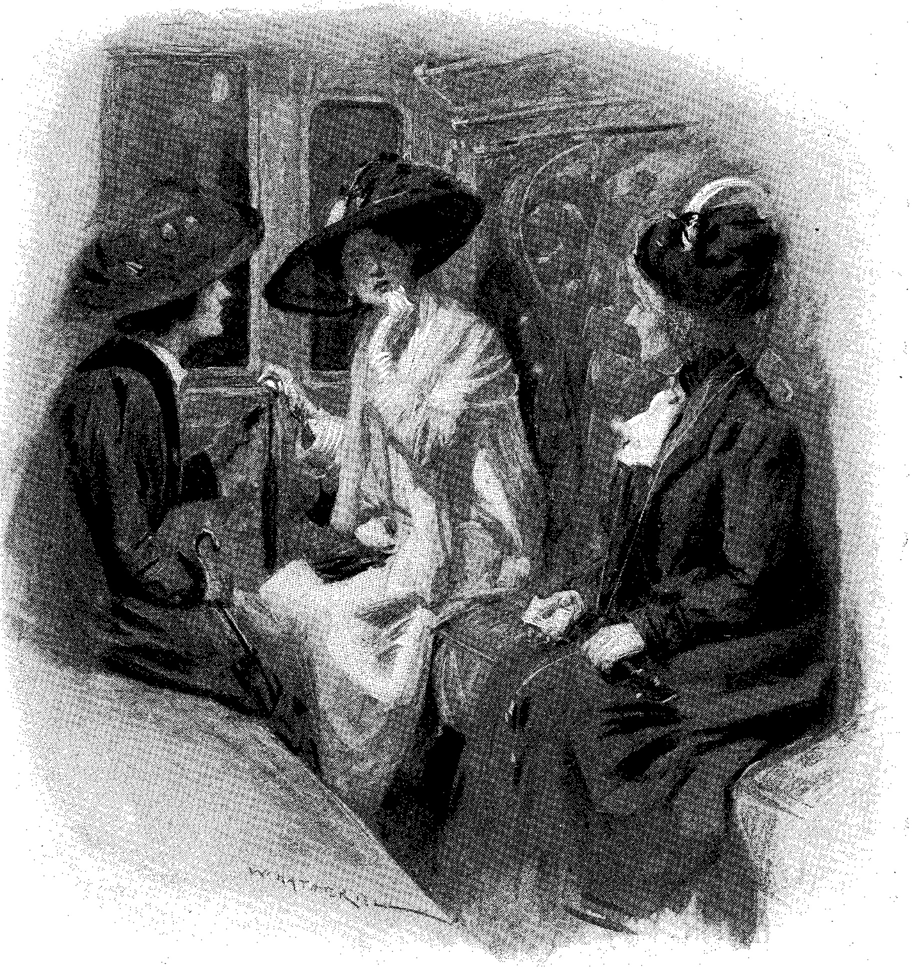
"We are arriving at a station," said the Princess, speaking with a sort of timid hurry. "It is possible — somebody may look into the train. If you can help —— "

"If I can I will," Miss Gregory assured her. "And afterward perhaps you will tell me what troubles you, so that I may help further."

Only the guard of the train put his head in at the window, while they were in the station, to inquire if they were all going to Berlin. Miss Gregory nodded an answer, and he left them. The Princess and her companion sat tensely still and silent; for them the minutes of waiting were allies leagued on the side of their pursuers. Both sighed with relief when at last the engine made up its mind to go on, and the station swung backward past their windows.

When only the night and the shapes of wayside trees spied upon them, Miss Gregory approached the matter of explanation. It would have been hard for almost any other person to impose himself upon the reluctant confidence of the Princess, but Miss Gregory had advantages conferred by nature. Honesty was written large upon her countenance, the rigid, impregnable honesty of her class and kind, and therewith was all the weight of her kindly and forceful personality. She made an atmosphere about her of refuge and support; and the poor, distraught woman was only too willing to accept the aid she offered and depend upon her.

Once started, the whole story came out with a rush. The American diplomat, it seemed, was a person of persistence; he was not only still extant, but it was he who was the moving spirit in this adventure. "Daniel," the Princess called him, rousing in Miss Gregory's mind the image of a bearded young man with a meditative smile and a slow, pleasant voice whom she had known in Paris years before. The weight of royal displeasure had not availed to crush Daniel. Through all the years of her confinement, while doctors and nurses, acting on the assumption that she was insane, had undermined her sanity, Daniel had been moving in the background of circumstance,



"'WHY DO YOU LOOK AT ME? YOU HAVE BEEN STARING. WHY?'"

active with bribes and stratagems; and on three occasions an elopement and a marriage in France had been frustrated by the merest accident. This time, also, there had been an accident. The Princess had found her way from the house cleared for her; men had been bought wholesale, and one, so far as Miss Gregory could gather, had been beaten about the head; but Daniel, who was to have been in waiting with a motor-car, had not turned up. The Princess and her maid had found themselves at the appointed place with none to meet them; and, after waiting as long as was safe, they had walked through a belt of pine woods to the station. Their joint money barely afforded them tickets to Berlin; and, once clear of the place of her detention, with the flavor of freedom new in her mouth, the Princess had insisted on going on. She had no plans and scarcely any hopes — only the desperation of an escaped prisoner who runs toward the horizon until he drops. A vague idea that somewhere behind the tangle of her life Daniel moved, and would emerge to save her, possessed her faculties; in that faith, she went forward blindly.

Miss Gregory heard her in silence, merely helping her out with sympathetic nods from time to time. The tale was told with a disjointed energy, but she gained from it a sufficiently clear conception of both the Princess and her American lover. It had the true quality of the old romance. The Princess, with her shaken intelligence, had a touch of the simplicity and general feebleness of medieval heroines; and Daniel, laboring loyally and patiently to set her free, stood for the knight. She liked the half-glimpses she got of Daniel's methods. Now it was a nurse won over to his interest, now a man convinced against his better judgment that Daniel was harmless. Once or twice it was a man hit accurately on some tender part of his anatomy; in such instances, Daniel had been pressed for time.

She turned from these reflections to a consideration of the matter in hand. There seemed yet to be one chance for the Princess. Daniel owned automobiles,— two or three of them,— and stabled them at a garage in Berlin. Neither the Princess nor her maid knew where the garage was; but the mere fact presented a possibility. Miss Gregory deposited it at the back of her mind for future reference.

It was past nine o'clock when they rattled at last into the Friedrichstrasse station at Berlin, arriving from the darkness to the lights and clamor of that terminus. Here, too, they passed unnoticed; it seemed that the news of the Princess' flight had not yet been passed along, and they had outdistanced the precautions which would spread over the country like the rings that widen where a stone is thrown into still water. None stayed them as they passed forth from the station and came out to the lively street opposite the great station, with its rows of lighted hotels staring down over the pavement.

Miss Gregory was not sure of her next step.

"The difficulty is," she explained, "that the hotel where I am staying is just the place where you are most likely to be recognized."

"I will not go to a hotel," said the Princess quickly.

Miss Gregory looked at her anxiously. The safe ending to her journey seemed to have stirred her to something like gaiety, and in her voice, as she spoke, there were notes of hysterical excitement. She stood on the pavement, staring down the long street at the leisurely, prosperous people who throng Berlin when the lamps are lighted, and the hand with which she touched Miss Gregory's arm trembled. The maid, on the other side, explained in a whisper.

"They call them hotels, the places in which her Highness has been — treated," she said.

"Well, then," said Miss Gregory, "what would you like to do?"

"To do?" repeated the Princess. "I should — yes, I should like to go for a walk."

"A walk?" repeated Miss Gregory, in surprise. "But, please ——"

The Princess smiled thoughtfully, and turned to the right, toward where, at the end of a length of street, the lights of Unter den Linden filled the distance with a soft, luminous haze. She set off at an uneasy pace, leaving her companions to follow or not, as they might think fit.

"Is she — wilful as a rule?" asked Miss Gregory of the maid. She had an idea that this manner of behavior might lie at the back of the Princess' misfortunes.

"Sometimes," replied the maid, with feeling, "she is simply dreadful. There have been times, Madame, when only force could make her submit to rules. When Monsieur Daniel failed to appear this afternoon, I would have turned back — me! But her Highness would not be advised; and thus we are here, on the pavement of a street, like *canaille*. And what will come of it who can say?"

"We will let her walk a little first," said Miss Gregory, carefully keeping the Princess in sight. "But later we must manage to bring her somewhere where I can telephone. We've got to find that garage, somehow."

The Princess walked slowly, as young princesses are taught to walk by those who shape them for their curious and narrow destiny. She passed, with a faint, fixed smile, between the promenading groups, erect and aloof. Miss Gregory felt some anxiety lest those citizens, accustomed to look on while royalty went by, should recognize the mien and manner with which she went through their midst. At the corner of Unter den Linden she paused to look for some moments at one of the finest streets in the world; and here a roving gallant marked her, and raised his hat in the hope of making her acquaintance.

Fortunately, Miss Gregory was close behind and saw the salute, or the affair might have gone to unpleasant lengths, for the Princess acknowledged it with a gracious little bow. The gallant grinned, and was approaching to speak when Miss Gregory thrust her way forward and met him with the stern menace of her gaze and her impeccable respectability of appearance. He was a dashing young person, but his courage had its limits, and before that front of power his gay address broke and failed. He mumbled something and backed away.

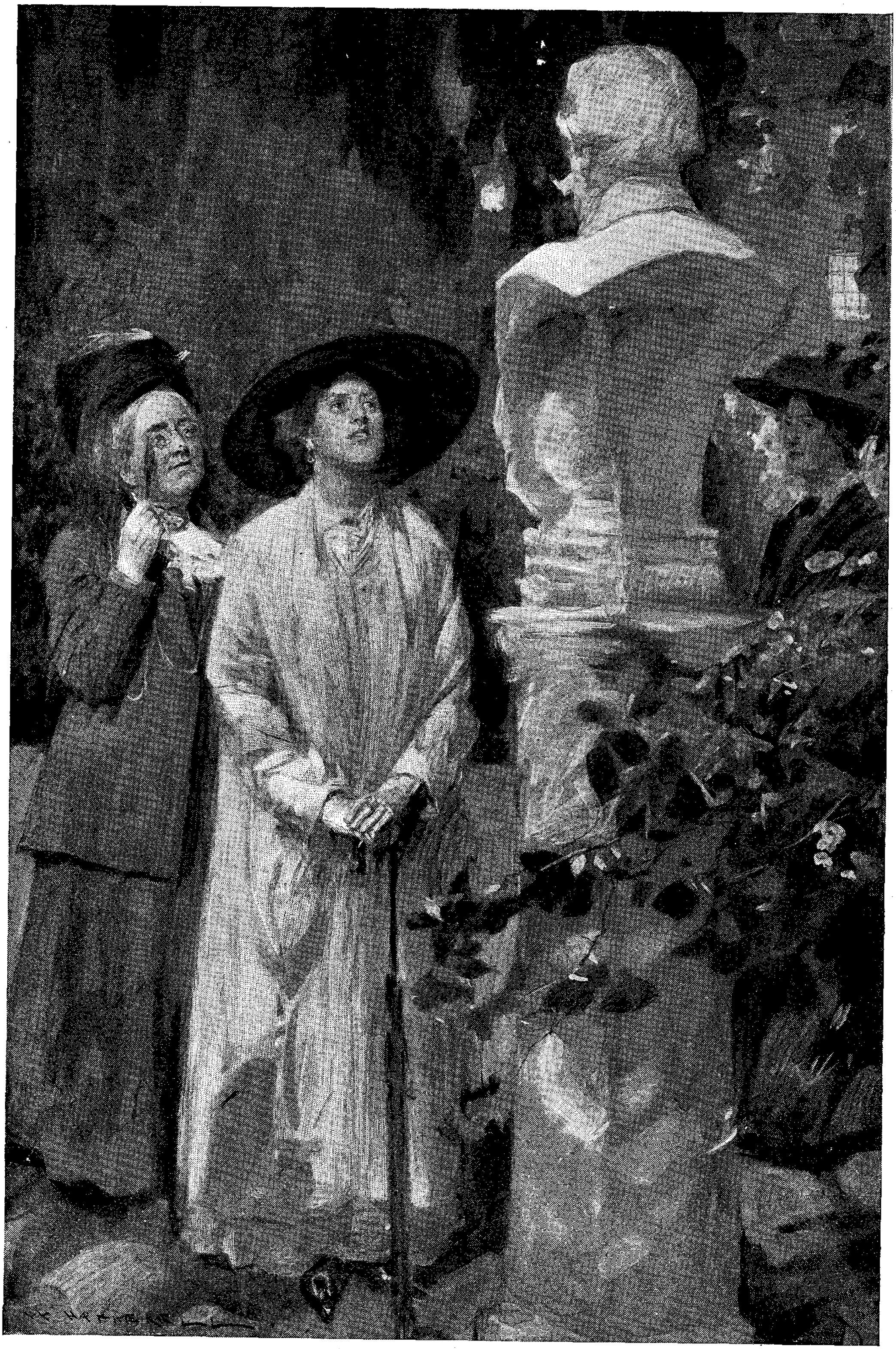
"I know this street," said the Princess musingly. "When I was a little girl, I stayed here for a week, at a house up there."

She pointed toward that end of the street which is overlooked by the imperial castle.

"Would you not like some supper?" suggested Miss Gregory, eager to get to the neighborhood of a telephone.

"Not yet," answered the Princess tranquilly. "I will walk first. Let us go this way."

She led the way toward Berlin's chief park, the Tiergarten, and there was nothing for Miss Gregory to do but walk at her side. The Princess was happy in mere liberty and novelty of scene, relishing both too deeply to admit any other consideration to her thoughts. The years of "treatment" had had their effect: they had disturbed the mind which in the end they must have overthrown. Even "Daniel" was not



"'MY GRANDFATHER,' SAID THE PRINCESS. 'HE IS HANDSOME—NOT?'"

present in the Princess' consciousness for the while; she was feeling her way gropingly through a maze of fresh sensations, intent upon each new sight as it presented itself. She looked about her, as she went, like a child in a museum, where every object is a mystery or a revelation, and did it, withal, with a certain effect of pleasant condescension that made Miss Gregory wonder. It was not merely a woman of uncertain intelligence whom she had to steer through a labyrinth of difficulties to a refuge: it was a woman bred and trained to regard herself as immune from the small exigencies which have so large a part in most people's lives. She could not even cross the road like any one else; her manner of effecting that transit almost amounted to a revelation of her identity.

It was a big, chubby policeman who saw her coming, with the gray hairs of Miss Gregory in attendance upon her, and the demure maid walking behind. He was standing dreamily in the roadway; but, as his eyes rested on the little group, he woke alarmingly to life. Shopkeepers taking their ease after a day of business might overlook the salient quality in the Princess, but not a policeman grown stout in the service of shepherding royalty, who had brooded patiently, while standing to rigid attention as they went by, upon the manners that characterized those well-fed demi-gods. He surveyed them for a couple of seconds with a shrewd stare, then held up the traffic — the swift evening traffic of Unter den Linden — while they crossed the road. He did not do it with any unobtrusiveness; he was too enthusiastic a royalist for that. It was not the almighty hand of the London constable that he employed, nor the useful club of New York, but his conspicuous and crowd-attracting sword.

"Halt!" he barked stridently to the cabs and motors, and began to run backward and forward, signaling with his weapon.

Miss Gregory, who lacked none of the passionate sense of privacy that belongs to her race, repressed with difficulty an impulse to run, to desert the Princess and leave her to the tender mercies of the reverent policeman and dutiful crowds. This was more than she had bargained for. As she crossed the road at the Princess' elbow, she felt the blood sting in her cheeks, while a cold thrill crawled about her spine. It was not the imminent danger of discovery and arrest that disturbed her: it was the rapidly growing groups that looked on, and the bulging self-satisfaction of the fat policeman who had done it all. To his machine-like salute the Princess returned her formal little bow. Miss Gregory could have beaten her in rage and impatience.

"Now we'll be followed," she whispered, as they reached the opposite pavement and turned toward the vast arch of the Brandenburg Gate. "Every loafer in the street will hang at our heels till we are tracked down and taken!"

"Why?" inquired the Princess innocently.

Miss Gregory decided not to waste an answer.

But they were not followed. The fat policeman did not understand why royal-looking ladies should go on foot through the evening streets, but he did understand that they must not be followed. For such exercise of intelligence fatter men than he had received promotion and other rewards. A brief uproar, that made Miss Gregory look back anxiously, was caused by his methods of turning back those who would have come after them. He had a noisy way with him, but it sufficed.

They came, at that leisurely pace which the Princess affected, to the splendid broad road and the gentle trees of the Tiergarten, where the Siegesallee is bordered with white marble memories of Germany's rulers. Few people were here; only lovers walked in absorbed couples, and spared no attention for three women who passed through the shadows and spoke little. Miss Gregory was turning over in her mind the expedient of threatening to leave the Princess to herself if she did not forthwith come to a cab, and so to a telephone, when the latter stopped by one of the marble heads.

"Yes," said Miss Gregory; "what is it?"

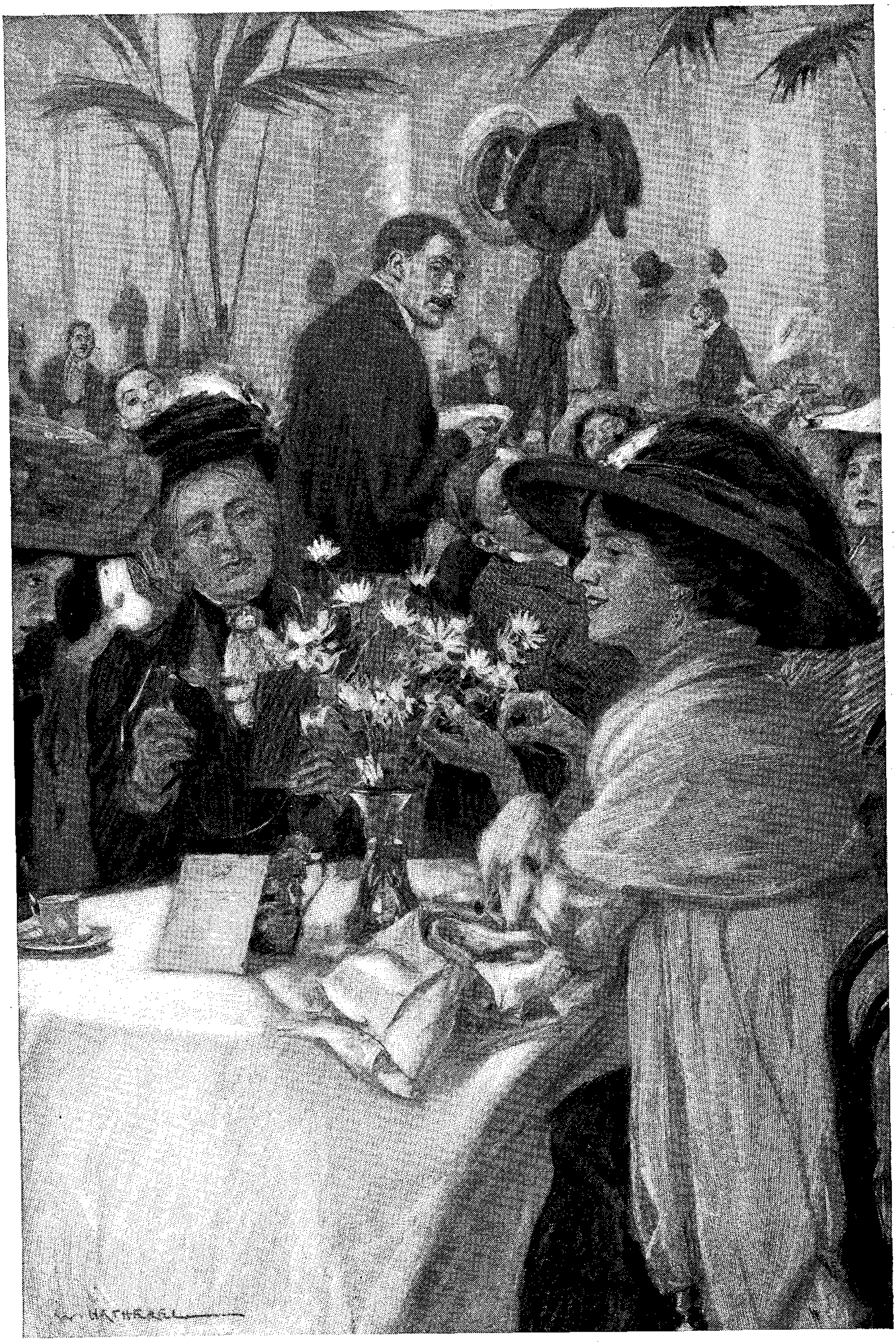
"My grandfather," said the Princess. "He is handsome — not?"

"Very," agreed Miss Gregory doubtfully, abandoning thoughts of her expedient. She was a good conservative, and, after all, there is a decency to be considered in dealing with a woman who claims kinship with statues erected in public places. Such people are the world's wards; and the world, which is peremptory enough with its children, must use them with a certain ceremony.

The Princess stared thoughtfully at the marble bust.

"He was a good old man," she said. "When I was quite little, I used to know him. A king, but kind, always kind. Once when my governess beat me he comforted me, and I asked him to kill her. I thought he could do anything because he was a king. He took me on his knee and laughed very kindly. 'Kings can't kill people,' he told me, 'but people can kill kings. That's why you and I must always be polite and obedient, for fear they get tired of us.' When he died I had no friend left."

She made a queer little gesture as if she called the marble head to witness, and turned back again toward the entrance to the park.


W. HATHERELL

"'DO THEY COME EVERY NIGHT?' SHE ASKED MISS GREGORY. 'OR IS IT A FÊTE?'"

It was when they were already at the beginning of Unter den Linden that a man, who had observed them for some minutes, came forward as if to pass them, and managed to brush against Miss Gregory. For such as he the spot is favorable; the trees intercept the lights, and a quick-fingered practitioner can turn the fact to advantage. This one, however, was not so dexterous but that Miss Gregory felt his hand as it brushed her skirt expertly and found and entered her pocket. She could move as quickly as a swordsman, and the man uttered a shrill oath as he found his wrist grasped and himself pushed back against the wall.

"You struggle," threatened Miss Gregory, "and I will shout!"

She spoke an efficient if not an idiomatic German. It had served so far with the Princess, and it was entirely comprehensible to the thief. He looked up into her strong, serious face, and began to whine.

"I wasn't trying to steal. I was only going to pass, and then you caught hold of me——"

"No," said Miss Gregory decisively. "No; that won't do."

His shifty, shrewd eyes measured her and estimated the chances of her mercy. Women were sentimental, in his experience.

"I am starving," he tried. "I have had no food to-day. Lady, let me go."

The Princess had halted beside Miss Gregory and was looking on with a sort of horrified amusement.

"Yes, let him go," she said. "He is — ugly."

He was ugly, a lean, furtive-eyed man with a three days' beard and the cut of a galley-slave in his whining humility. Only the cities spawn such creatures; they are fungus-growths of the trodden pavements; they move like secret worms in the interstices of civilization.

"Yes, I'll let him go," said Miss Gregory. The thief looked up alertly at the word. "But——"

She held him with her hard eyes and let his wrist drop. While he stood where she had thrust him, she put her hand into her pocket and brought forth the purse he would have stolen, a comfortable morocco-leather pouch with a gold clasp. She held it loosely in her hand. A more mettlesome robber than the creature before her would have snatched it and made good his escape easily enough; but she had taken the gauge of her man.

"This was what you wanted?" she said. "Yes? Well, if you will do what I ask you shall have it."

"What?" The thief was incredulous.

She unclasped it and let him see its contents, a desirable wad of paper money, some gold pieces, and various silver coins. It was the right bait; it looked compact and opulent, a heart-warming handful of ready money for a hard-working criminal.

"*Was wollen Sie?*" inquired the thief eagerly. "What is it you want?"

"You know this city well?" inquired Miss Gregory. He gave a quick assent. "Yes! Well, have you ever heard of a gentleman, an American, named Van Cuyp?"

The Princess uttered a surprised exclamation. The thief shook his head.

"Van Kipe?" suggested Miss Gregory. "Van Koop? Van Kape? No? Well, this gentleman that I speak of has automobiles, and keeps them in a garage somewhere."

"Ah!" The thief seemed to see light.

"You can find that garage — not? Perhaps you have friends who can help you. What do you think?"

"What if I find it?"

"Then you are to give a message. Mr. Van Cuyp is to come with a car to — " She hesitated and thought. "He is to come here, where we are now, and wait. Tell him — er — tell him — let me see."

"What is your name?" she inquired of the Princess swiftly. "Margaretha? Yes."

Then to the thief: "Tell him that Fräulein Margaretha is here. Nothing else. Come with him and you shall have the purse. Do you understand? Can you do it?"

The thief, it seemed, had his pride. He drew himself up with a certain assurance.

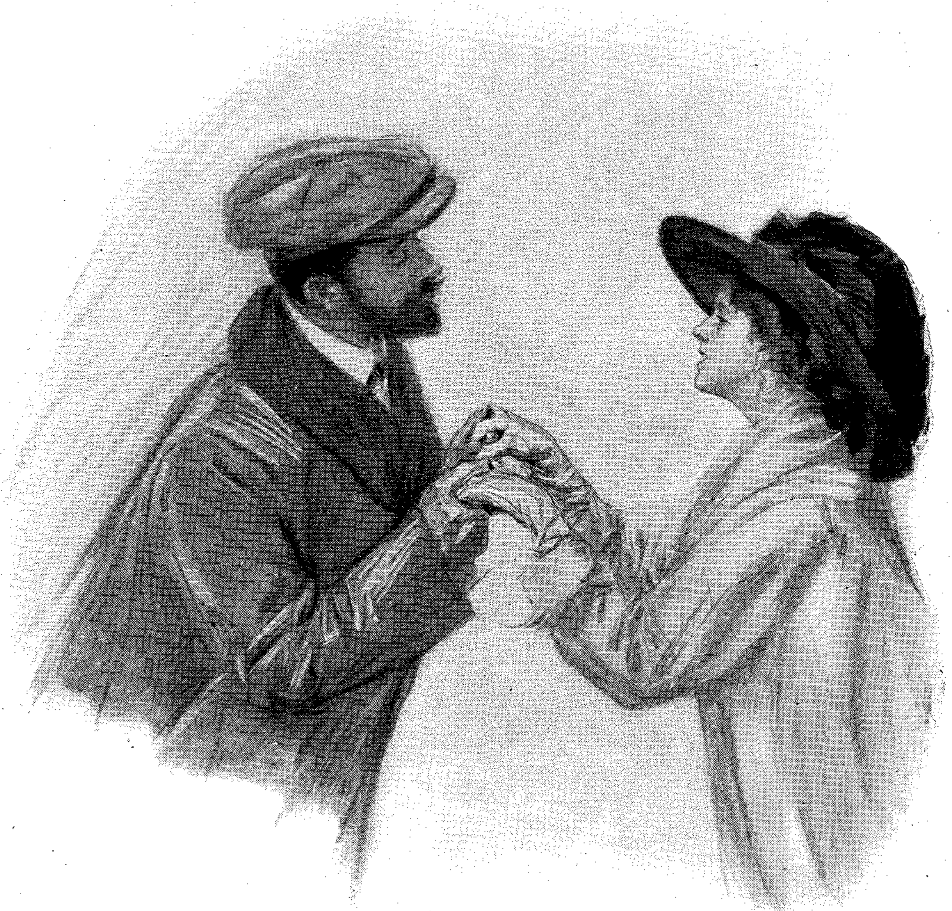
"If the garage is in Berlin," he said, "I will find it in half an hour. *Sehen Sie* — I have a connection!"

"Go, then," bade Miss Gregory, and he went swiftly.

"And now," said Miss Gregory, "now for some supper."

There is a great café which flares at the corner where the Friedrichstrasse enters Unter den Linden, and it never closes. Throughout the night, its lights signal its costly hospitality to the street like votive lamps at an altar to appetite. Here a word to the waiter will furnish the alien patron with a newspaper from his own country, whatever that country may be; the New York *Herald* hangs on the wall alongside of the Bulawayo *Chronicle*. To this electric-lit oasis Miss Gregory led the Princess and her maid, and found for them a little table as far as possible from the street. It was the only means she could devise to keep the Princess stationary, and it was at least better than wandering at her side through the crowds in which she might at any moment be recognized. The outcome of the affair, its failure or success, now rested on the faith of a thief; the chances of the city streets must determine it. Miss Gregory, resigning herself like a good fatalist to the inevitable, gave her mind to the examination of the wine-list. The part of an amateur providence is wearying, and she was conscious of an appetite.

She might have found her meal more satisfactory if the Princess had not shown so plainly that she had never been in a public restaurant before. The place was fairly full; folk talked and laughed vivaciously, and the tables accommodated a fine variety of city types. The Princess stared with all her eyes at this undreamed-of development in the life of those whom she knew chiefly as inhabitants of the crowded sidewalks, who stared at the carriages of their betters.



"'DANIEL!' CRIED THE PRINCESS"

"Do they come here every night?" she asked Miss Gregory. "Or is this a fête?"

"No, it's not a fête," replied Miss Gregory.

"They are very gay," commented the Princess. "I didn't expect to see people so gay."

"You will find a lot of happy people wherever you go," Miss Gregory assured her — "even poor people, much too poor to come to places like this — people with so little to be glad about that it makes one wonder. Most people, in fact, have a lot of happiness."

"Have they?" said the Princess. "But that is strange."

Food and a glass of wine had helped Miss Gregory back to optimism.

"You won't find it strange soon," she declared. "Only let us get word to Mr. Van Cuyp, and your happiness will begin, too."

The Princess blinked like a puzzled child.

"Ah, Daniel!" she said. "Yes, if I could find Daniel ——"

"You must eat something," said Miss Gregory. "You need it. And drink some of this wine. And then we'll go and see if Daniel has arrived. No; we can't go till you have eaten something."

The Princess, by good fortune, was docile for the while and obeyed Miss Gregory simply. But the interest of the scene about her was too strong, and she could not refrain from staring at it and making comments on her neighbors. Miss Gregory would have liked to linger out an hour in the café, to save futile walking up and down; but presently the Princess' behavior began to attract attention, and she was fain to go.

"It's too soon to hope, yet," she said, as they came out, "but we'll walk down and see. It's time we had some good luck to keep us cheerful."

They recrossed the Friedrichstrasse and went down toward the Brandenburg Gate, all of them somewhat restored to strength and courage by their meal. A hundred paces farther on, the maid stopped short and uttered a fatuous little giggle.

"I can see *it*," she said. "I can see *it*. It is waiting for us — the great auto of Monsieur Daniel."

"Be quiet!" ordered Miss Gregory. "There are lamps, but it may be some one else. Come along quickly."

The big lamps stared solemnly, cutting a swath of light through the mild night; it was not till they were close upon them that Miss Gregory was touched with fear that the thief might have brought some enemy—the police or other officials. But there was no longer time to hide the Princess and reconnoiter the position, and a moment later a fur-coated man had sprung forward, and her fears were at an end.

"Daniel!" cried the Princess.

"Margaret!" answered he.

Miss Gregory, the maid, and the thief smiled benevolently upon their meeting.

"But look here!" said Daniel. "We've got no time to waste on explanations. My trouble was running down a schoolmaster; and when I got to the place you weren't there. But, say, who's this?"

"You remember me in Paris, Mr. Van Cuyp," suggested Miss Gregory, offering her hand.

"Why, of course — Miss Gregory."

"I found her wandering," explained Miss Gregory, "and took her under my wing. That's all. I wouldn't wait to be grateful, if I were you. They'll be searching this city like a pocket pretty soon."

Mr. Van Cuyp grinned. "I'll come round and thank you properly one of these days," he said. "But it's not such a bad hurry that I can't say that I'm grateful. You see, when Margaret wasn't there I had to come away, but, in case of trouble, I stopped on the road and cut down a couple of lengths of telegraph-wire. Still, we've got to be moving."

"Good-by, then," said Miss Gregory. "Happiness and prosperity to you both. You'll be married to-morrow, I suppose? I'd have sent you a present if there'd been time."

"We'll send you one instead," said Van Cuyp gaily. "Have you said good-by to Miss Gregory, Margaret? Right!"

"Now, don't make a mess of things by being arrested for furious driving," exhorted Miss Gregory, as he climbed to his seat after setting the engine going.

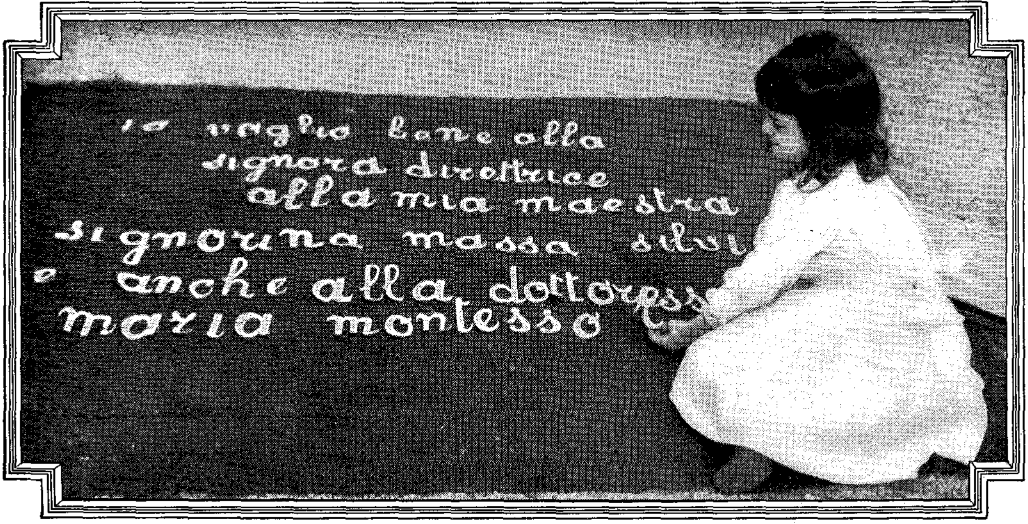
He leaned toward her confidentially. "Watch me!" he said.

Miss Gregory watched, and shook her head disapprovingly as the great car moved away and shot at once into a speed that imperiled life and limb at each yard of its progress.

"I suppose that I mustn't put it into the book," she said to herself regretfully; "but it's a pity."

She had forgotten the thief. He, conscious of a task performed expertly, ranged alongside with smiles.

"If the high-born lady would like a cab," he said, "I will allow her to keep two marks."



MAKING A SENTENCE WITH THE CUT-OUT LETTERS. THE SENTENCE READS, "I WISH WELL TO THE LADY DIRECTRESS, TO MY TEACHER, SIGNORINA MASSA SILVIA, AND TO THE DOTTORESSA MARIA MONTESSORI"

THE MONTESSORI APPARATUS

A DESCRIPTION OF THE MATERIAL AND APPARATUS USED IN TEACHING BY THE MONTESSORI METHOD

BY JOSEPHINE TOZIER

THE most conspicuous of Montessori's achievements has undoubtedly been her discovery of a process by which children spontaneously break forth into reading and writing — an "explosion into writing," as Montessori herself graphically puts it. The fact that, under the Montessori method, children of four or five learn in six weeks to write words and compose sentences is, of course, the least part of this achievement. The significant fact is that these things are done spontaneously, from an impulse within the child himself, which leads him of his own accord to make use of a new medium of expression. Under the old-fashioned system children were taught to read and write through a long series of monotonous and, to them, meaningless tasks imposed upon them by a superior authority. Under the Montessori method there is no coercion, there is not even an attempt to persuade the child. When he feels the need of expressing himself, he simply finds himself able to do so. He has unconsciously mastered the means of expression through a series of toys and games devised with consummate skill to develop his bodily faculties in such a way that they respond quickly and accurately to the demands of his mind.

Montessori Pupils Bathe and Dress Themselves

Children are sometimes in the Case dei Bambini several weeks before any real lessons are

Articles by Josephine Tozier on the Montessori system of education appeared in McClure's Magazine for May and December, 1911 given them with the toys. They are allowed a part in the games, and in the collective lessons where the acts of practical life are taught, and they are allowed to find themselves, as it were, before any steps are taken to educate the senses. There is a regulation that a child shall come to school tidy in person and in dress; therefore, when the first greetings are over, an inspection follows.

Dr. Montessori in her book lays down the following rules:

"When the children come to the school there must be an inspection of their little persons with regard to cleanliness. This should be carried out (if possible) in the presence of the mothers; but no observations must be made to them. The child's teeth, nails, neck, ears, face, and hands must be examined, and heed should be given to the tidiness of the hair. If the clothes be soiled, ripped, torn, dusty, or without fastenings, and if the shoes are not properly cleaned, the child's attention must be gently called to these facts. The children must be encouraged to observe the tidiness of one another, but without deprecatory remarks, and by this means they acquire a habit of observing themselves."

All children love to dabble in water, particularly when soap plays its part in the game; but here, under judicious guidance, washing the hands and face becomes, even with the youngest, a cleaning process, and it is amusing to see what a sense of importance is displayed during the performance of these ablutions.

When the inspection of the pinafores, which follows that of personal cleanliness, is over, the children help one another to button their aprons. Little Nunzia helps Giovanni, who in his turn aids a smaller child.

Montessori has designed light gymnastics to give the little ones command of their limbs and coördination of their muscles, but these are allowed to continue for only a few minutes at a time, not long enough to fatigue the children. Then the teacher strikes up a march on the piano, and at once many of the children respond. They are not required to keep step, and the usual manner of proceeding is to walk on a line, putting one foot in front of the other. The changing music, the introduction of simple songs and circle games, are all very like the free rhythm work so beautifully developed in many of our American kindergartens.

Children of Four and Five Make Skilful Waitresses and Dish-Washers

In addition to these games, there are lessons, frankly given as such, in which the children learn, for instance, to greet one another politely, or, taking first an empty and then a filled tumbler on a plate, to walk with it a short distance and present it to a companion, who receives it graciously and carries it to a third. They are taught to sit properly and composedly for a few minutes in their chairs, and then to rise and reseat themselves. They learn to move about the room with security and ease. In the Montessori school-rooms the tables and chairs are not fastened down; all the furniture is so light that the children are able to move it from place to place; and Dr. Montessori has proved her theory that if there is an evident reason why they should move carefully among the furniture, children properly taught will readily learn to do this.

MONTESSORI CHILDREN SINGING AN AVE MARIA

In the schools where Maria Montessori has been able to obtain the long hours she favors, luncheons are served. The setting of the tables, the serving of the meal, the washing of the dishes, and the other attendant duties are all performed with great delight by the children. Each morning the little ones gather about a tablet, such as we use for telephone addresses, on which the names of the waitresses, dish-washers, etc., are written. Those who can read call out the names. As soon as the youngest pupils have learned to manipulate their legs and arms skilfully, and to carry safely a glass on a plate, they are eligible for the position of waitress.

In the photograph below are Anna, aged four, and Gilda, five, drying dishes in the beautiful cloister garden of the school held by the French missionary nuns in the Via Guisti. They learn to wipe and polish all the corners and curves better than the average butler. The security and ease with which these children hold the clumsy and slippery objects of tableware are an instance of what the sense training does for children.

ANNA AND GILDA, AGED FOUR AND FIVE, DRYING DISHES IN THE GARDEN OF ONE OF THE MONTESSORI SCHOOLS. THE SECURITY AND EASE WITH WHICH THE CHILDREN HANDLE THE SLIPPERY PIECES OF TABLEWARE ARE AN INSTANCE OF WHAT THE MONTESSORI SENSE TRAINING DOES FOR CHILDREN

The same command of the muscles which makes the little waitresses skilful at their work also enables the children at the table to hold their knives, forks, and spoons properly, and gives dexterity to the little broom-handlers who sweep away the fallen crumbs.

Anthropological measurements are taken in all the Case dei Bambini, and charts are kept, after the most modern manner, in which all the particulars directly relating to the pupils are noted. Once a month, on the date corresponding to the child's birthday, the stature, sitting and standing, is taken. Once a week, on the day of the week on which the child was born, the weight is taken. Once a year, on the child's birthday, all the more definite details — the measurements, the color of the hair, and other peculiarities, the condition of health, etc. — are written down by the visiting physician, and this experience so impresses age and birthday upon the children that they are not likely to forget their ages, a circumstance very common in Italy, where birthdays are ignored.

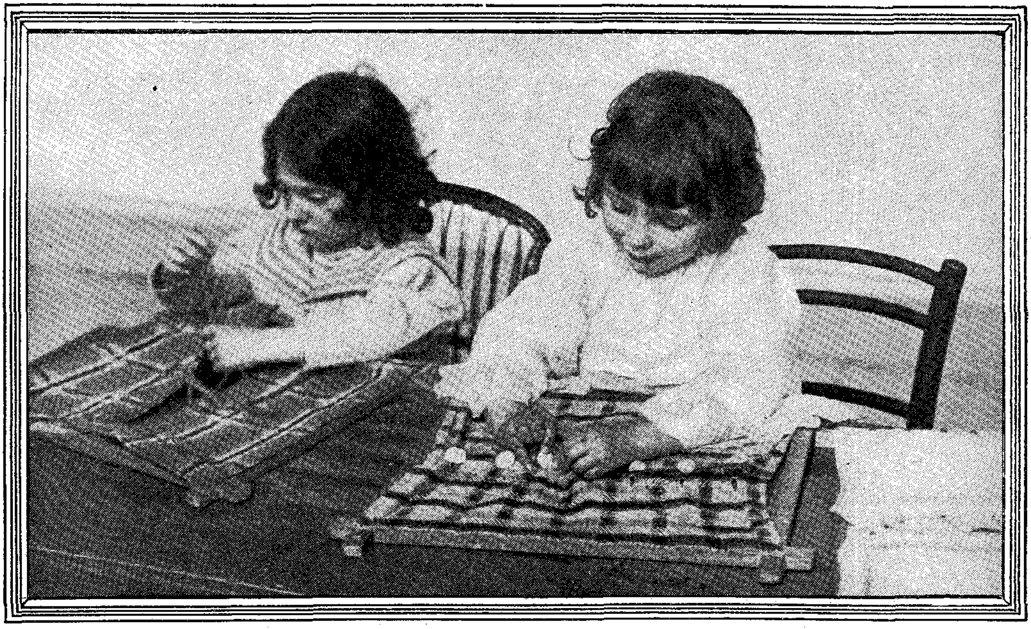
Amid such simple activities as have been described, the exercises with the "didactic material" easily and naturally find their place.

The "First Floor" in the Education of the Senses

Among the material that prepares for the Exercises of Practical Life are a number of light wooden embroidery-frames which have pieces of stuff fastened along their sides. These pieces are sometimes of leather, again of linen or dress material; they are to be hooked, laced, buttoned, or tied together in the center; and no toy ever invented could give greater pleasure.

The tiniest of the children sit like men and women in industrious company, as busy as bees and as intent as if their daily bread depended on their lacing imaginary corsets or buttoning imaginary boots.

Ugoccione di S——, who is the younger son of a marquis and lives in a nursery that would hold its own with our best toy shops, takes great pride in the way he has, through this toy, learned to tie his brown shoe-lacings in a secure double knot. He is barely five, but his bow, pulled out smooth and wide, would not disgrace a college man of twenty.



PEPINELLA AND ROSINA, THREE AND ONE-HALF AND FOUR YEARS OLD, LEARNING TO BUTTON AND LACE TOGETHER STRIPS OF CLOTH FASTENED TO WOODEN EMBROIDERY-FRAMES. THESE ARE AMONG THE FIRST EXERCISES OFFERED TO THE CHILDREN IN THE MONTESSORI SCHOOLS

Among the simpler exercises which are presented to the very young children, and which, with the exercises just described, form, to quote Montessori herself, "a first floor in the education of the senses," may be placed the cylinders, the graduated rectangular blocks called the "Big Stair," the series of rods called the "Long Stair," and the graduated cubes called the "Tower."

The cylinders are among the first objects to be put as playthings into the hands of a new pupil. They are ten in number, and are fitted into a case such as a chemist has for holding his weights. There are three sets of these cylinders; indeed, in her book Maria Montessori has a fourth set pictured, but I have never seen these used.

In the first set the pieces are all of equal length, but graduated in diameter; in the second they are all of the same diameter, but graduated in length; in the third, both length and diameter vary, the cylindrical form alone remaining constant. Although the cylinders are of solid wood, each armed with a little brass button at the top for taking them out and putting them back into the holes of the case, the whole toy is light enough to be carried about by the youngest child in the school.

Montessori adapted this toy to the instinct children have for arranging small objects in rows. In playing with the cylinders, the child takes them all out, mixes them up on the table, and then puts them back, each into the hole it fits. As the big ones will not go into the little holes or the tall ones into the shallow holes, it will be seen that any normal child very soon learns the proper place for each. Strange to say, even after the child can easily and perfectly do this simple puzzle, he rarely becomes bored with it, but will continue to empty out his cylinders and put them back countless times. The finger muscles grow secure in handling them, they soon cease to slip and clatter on the desk; and I watched a mere baby exercising her sense of touch by imitating her companions and running her tiny finger first around the cylinder, then around the hole, before she slipped the piece in.

In making the Big Stair, the rectangular blocks used are large as compared to the cylinders handled first, and are so by intention, since in this exercise there is no other control than that of the eye. With the cylinders the material itself made uncorrected errors impossible.

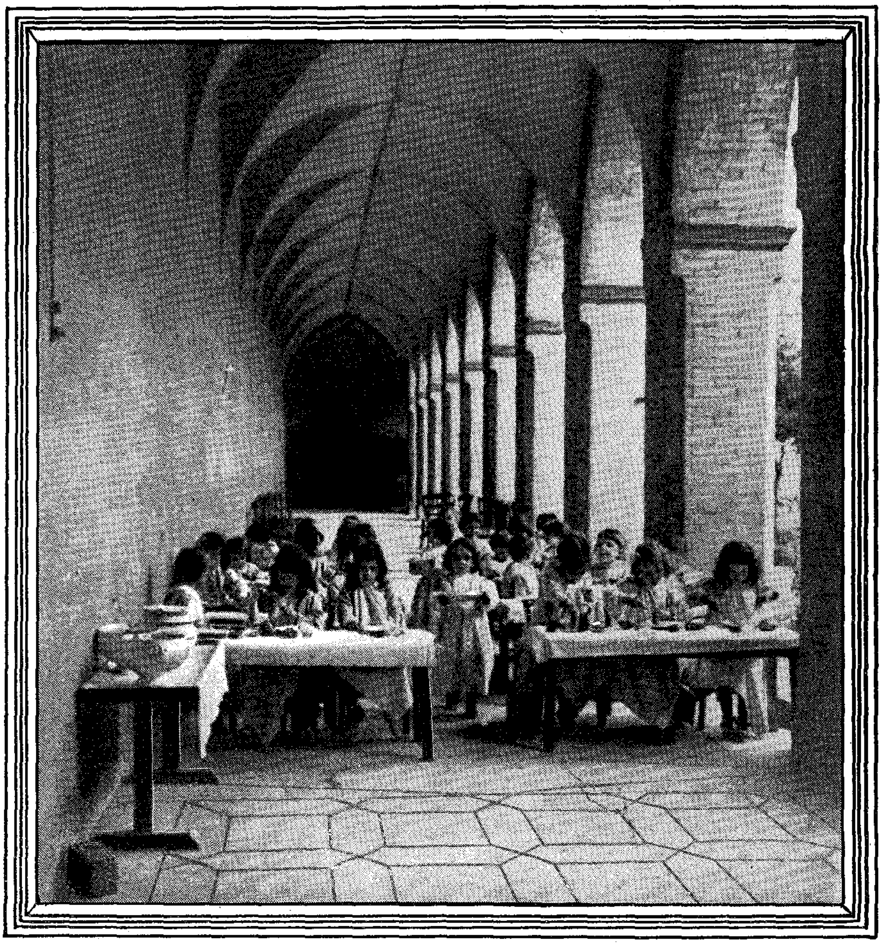
The blocks of the Big Stair offer no control, and, watching a child as he plays with them, we may see what a degree of mastery he has attained through the sense training afforded him by the preceding exercises.

To the younger children the Long Stair is presented simply as a series of blocks varying in length; but later on they form the basis for lessons in counting, and through them are taught the process of addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division.

The design in the three exercises described is that the child may learn to distinguish differences of form and dimension through touch as well as by sight. The building of the Tower is the culmination of this series of exercises. In order to construct the Tower perfectly, the largest block must be selected for its foundation, and if the child does this without hesitation, it shows us that he has made decided progress in the matter of perception of difference.

How Pietro Learns to Make the "Long Stair"

When little Pietro came into the school he was very active and intelligent, but disordered in his manner of play. When he began to play with these various sets of blocks, he mixed them all up together and ran confusedly from one to another. He could not make the Stair in an orderly and well-graded fashion. His power of attention was too unstable, his mind too volatile. A lesson was given him. The rectangular blocks were placed without any order upon one of the little carpets upon which the children love to play these games, and he was asked to pick out the largest block. Having done this, he was told to place it upon a table at some distance from the square of carpet. He was then asked to select the largest of all those left, and was shown how to place it close against the block already on the table. So, little by



MONTESSORI CHILDREN EATING DINNER IN THE CLOISTERS OF THE SCHOOL HELD BY THE FRANCISCAN NUNS. PEPINELLA AND UMBERTINO, THREE AND ONE HALF AND FOUR YEARS OLD, ARE REMOVING THE SOUP-PLATES little, he was brought to understand that the Stair descended gradually, and that it had no connection with the blocks of the Tower or with the Long Stair. When, finally, by his own efforts the Stair was made, his delight was unbounded. He destroyed it at once and set about reconstructing it. So intense was his pleasure that he showed his joy by kissing each block as he put it in place. For nearly an hour after that he could not be enticed from his bewitching occupation.

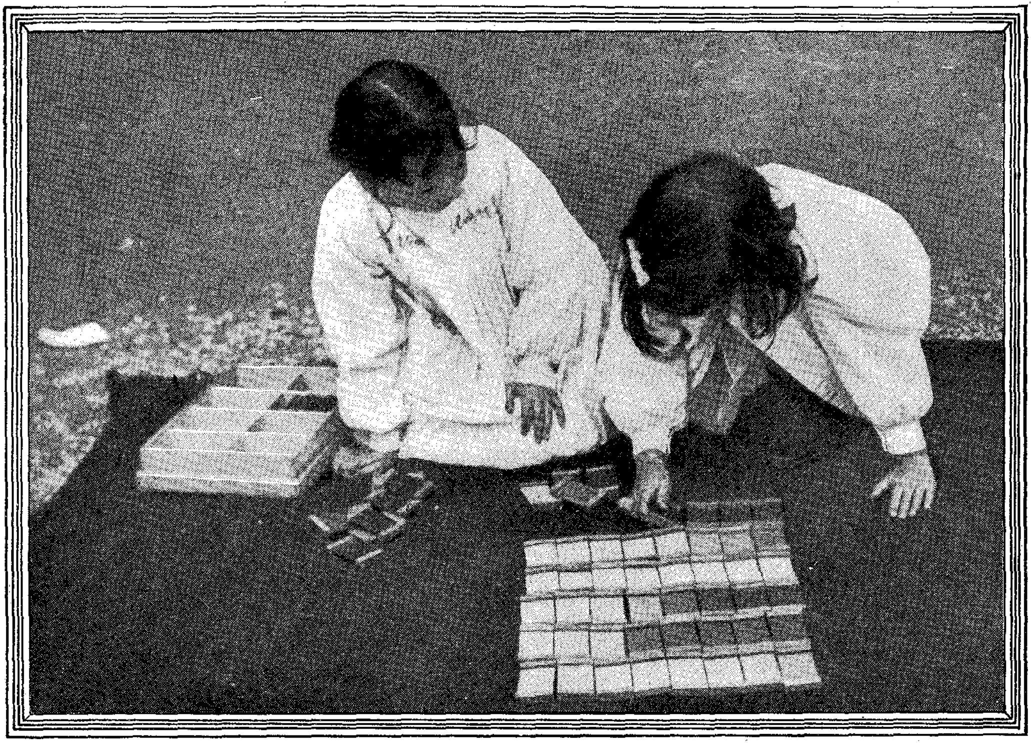
Simultaneously with these simpler exercises, in dimension and form, may be given the first lesson in color, which was described in the December McClure's.

Training the Finger-tips to See

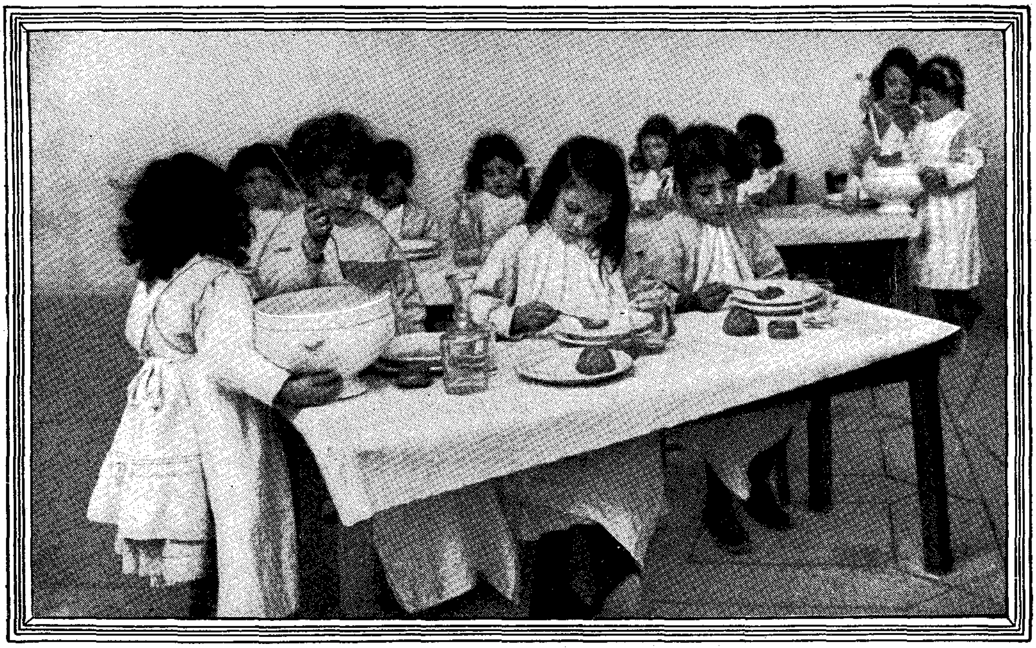
When the pupil has perfected himself in these preliminary games, his inclination naturally stretches out toward more ambitious and difficult work. The Tower, the Broad Stair, and the Long Stair have taught him to discriminate easily and rapidly between things long and short, thick and thin, big and small. He has now become able to fix his attention for a considerable length of time on differences in form, dimension, and color, and is able to pass to the more difficult exercises by which the sense of touch is trained.

It was while working among her deficient children that Montessori became impressed by the keenness and delicacy of the sense of touch exhibited by children under the age of seven. After that time in a child's life this particular sense seems to become slightly dulled and less amenable to education. She begins the chapter on the education of the senses with the suggestion that the first exercise should be that of washing the hands. As the sense of touch can be intelligently trained only by passing the finger-tips over the surfaces of objects, the hands should first of all be made scrupulously clean. The child is given a basin of warm water, that he may wash his hands with soap, and another basin with clear cold water in which to rinse them.

The first of these tactile exercises, and one which eventually leads to writing, is that which is carried on by means of rough and smooth paper. Although this exercise was mentioned in the first article (McClure's for May, 1911), the entire set of material by which it is taught was not described. This material consists of a set of tablets and cards on which are mounted strips of rough and smooth paper.



VERA AND LUCIA, IN THE SAN ANGELO SCHOOL IN ROME, ARRANGING CARDS OF SILK IN THEIR CHROMATIC ORDER. THERE ARE EIGHT COLORS, AND EIGHT SHADES OF EACH COLOR, MAKING SIXTY-FOUR GRADATIONS IN ALL



LITTLE PIETRO, FOUR YEARS OLD, SERVING SOUP TO THE OTHER MONTESSORI CHILDREN. *THE SERVING AND WAITING ARE DONE SO DEFTLY AND CAREFULLY BY THE* CHILDREN THAT NOT A DROP IS SPILLED OR A DISH BROKEN

The writer once saw, in the schools, a lesson being given to a little boy four years old. The teacher put down in front of him two square cards, one smooth and white, the other black and rough. She then took the first two fingers of the child's hand and drew them over the surface of the smooth card, saying distinctly, slowly, and quietly: "Smooth, smooth, smooth." After his fingers were released, or, rather, he had released them himself by a slight jerk from the teacher's grasp, he continued with evident pleasure to rub his finger-tips up and down the shiny surface of the card.

The child was plainly of a sensitive nature, and when his fingers were brought into contact with the sandpaper surface he promptly jerked them away, showing his displeasure.

At the teacher's request, "Give me the rough," which was complied with instantly, the child showed, by frowning severely as he handed up the objectionable card, how unlikely he was to forget the sensation.

When asked to name the quality of each of these cards, he imitated the accent and voice of his teacher as he said the word "*liscio — liscio — liscio*" (smooth); but it was with a frown and a manner marvelously descriptive that he pouted out his lips to say: "*Ruvido — ruvido — ruvido*" (rough).

The practice of isolating the sense of touch, when it is in training, by blindfolding or shutting the eyes, naturally makes this sense much more acute.

Children Learn to Distinguish Blindfold Between Silk, Foulard, Cotton and Linen

For the training of the sense of touch, one of the chief didactic devices consists of a box with little drawers in which are kept a large variety of squares of cloth. There are two squares of each stuff: two of velvet, two of the various kinds and qualities of silk, two of every sort of woolen goods, from the coarsest tweed to the finest flannel — and so on, through cotton and linen, until nearly every sort of clothing stuff in common use is represented. The exercise in teaching these materials begins with two strongly contrasting textures. A child is given, for instance, a square of velvet and a square of silk. He is taught to feel the difference between them, and is then asked to pick out from a mixed pile on the table in front of him the duplicate of each one of these two squares. He is at first not required to learn the name of the material, but only to recognize its quality by the use of his fingers. He rapidly acquires a knowledge of all the different kinds of material gathered together in the boxes. All the children enjoy playing with these bits of stuff, and one who has isolated his sense of touch by being blindfolded, and is amusing himself by guessing the difference between silk and velvet and cotton, will often be the center of an admiring and interested group of companions. When a woman visitor enters a Casa dei Bambini, it is a rare thing if some little boy or girl does not quietly steal up and feel her gown or the mantle she is wearing. The children later learn the names of the different stuffs, and become very adept in discriminating between silk, foulard, cotton, and linen.

To be blindfolded amuses normal children immensely, and, unlike deficient children, they are not at all bewildered or distracted when their eyes are bandaged, but concentrate themselves much more easily on the work they are doing.

An Exercise for Training the Sense of Weight

One of the favorite games of this sort consists of a series of wooden tablets by which the children learn to discriminate between the weight of two different objects. The tablets are made of wood of four different qualities, and differ in weight by about one fifth of an ounce. The pupil first takes in each hand tablets differing noticeably in weight, and balances them on his palms until he becomes fully conscious of the difference between the heavier and the lighter. After he has learned to discriminate between the heavier and the lighter tablets, his eyes are bandaged, and he takes from the mixed heap before him two tablets at a time. He weighs them in his hands, deciding whether there is any difference in their weight, and places all the heavier ones in one pile and all the lighter ones in another. Often, of course, he gets two heavy tablets at once, or two light ones. The difference in weight is so slight that very few grown persons can sort a whole pile without making mistakes.

The exercises with the geometrical insets follow speedily upon the first exercises in touch. The geometrical forms, which were described in the May McClure's, are made, as we know, to fit into square wooden tablets, each inset being easily removed from its frame by a brass button being affixed in the center. With the geometrical insets the child's already trained sense of touch learns to follow a great variety of contours — a very decided step toward the art of writing.

How the Montessori Pupils Master the Technique of Penmanship

Montessori discovered, when she was accomplishing her wonderful work with "*i miei idioti*" ("my idiots"), as she naïvely calls them, that the manipulation of the pen was one of the obstacles most difficult to overcome. After the pupils had learned to trace letters with their fingers and to know them by sight, they still had not the ability to copy them correctly, because their muscles were not sufficiently well trained to direct a pen or pencil. The deficient children overcame the difficulty of handling a pencil by first tracing, with little sticks, letters cut out in wood. This device was found unnecessarily clumsy for normal children, and Montessori substituted the filling in of geometrical forms with colored crayon. For this purpose there is a series of geometrical forms in metal, which the child places upon his paper, tracing on the paper the outline of each form with a colored pencil. These outlines he then fills with color.

The illustration on page 298 shows the progress that the children make during the course of their work in filling in figures. It will be seen in Fig. 1 that the child has scratched away with his crayon bravely but somewhat unsuccessfully; still he has at least been able to keep within bounds, although the lines are most uncertain and irregular, proving that the little hand is far from secure. The second attempt is more ambitious; in Fig. 2 he has tried to fill in not only the form itself but the frame surrounding it, and although the lines are by no means perfect, it will be seen that they all run in one direction and do not overstep the boundaries very perceptibly. In Fig. 3, which is more ambitious still, he has begun to have more command over his fingers, and in this one he has even put in a representation of the little brass knob by which the inset can be pulled out. In Fig. 4 the child has arrived finally at an absolute command over his fingers — in no case is a line passed, and the filling in is done regularly with rather a fine touch, and perfectly enough to reveal to any one who looks at it that his fingers hold the pencil quite securely enough to trace any letter that he may now attempt.

The pupil, quite without an idea of what he was really doing, has now mastered the technical and mechanical side of penmanship. He has acquired that coördination of muscles necessary to the following of contour with precision and firmness; he is master of his pencil and can control the direction and weight of his line. In the meantime, he has also been learning his alphabet by means of sandpaper letters.

A Lesson in the Sandpaper Letters

In teaching the letters, the teacher chooses, for example, "O" and "I." The letters, in large, clear script, are cut out of coarse sandpaper and mounted on glazed cardboard. Taking the card upon which "O" is mounted, she gives it to the child, and, pronouncing with great distinctness, says, "O, O." Then, taking his hand, she shows him how to follow with his two forefingers the contour of the letter, just as he would do if he were writing it. At the same time she has him pronounce distinctly the sound of the letter. In these first lessons the child learns the sound of the letter and not its name. When "I" has been presented in the same way, the teacher says, putting the two cards on the table before the child: "Give me 'O'"; and, when he has done so, "Give me 'I.'" Then, pointing to the "O," she asks, "What is this?" She shows him again how to trace each letter, giving its sound as he does so, and leaves him to play with them in this way by himself. The illustration on page 299 shows Montessori giving Alfredo, a Messina orphan, a lesson in the sandpaper letters.

By the time the child has learned the whole alphabet in this way, the sound of each letter is indelibly associated in his mind with the muscular movements necessary to reproduce it; and thus, when he hears clearly spoken a single letter, or a word of which all the letters are perfectly clear to him, his fingers instinctively make the motion that they have so often made in tracing the sandpaper letter; and if he has in his fingers a piece of chalk, this record becomes visible.

The "Explosion into Writing"

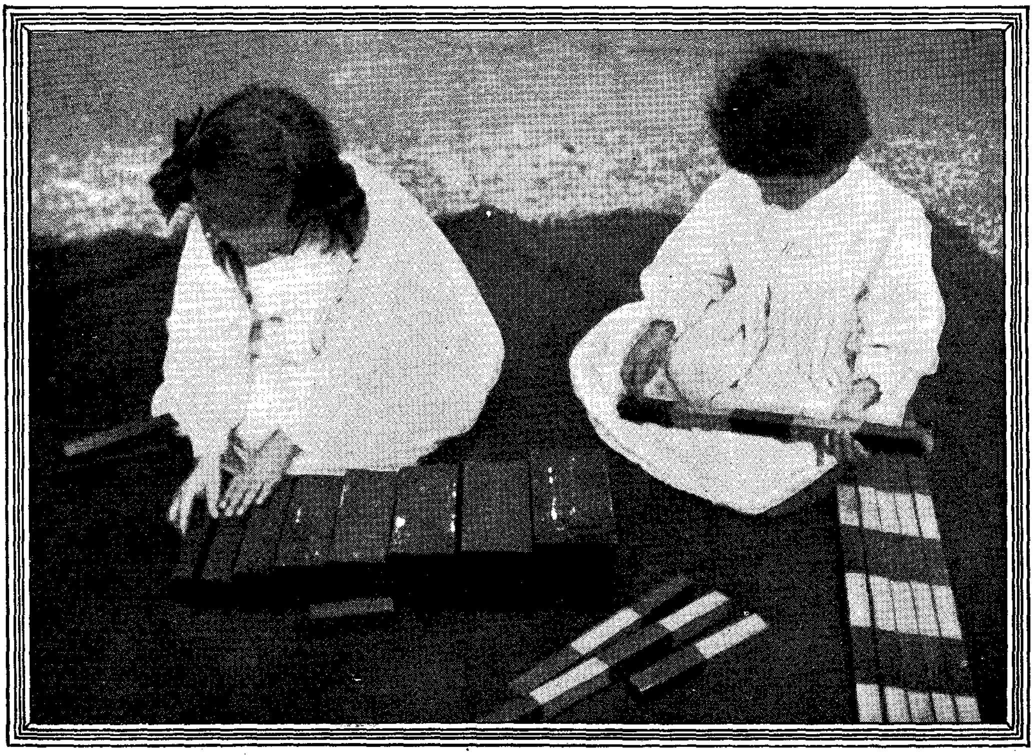
This is the secret of what Montessori speaks of as an "explosion into writing." The sequence which leads to the door of writing is, roughly speaking, as follows:

1. The cards and dress stuffs, which have taught the finger-tips to touch objects understandingly.

2. The tablets of different weights, which have awakened sensitiveness and a sort of comprehension in the palms of the hands.

3. The geometric insets, which have drawn the touch onward from the mere sensation of rough and smooth to the understanding of form. When the child draws his fingers around the edge of an octagon or a triangle, the touch, which has been cultivated by the stuffs and the rough and smooth cards, goes forward a long step toward the real sensation of form.

4. The filling in of the geometrical forms.



MARIA AND TERESA MAKING THE "BROAD STAIR" AND THE "LONG STAIR." TERESA HAS BEGUN TO COUNT THE RED AND BLUE SPACES IN ROD NUMBER FIVE BEFORE PUTTING THE ROD IN PLACE. SHE IS LEARNING TO RECOGNIZE THE RELATIONS BETWEEN NUMBERS

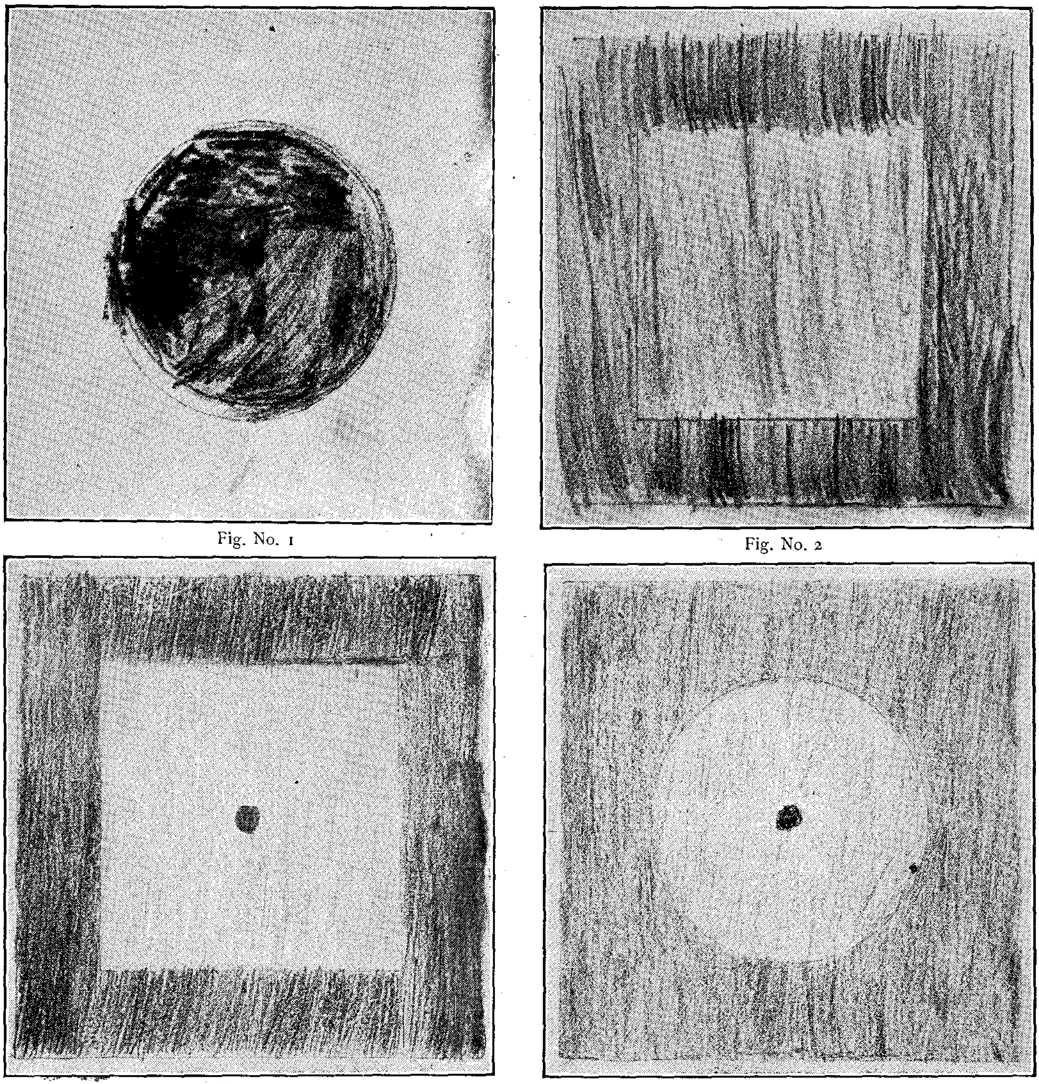


Fig. No. 1 Fig. No. 2 Fig. No. 3 Fig. No. 4

FOUR FIGURES BY A MONTESSORI PUPIL, SHOWING HOW THE CHILD HAS GRADUALLY LEARNED TO CONTROL HIS PENCIL, AND HAS THUS MASTERED THE TECHNICAL SIDE OF PENMANSHIP.

(*See page 196*)

which Dr. Montessori says is of infinitely more value as a direct preparation to writing than the filling of dozens of pages of the old-time copy-books.

5. The sandpaper alphabet, by means of which the child learns to associate the sound of the letter with its form.

In Italian, spelling is an art that requires no effort. When a word in that language is properly and distinctly spoken, it has really spelled itself. But English spelling is a much more erratic and distracting proposition. In Italian, the vowel sound never changes, nor, in fact, does that of the consonant. In English the capricious vowels upset every known rule of spelling or pronunciation. Nevertheless, English teachers who have used the Montessori method have found that, by presenting the letter sounds according to the system of phonetics usually taught in our schools, the ability to read and write is quite as remarkable as when Italian is the language used.

Composing Words and Sentences with the Red and Blue Letters

When the child has learned the sandpaper letters he is ready to use what Montessori calls the "movable alphabet." These letters are cut out of stiff paper,— the vowels in pink, the consonants in blue,— and there are several duplicates of each letter. They are kept in a set of boxes resembling a compositor's type-case, every letter having its own compartment. At the bottom of the compartment is pasted a copy of the letter that belongs there, and this enables the child to put away the alphabet, each letter in its own place, when he has finished with it.*

Montessori in one of her lectures describes the work with the movable alphabet as follows:

"When the child has learned to trace and distinguish sandpaper letters, he undoubtedly knows the movable paper letters. When he can make the syllables with the sandpaper letters, he can do so with the movable letters; the one difference is that here he no longer touches, but recognizes the form instantly. So the making of words is not difficult. When the child comes to compose with the movable alphabet, he does the same thing he has done before. It is difficult to say whether in this act of composition he reads or writes; he does not trace the letters, yet he forms words, which is a complementary exercise necessary to writing. When he knows how to compose, he knows how to read, undoubtedly; but this exercise seems to me more closely affiliated with writing, since he is putting letters together to form words. We may say that this form of composition is akin to both reading and writing, and that there is still the fusion of the two."

Thus, with the help of the sanded letters and the free letters in red and blue, writing is so quickly learned that it appears spontaneous to the child as well as to the observer; in fact, it is hard to make the children in the Montessori schools realize that writing is not as natural an evolution as walking and talking. At three and a half some little ones are busy teaching themselves, learning much from watching and listening to the lessons given to their companions. Nearly all the pupils are ready to learn to write at four. One child learned to write all her letters in twenty days, but it is usually a month or six weeks before the average pupil shows the ability to burst forth into writing words upon the blackboard.

Although the act of composing words and sentences from letters prepares the child for reading, he can not be said really to read until he can grasp the word as a whole when it is presented to him.

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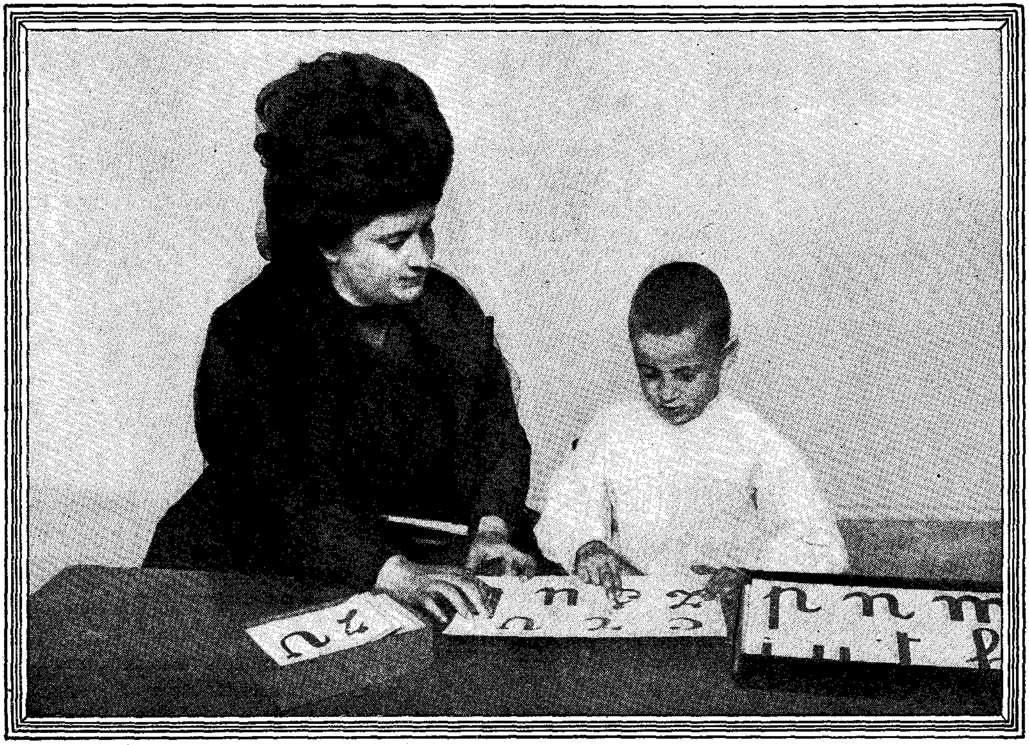
* All the material in the Case dei Bambini is constructed so that the children themselves can take it out and put it away, and no game is considered finished until all the toys have been restored to their right places. The paper alphabet with its fascinating box is an example of the educational value of this discipline.



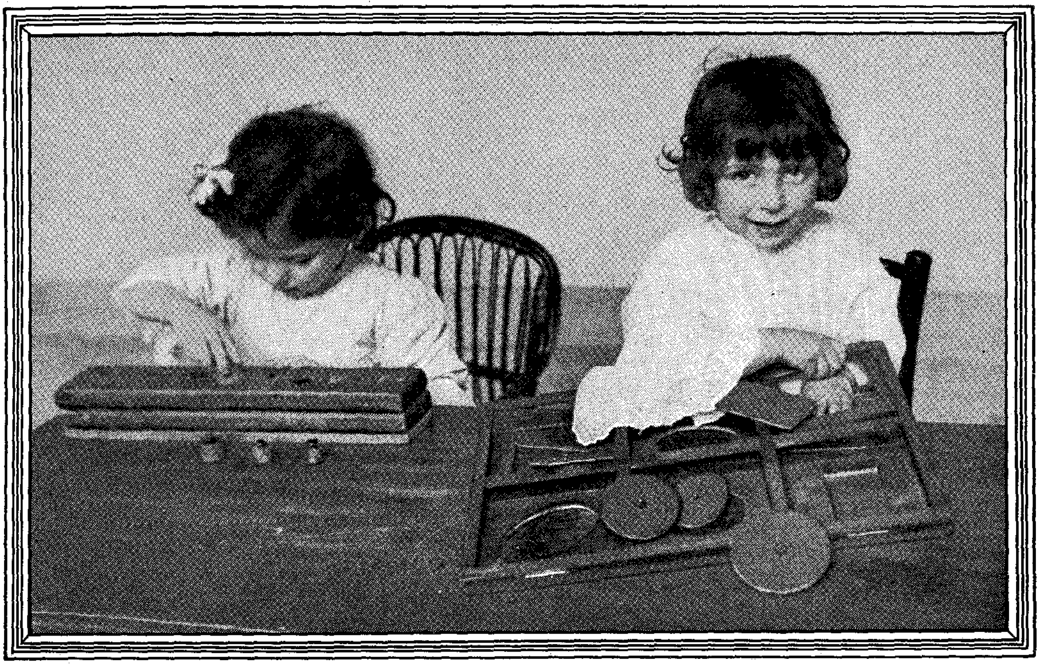
MONTESSORI GIVING ALFREDO, A MESSINA ORPHAN, A LESSON IN THE SANDPAPER LETTERS. ALFREDO IS TRACING THE CONTOUR OF EACH LETTER WITH HIS TWO FORE-FINGERS, PRONOUNCING ITS SOUND AS HE DOES SO

How the Children Learn to Read

The first exercise with which the reading is begun in the Montessori schools is as follows: The names of familiar objects are written on the blackboard or on a card prepared especially for the purpose. The teacher shows the card and lets the child translate slowly the sounds of the word written on it. If he interprets these sounds correctly, she limits herself to saying "Faster!" The child then for a second time repeats the sounds more quickly, but often without understanding the word itself. The teacher then says, "Faster! Faster!" and the child is made to continue to repeat the sounds until finally the word itself dawns upon his intelligence.

Through this exercise the children gradually master the mechanism of the words until the word, instead of being a succession of sounds, becomes to them the instantaneous symbol of an idea. In order to develop this ability to grasp the meaning of written words, the Dottoressa, in her first experiments, tried stimulating the child's interest by using games that related the written word to some attractive toy. But she soon found that the children's eager, joyous curiosity and desire to learn made the incentive of games and rewards seem trivial and unnecessary. She found it enough to place in different parts of the room baskets full of written slips. These baskets were always surrounded by groups of children so intent on reading the slips that they would go clear to the bottom of one basket before they would run to another.

In order to teach the children to read print, the Dottoressa set about preparing a set of cards bearing both the written and the printed word; but the children showed her that this step was unnecessary. On the wall of the schoolroom was a printed calendar. The children, in their eagerness to read, gathered about this and read the names with no difficulty. The ambitious teachers and patrons wished to proceed at once to the reading of books; but the Dottoressa, after several tests, became convinced that the children, although they read from these books with mechanical ease, did not understand the sense of what they read. So the books were put away, and she waited. And one day the revelation came.



ROSINA AND ANNA PLAYING WITH THE CYLINDERS AND THE GEOMETRICAL INSETS, BY WHICH THE SENSE OF TOUCH IS TRAINED IN ACCURACY AND DELICACY

It was during one of the conversation periods, in which the children talked freely of their various interests. It was spring, and they had spent much time in the school garden. While they talked of this, four children rose and, going to the blackboard, wrote sentences on the order of the following: "How glad I am that our garden is beginning to bloom." "It was," says the Dottoressa, "a great surprise for us. The children had arrived spontaneously at the art of composition — as spontaneously, indeed, as they had written the first word. I saw that the time had come for the reading of phrases, and, going to the blackboard, I wrote: '*Mi volete bene?*' ['Do you wish me well?'] The children read slowly and mechanically aloud, were silent for a moment, as if thinking, and then cried delightedly: 'Yes, yes!' I continued to write: 'Then let us make silence in the room.' And, almost before I had finished, a solemn silence began to establish itself, interrupted only by the moving of the chairs as the children took positions in which they could comfortably watch and listen. Thus began between me and these children communication by means of written language, and little by little they discovered the great quality of written language; namely, that it *transmits thought*."

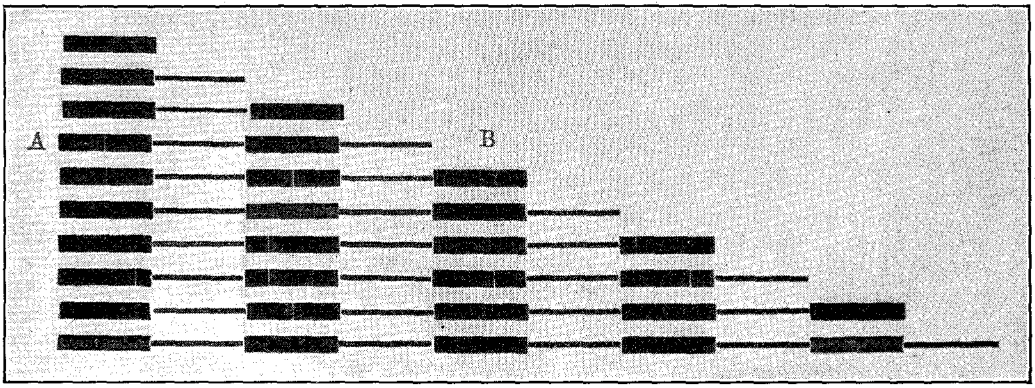


DIAGRAM OF THE "LONG STAIR." IN PLAYING WITH THESE RODS THE MONTESSORI CHILDREN LEARN, ALMOST SPONTANEOUSLY, ALL THE ELEMENTS OF ARITHMETIC

Writing upon slips of paper various directions, the Dottoressa handed these slips to the eagerly waiting children, who read them, and with great intentness set about carrying out the action.

Montessori Does Not Encourage Imagination in Young Children

Madame Montessori says that to-day, after years of applying the method with a great number of normal children, she is almost convinced that it is not natural for children under six, unless they are over-stimulated, either to read or to write continuously. The discovery that it is possible to express a thought otherwise than by the spoken word is of engrossing interest to them at first, and they are absorbed with the practical experiment. Their attention wandered when a fairy tale was read aloud to them, and they showed a decided preference for writing or reading single words or simple phrases that sprang from some thought in their own minds. In other words, reading and writing interested them as a means of expressing their own practical interests and activities, rather than as a key to an imaginative world outside of their own.

Montessori does not encourage imagination, because she feels that the strength of imagination is so great that it will fulfil its own work, and her business as an educator is to eliminate those thousands of false impressions which children get from being too fanciful, as well as from being insufficiently instructed concerning the objects that constitute their daily environment.

In Italy the daily marketing is carried on in the open street, and the children who come to the Case dei Bambini are familiar with the copper coins (*solde*) with which the purchasing is done. So Montessori's first lesson in numbers is usually given by means of these coins, or cardboard imitations of them. In this way the children learn to count as far as ten, and to know the coins and their value.

Gino's First Lesson in Number Work

For the actual initiation into the science of arithmetic the Dottoressa makes use of the set of long rods which the children already know as the Long Stair. These rods, as described in the May McCLURE'S, are ten in number and are divided into red and blue sections. The longest rod has ten sections, the shortest has one section only. The directress, if she has watched her children at work with the various toys, will be able to choose a happy moment for this first lesson in number. Let us suppose that Gino, playing on one of the little carpets, has arranged the rods carefully according to length. If he has shown no hesitation in doing this, but has chosen securely and easily each rod as it was needed, the teacher may, with a word of approbation, show him how to count the red and blue spaces. Beginning with the shortest piece (see the illustration on page 301), she will say, "One." Then, touching the second piece, "One — two"; then, "One — two — three," always going back to "one" in the counting of each rod. Then she may have him name each of the rods, from the shortest to the longest, according to the number of sections it contains. The child dearly loves the process of making his finger walk down the stair as he counts. Then, to find the number of rods in the stair, he counts them on the side of the triangle lettered "A."

Counting in this way the three sides of the triangle formed by the rods, the children verify the things they have discovered in playing with these wonderful blocks, and they take great delight in the exercise, repeating it again and again with lively interest. The sensory knowledge of the rods in their varying lengths, which the children acquired through playing with the Long Scale before any attempt was made at counting, is now utilized. Mixing the rods on one of the carpets, the teacher says — taking up, for example, Rod Number Three: "Give me the one next longest." She may continue this until she feels sure that the children are thoroughly familiar with the relative length of the rods. She may then give a name to each of the pieces, saying: "Give me Rod Number Two — Number Four." At this point, if the child knows how to write, the figures, cut in sandpaper and mounted, are presented. "Give me Number One," says the teacher, pointing to the heap of mixed rods on the carpet. When Gino has picked out Rod Number One, she shows him the card bearing the sandpaper figure and says: "This is One," showing him how to trace it. Two and Three are presented in the same way, the lesson proceeding according to the three periods of Seguin: "Give me One" — "Give me Two," etc. When all the figures have been taught in this way, the Stair is constructed, and against each of the rods is propped its corresponding figure.

Ease with Which Children Master the Elements of Arithmetic

Any one who has taught addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division to little children will see at a glance what an excellent medium is furnished by these rods. One of the Dottoressa's lessons may suggest the line of procedure.

"Let us see how we can make the rods the same length," she says, and then has the child count the sections in piece Ten (at the base of the triangle), following this with the counting of Number Nine. By placing Rod Number One on top of Rod Number Nine any child can see what happens. To build up all the rods until they equal Number Ten is a great diversion. Number One is added to Number Nine, Number Two to Number Eight, Number Three to Number Seven, and Number Four to Number Six. Number Five alone is left; and then the teacher, by taking this rod, putting it beside Rod Number Ten, and turning it on its head, shows *how* two Fives equal Ten.

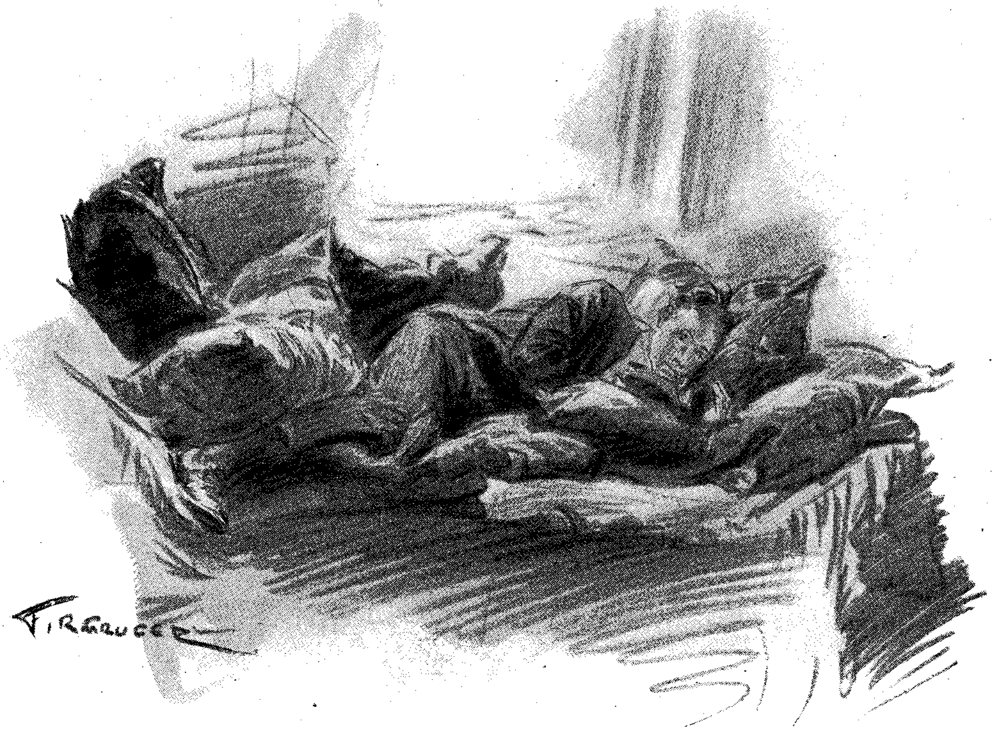
The child, with this introduction, slides from mere counting into elementary mathematics.

Montessori has shown great pleasure in the interest taken by American teachers in her work. She says:

"One practical advantage of our methods that has already been established is the ability to deal with many children in different stages of development. In our first Case dei Bambini we had, at the same time, children of two and one half years, who made use of only the simplest of the sense exercises, and children of five years or more, who, because of their intellectual development, were able to enter in a few months the third elementary grade of the public schools. Each one of these children perfected himself independently, and went forward according to the individual force that lay within him. Such a method would greatly simplify the problem of country schools and schools in little towns, where it is not possible to have a great number of classes and where one teacher takes charge of a whole school.

"In setting forth the account of my experiments and their first results, I have not hoped or pretended to do more than indicate the way. My book must be followed by many others. It is my hope that, starting from the individual study of children educated with our method, many people will carry on the work into the higher grades, and will give the public the benefit of their experiences. It is such pedagogical books as these that await us in the future."

Madame Montessori's book, "Pedagogia Scientifica," translated into English by Miss Anne E. George, with an introduction by Professor Henry W. Holmes, of the Educational Department of Harvard University, will be brought out, probably not later than February, by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York City. The didactic apparatus will be put on the market about the first of January by the House of Childhood, 603 Flatiron Building, New York City, under the management of Carl R. Byoir. During the winter, lectures on the Montessori method will be given by Miss George at St. Michael's School, New York City, and Pratt Institute, Brooklyn.



Stover at Yale

by Owen Johnson

Author of "The Varmint," "The Tennessee Shad," etc.

Illustrations by Frederic R. Gruger

CHAPTER XI

AFTER the drudgery of the football season Dink Stover had a few short weeks of gorgeous idleness, during which he browsed through a novel a day, curled up on his window-seat, rolling tobacco clouds through the fog of smokers in the room. He had won his spurs and the right to lounge, and he looked forward eagerly to the rest of the year as a time for reading and the opening up of the friendships of which he had dreamed.

Old age settled down rapidly upon him, and at eighteen that malady appears in its most virulent form. Perhaps there was a little justification. The test he had gone through had educated him to self-control in its most difficult form. He was not simply the big man of the class, the first to emerge to fame, but the prospective captain of a future Yale eleven. A certain gravity was requisite — moreover, it was due the University. To have seen the burning letters S-T-O-V-E-R actually vibrating on the front pages of metropolitan papers, to have gazed on his distinguished (though slightly smudged) features, ruined by an unfeeling photographer, but disputing nevertheless the public attention with statesmen and champions of the pugilistic ring — to have felt these heavenly sensations at the age of eighteen could not be lightly disguised.

So he lay back among welcome cushions, book in hand, and listened with a tolerant ear to the rapid-fire comedy of McNab and Buck Waters. He stayed much in his own room, which became a sort of lounging spot where the air was always blue with smoke and a mandolin or guitar strumming a low refrain or a group near the fireplace was noisy with the hazards of the national game.

Pretty much every one of importance in the class dropped in on him. The preliminary visiting period of the sophomore societies was nearly over. With the opening of the winter term the hold-offs and elections would begin. He understood that those who were uncertain wished the advantage of being seen in his company — that his, in fact, was now the "right" crowd.

He intended to call on several men who interested him: Brockhurst, who had made his appearance with a story in the *Lit* which announced him as a possible future chairman; Gimbel, about whose opinions and sincerity he was in doubt; and, above all, Regan, who genuinely attracted him. But, somehow, having now nothing to do, his afternoons and evenings seemed always filled, and he continually postponed until the morrow what suggested itself during the day. Besides, there was a complacent delight in being his own master again and of looking forward to such a period of independent languor.

The first discordant note to intrude itself upon this ideal was a remark of Le Baron's during one of the evening visits.

"I want to talk over some of the men in the class," said Le Baron, falling into an arm-chair and picking up a pipe, while his manner changed to naturalness and equality. Stover understood at once that the attitude was a notice served on him of the security of his own position.

"Dink, I want to know your opinion. What do you think of Brockhurst, for instance?"

"Brockhurst? Why, I hardly know him."

"Is he liked?"

"Why, yes."

"And Schley?"

The question was put abruptly, Le Baron raising his eyes to get his answer from Stover's face.

"Schley?" said Dink, considering a little. "Why, Schley seems to ——"

"Regan?" said Le Baron, satisfied.

"One of the best in the class!"

"You are quite enthusiastic about him," said Le Baron, looking at him with a little quizzical surprise.

"He's a man," said Stover stoutly.

"Of course, the football captaincy will probably be between you two."

"Regan?" said Stover, amazed.

"Either you or Regan."

Stover had never thought of him as a rival for his dearest ambition. He remained silent, digesting the possibility, aware of Le Baron's searching inquiry.

"Of course you have nine chances out of ten, but the race is a long one."

"He would make a good captain," Stover said slowly.

"You think so?"

"I hadn't thought of it before," Stover said, with a sudden falling inside, "but he has the stuff in him of a leader all right."

"I wish he weren't quite so set," said Le Baron. "He hasn't made a particularly favorable impression on some of the fellows."

An involuntary smile came to Stover at the thought of Regan's probable reception of a committee of inspection.

"He doesn't perhaps realize the importance of some things," he said carefully.

"He doesn't," said Le Baron, who was not without a sense of humor. "It's a pity, though, for his sake. I wish you'd talk to him a little."

"I will."

Le Baron rose.

"By the way, what are you going out for this spring?"

"This spring?" said Stover, surprised.

"Ever rowed any?"

"Never."

"That doesn't make any difference. You learn the stroke quicker — no bad habits."

"I'm light as mischief."

"Oh, I don't know — not for the freshman. We want to stimulate the interest in rowing up here. It's a good example for a man like you to come out. Ever done anything in baseball or the track?"

"No."

"Rowing's the stunt for you." He went toward the door, and turned. "Have a little chat with Regan. I admire the fellow, but he needs to rub up a bit with you fellows and get the sharp edges off him. By the way, when you start rowing I'll get hold of you and give you a little extra coaching."

When McCarthy came grinning through the door, he found Dink, his legs drawn up Turkish fashion, staring rebelliously at the ceiling.

"Hello! In love, or what?" said Tough, stopping short.

"By George, I'm not going out for anything more!" said Dink, between his teeth.

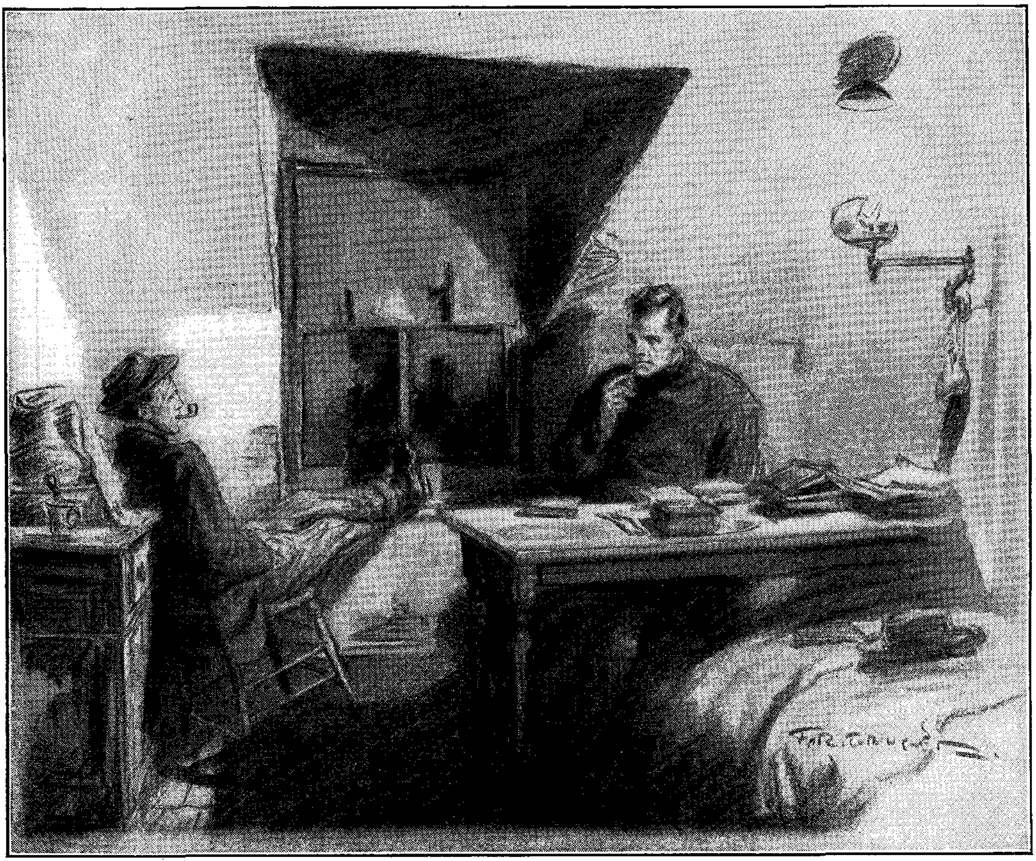
"Heavens! haven't you slaved enough?"

"You bet I have. I'll be hanged if I'm going through here — just varsity material. I'm going to be a little while my own master."

"You think so?" said McCarthy, with a short, incredulous laugh.

"Have any of the sophomores been around to see Regan?" said Stover.

McCarthy exploded into laughter.



"'BONING OUT THE GREEK?' SAID STOVER"

"They spent half the night locating his diggings, and when they got them the old rhinoceros wouldn't receive them."

"Why not?"

"Hadn't time, he said, to be fooling with them."

"The old chump!"

"Lucky dog," said McCarthy, between his teeth. "I wish I had the nerve to do the same. It makes me boil! I can't sit up and have a solemn bunch of fools look me over. I can't be natural."

"It's give and take," said Dink, smiling. "You'll think yourself the lord of the universe next year."

"Oh, you — you've a cinch," said McCarthy gloomily. "They're not picking you to pieces and dissecting you. Half the crowd that come to see me have got some friends in the class they'd rather see in than me. I'm darned uncertain, and I know it."

Stover, who believed the contrary, laughed at him. He rose and went out, determined to find Regan and make him understand conditions. His walk led him along the dark ways of College Street into the forgotten street where, under the roof of a bakery, Regan had found a breathing-hole for five dollars a month.

For the first time a little feeling of jealousy went through Stover as he swung along. Why should he help build up the man who might snatch from him his ambition? Why the deuce had Le Baron mentioned Regan as a possible captain? No one else thought of such a thing. Compared to him, Regan was a novice in football knowledge and experience. Still, it was true the man had a stalwart, unflinching way of moving on that impressed. There was a danger there with which he must reckon.

He found Regan in carpet slippers and sweater, bending grimly over the next day's Greek as if it were a rock to be shattered with the weight of his back.

"8-16-6-9-47," said Stover, in a hallo, giving the signal that had sent him through the center.

Regan started up.

"Hello, Dink, old bantam; glad to hear your voice."

Stover entered, with a glance at the room. A cot, a bureau, a washstand reinforced by ropes, a pine table scorched and blistered, and a couple of chairs were the entire equipment. Half the gas globe was left and two thirds of the yellow-green shade at the window. In the corner was the battle-scarred valise which had brought Regan's whole effects to college.

"Boning out the Greek?" said Stover, placing a straight chair against the wall so that his feet could find the ledge of the window.

"Wrestling with it."

"Don't you use a trot?" said Stover in some surprise, perceiving the absence of the handy, literal short-cut to recitation.

"Can't afford to."

"Why not?" said Stover, wondering if Regan was a gospel shark, after all.

"I've got too much to learn," said Regan, leaning back and elevating his legs in the national position. "You know something; I don't. You can bluff; I'm a rotten bluffer. I've got to train my whole mind, lick it into shape and make it work for me, if I'm going to do what I want."

"Tom, what are you aiming for?"

"You'd never guess."

"Well, what?"

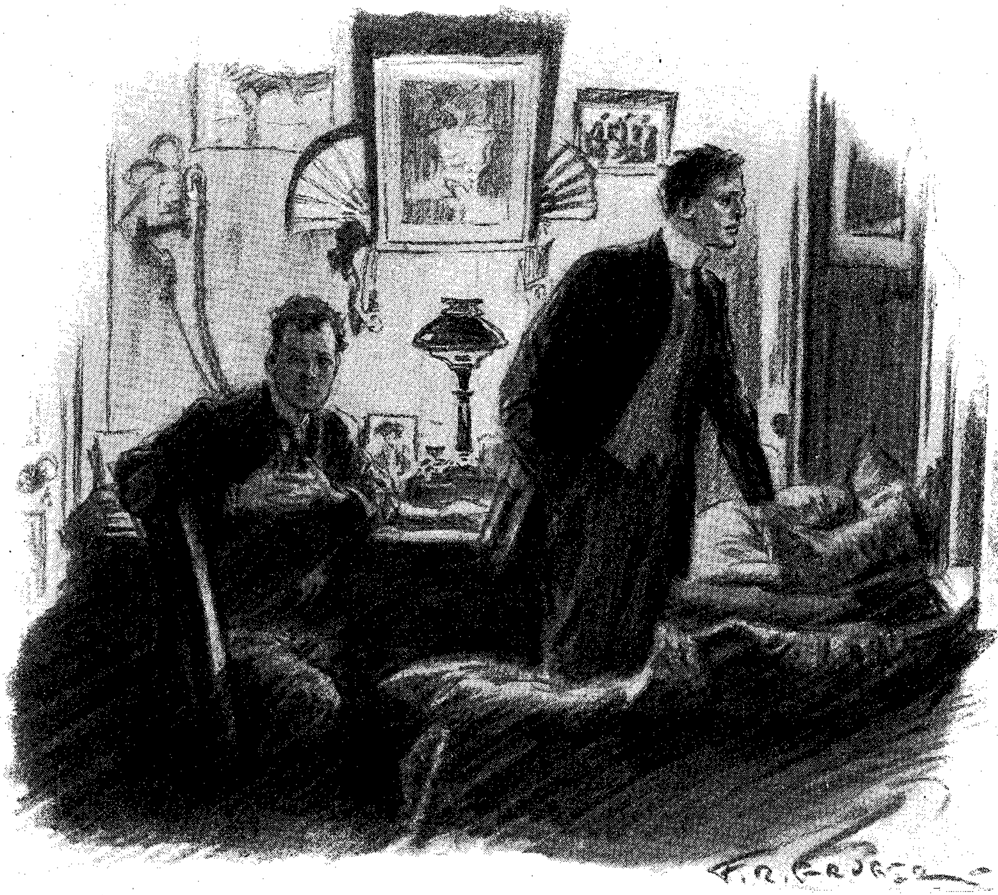
"Politics."

"Politics?" said Stover, opening his mouth.

"Exactly," said Regan, puffing at his corncob pipe. "I want to go back out West and get in the fight. It's a glorious fight out there. A real fight. You don't know the West, Stover."

"No."

"We believe in something out there, and we



"STOVER WENT TO THE WINDOW. 'THEY'RE RUNNING AROUND PIERSON HALL LIKE A LOT OF ANTS,' HE SAID" get up and fight for it — independence, new ideas, clean government, and hard fighters."

"I hadn't thought of you that way," said Stover, more and more surprised.

"That's the only thing I care about," said Regan frankly. "I've come from nothing, and I believe in that nothing. But to do anything I've got to get absolute hold of myself."

"Tom, you ought to get in with the fellows more. You ought to know all kinds," said Stover, feeling an opening.

"I will, when I get the right," said Regan, nodding.

"Why the devil don't you let the University help you out a while? You can pay it back," said Stover angrily.

"Never! I know it could be done, but not for me," said Regan, shaking his head. "What I need is the hardest things to come up against, and I'm not going to dodge them.'

"Still, you ought to be with us; you ought to make friends."

"I'm going to do that," said Regan, nodding. "I'm going to get in at South Middle after Christmas and perhaps get some work in the Coöp." He took up a sheet of paper jotted over with figures. "I'm about fifty dollars to the good; a couple of weeks' work at Christmas will bring that up about twenty more. If I can make a hundred and fifty this summer I'll have a good start. I want to do it, because I want to play football. It's bully! I like the fight in it!"

"What sort of work will you do?" said Stover curiously.

"I may go in the Metropolitan down in New York."

"Driving?"

"Sure. They get good pay. I could get work in the mines,— I've done that,— but it's pretty hot in the summer."

"But, Tom, what the deuce do you pick out the hardest grind for? Make friends with fellows who only want to know you and like you, and you'll get a dozen openings where you'll make twice what you get at manual labor."

"Well, there's this to it," said Regan ruminatively. "It's an opportunity I won't always have."

"What the deuce do you mean?"

"The opportunity to meet the fellow who gets the grind of life — to understand what he thinks of himself, and especially what he thinks of those above him. I won't have many more chances to see him on the ground floor, and some day I've got to know him well enough to convince him. See? By the way, it would be a good college course for a lot of you fellows if you got in touch with the real thing also."

"Are you a socialist?" said Stover, who vaguely associated the term with dynamite and destruction.

"I may be, but I don't know it."

"I say, Tom, do you go in for debating and all that sort of thing?"

"You bet I do; but it comes hard as hen's teeth."

Stover, who had waited for an opportunity to volunteer advice, finding no opening, resolved to take the dilemma by the horns.

"Tom, I think you're wrong about one thing — holding aloof so much."

"Particularly what?"

'I'm thinking about sophomore societies, for one thing. Why the deuce don't you give the fellows a chance to help you?"

"Oh, you mean the dinky little bunch that came around to call on me," said Regan thoughtfully.

"Yes. Now, why turn them out?"

"Why, they bored me, and, besides, I haven't time for anything like that. There are too many big things here."

"They can help you like the mischief, now and afterward."

"Thanks; I'll help myself. Besides, I don't want to get their point of view."

"Why not?"

"Too limited."

"Have you been talking to Gimbel?" said Stover, wondering.

"Gimbel? No; why?"

"Because he is organizing the class against them."

"That doesn't interest me, either."

"What do you make of Gimbel?"

"Gimbel's all right; a good politician."

"Is he sincere?"

"Every one's sincere."

"You mean every one's convinced of his own sincerity."

"Sure; easiest person in the world to convince."

Stover laughed a little consciously, wondering for a brief moment if the remark could be directed at him. Curiously enough, the more the blunt antagonism of Regan impressed him, the more he was reassured that the man was too radical ever to challenge his leadership. He rose to go, his conscience satisfied by the half-hearted appeal he had made.

"I say, Dink," said Regan, laying his huge paw on his shoulder, "don't get your head turned by this social business."

"Heavens, no!"

"'Cause there's some real stuff in you, boy, and some day it's coming out. Thanks, by the way, for wanting to make me a society favorite."

Dink left with a curious mixture of emotions. Regan always had an ascendency over him he could not explain. It irritated him that he could not shake it off, and yet he was genuinely chained to the man.

"Why the deuce did Le Baron put that in my head?" he said to himself, for the tenth time. "If Regan beats me out for captain it'll only be because he's older and has got a certain way about him. Well, I suppose if I'm to be captain I've got to close up more; I can't go cutting up like a kid. I've got to be older."

He resolved to be more dignified, more melancholy, shorter of speech, and consistent in gravity. For the first time he felt what it meant to calculate his chances. Before, everything had come to him easily. He had missed the struggle and the heartburnings. Now, suddenly, a shadow had fallen across the open road, the shadow of one whom he had regarded as a sort of protégé. He had thoughts of which he was ashamed, for at the bottom he was glad that Regan would not be of a sophomore society — that that advantage would be denied him; and, a little guiltily, he wondered if he had tried as hard as he might have to show him the opportunity.

"If they ever know him as I do," he said, with a generous revulsion, "he'll be the biggest thing in the class."

York Street and the busy windows of Pierson Hall came into his vision. A group of sophomores, ending their tour of visits, passed him, saluting him cordially. He thought all at once, with a sharp rebellion, how much freer Regan was, with his own set purpose, than he under the tutelage of Le Baron.

"I wonder what I'd do if no darn sophomore societies existed," he said to himself thoughtfully. And then, going up the stairs to his room, he said to McCarthy as he entered: "I guess, after all, I'll get out and slave again this spring — might as well heel the crew. I'm just varsitv material — that's all!"

CHAPTER XII

THE first weeks of the competition for the crew were not exacting, and consisted mostly of eliminating processes. Stover had consequently still enough leisure to gravitate naturally into that necessity of running into debt which comes to every youth who has just won the privilege of a yearly allowance; the same being solemnly understood to cover all the secret and hidden needs of the flesh as well as those that are outwardly exposed to the admiration of the multitude.

Now, the lure of personal adornment and the charm of violent neckties and outrageous vests had come to him naturally, as such things come, shortly after the measles, under the educating influence of a hopeless passion which had passed but had left its handiwork.

About a week after the opening of the term, Stover was drifting down Chapel Street in the company of Hungerford and McCarthy, when, in the window of the most predatory haberdasher's, he suddenly was fascinated by the most beautiful thing he had ever seen adorning a window. A tinge of masculine modesty prevented his remaining in struck admiration before it, especially in the presence of McCarthy and Hungerford, whose souls could rest content in jerseys and sweaters; but half an hour later, slipping away, he returned, fascinated. Chance had been kind to him. It was still there, the most beautiful green shirt he had ever beheld — not the diluted green of ordinary pistache ice-cream, but the deep, royal hue of a glorious emerald!

He had once, in the school days when he was blossoming into a man of fashion, experienced a similar sensation before a cravat of pigeon-blood red. He peered through the window to see if any one he knew was present, and glanced up the street to assure himself that a mob was not going to collect. Then he entered nonchalantly. The clerk, who recognized him, greeted him with ingratiating unction:

"Glad to see you here, Mr. Stover. What can I do for you?"

"I thought I'd look at some shirts," he said, in what he believed a masterly haphazard manner.

"White lawn — something with a thin stripe?"

"Well, something in a color — solid color."

He waited patiently, considering solicitously twenty inconsequential styles, until the spruce clerk, casually producing the one thing, said:

"Would that appeal to you?"

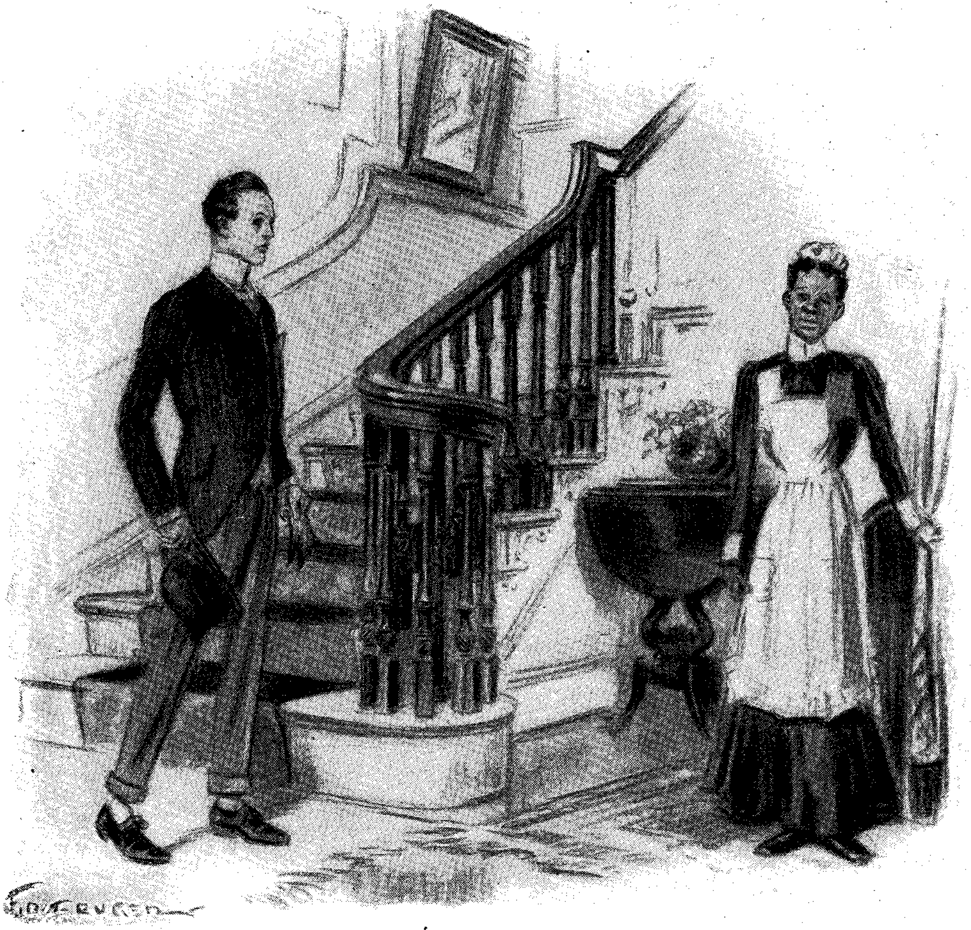
"It's rather nice," he said, gazing at it. Entranced, he stared on. Then a new difficulty arose. People didn't enter a shop just to purchase one shirt, and, besides, he was known. So he selected three other shirts and added the beautiful green thing to them in an unostentatious manner, saying:

"Send around these four shirts, will you? What's the tax?"

"Very pleased to have you open an account, Mr. Stover," said the clerk. "Pay when you like."

Stover took this as a personal tribute to his public reputation. Likewise, it opened up to him startling possibilities, so he said in a bored way:

"I suppose I might just as well."



" HE CAUGHT A FLEETING GLIMPSE OF HIMSELF IN A DARK MIRROR SUCCESSFULLY NEGOTIATING THE SLIDING RUGS".

"Thank you, Mr. Stover — thank you very much! Anything more? Some rather tasty neckties here for conservative dressers. Collars? Something like this would be very becoming to you. We've just got in a very smart line of silk socks. All the latest bonton styles. Look them over — you don't need to buy anything."

When Stover finally was shown to the door, he had clandestinely and with great astuteness acquired the green shirt on the following terms:

One green shirt (imported)	$ 5
Three decoy shirts	9
Four silk ties (to go with green shirt)	8
One dozen Roxburgh turndown collars (to complete same)	3
One dozen Gladstone collars (an indiscretion)	3
One half dozen silk socks (bonton style)	12
Total for one green shirt	$40

By the time he had made this mental calculation he was half way up the block. Then, his extravagance overwhelming him, he virtuously determined to send back the Gladstone collars, to show the clerk that, while he was a man of fashion, he still had a will of his own.

The next morning being Sunday, Dink arose with avidity. "By the way, I blew myself to a few glad rags," he said, bringing out his purchases. "I rather fancy them. How do they strike you?"

McCarthy emitted a languishing whistle, and then his eyes fell on the cause of all the trouble.

"Keeroogalum! Where did you get that pea-soup?"

The expression did not please. However, Stover had still in the matter of his sentimental inclinations a certain bashfulness. So he said dishonestly:

"I had 'em throw it in for a lark."

"Why, the cows would leave the farm."

"Rats! Wait and see," said Dink, who seized the excuse to don the green shirt.

When Stover's blond locks were seen struggling through the collar, McCarthy exploded.

"It looks like you were emerging from a tree. What the deuce has happened to you? Are you going out for class beauty? Holy cats! the socks, the socks!"

"The socks, you Reuben, should match the shirt," said Stover, completing his toilet under a diplomatic assumption of persiflage.

"Well, you are a lovely thing," said McCarthy, when the new collar and the selected necktie had transformed Stover. "Lovely, lovely! You should go out and have the girls fondle you."

At this moment Bob Story arrived, as fate would have it, with an invitation to dinner at his home.

"Sis is back with a few charmers from Farmington, and they're crazy to meet you."

"Oh, I say!" said Stover, in sudden alarm. "I'm the limit on the fussing question."

"Yes, he is," said McCarthy maliciously. "Why, they fall down before him and beg him to step on them."

"You shut up," said Stover, with wrath in his eye.

"Why, Bob, look at him! Isn't he gotten up just to charm and delight? You'll have to put a fence around him to keep them off."

"In an hour," said Story, making for the door. "Hunter and Hungerford are coming."

"Hold up."

"Delighted you're coming."

"I say!"

"There's a Miss Sparkes — just crazy about you. You're in luck. Remember the name — Miss Sparkes."

"Story — Bob — come back here!"

"Au reservoir!"

"I can't go — I won't!" But here Dink, leaning over the banister, heard a gleeful laugh float up and the sudden banging of the door.

He rushed back frantically to the room, and craned out of the window to see Bob Story sliding around the corner with his fingers spread in a gesture that is never anything but insulting. He closed the window violently and returned to the center of the room.

"Pooh!" said McCarthy, chuckling with delight.

"Petticoats!"

"Alas!"

"A lot of silly, yapping, gushing, fluffy, giggling, tee-heeing, tittering, languishing, vapid, useless ——"

"My boy, immense! Go on!"

"Confound Bob Story! Why the deuce did he rope me into this? I loathe females."

"And one just dotes on you," said McCarthy, with the expression of a Cheshire cat.

"I won't go," said Stover loudly.

"Are you going in that green symphony?"

"Why not?"

In the midst of this quarrel Joe Hungerford entered with a solemn face.

"You going to this massacre of Story's?"

"Don't I look like it?" said Dink crossly.

"We'll go over together, then," said Hungerford, with a sigh of relief.

Now Stover was in a quandary. He was divided between two emotions. He fondly thought that he had never looked so transcendingly the perfect man of fashion; but he had numerous busy doubts as to whether the exquisite costume was as appropriate to a quiet Sunday dinner as it undoubtedly would have been in a sporting audience. Still, to make a change now, under the malicious inspection of Tough McCarthy, would be to invite a storm of joyful ridicule; so he said hopefully:

"Think it all right to go in this?"

"Why not?"

As this put the burden on him, Stover remained silent, but compromised a little by exchanging a rather forward vest for one of calmer aspect.

"Well," he said at last, with something between a gulp and a sigh, "I suppose we'd better push along."

"I suppose so," said Hungerford, who brought a strangle-hold to bear on his necktie and shot a last look down at the slightly wavering line of his trousers.

At the door, the vision of McNab, like a visiting English duke, bore down upon them.

"Where in thunder did you get the boutonnière?" said Stover, examining him critically.

"Why, Dopey, you're a dude!" said Hungerford disapprovingly.

"Everything is correct — brilliant but correct," said McNab, with a flip of his fingers. "Come on, now — we're late."

Half way there, when the conversation had completely fizzled out, McNab said cheerily:

"How d'ye feel? Getting a little nervous, eh? Getting cold feelings up and down your back? Fingers twitching — what?"

"Don't be an ass," said Hungerford huskily.

"Chump!" said Stover, feeling all at once a tightness of his vest.

"Course you know, boys, you're dressed all wrong — in shocking taste. You know that, don't you? Thought I'd better tell you before the girls begin giggling at you."

"Huh!"

"Joe's bad enough in a liver-colored sack; but Dink's unspeakable!"

"I am! What's wrong?"

"Fancy wearing a colored shirt — and such a color! You're gotten up for a boating party — not for a formal lunch. You're unspeakable, Dink, unspeakable! Look at me. I'm a delight — black and white, immaculate, impressive, and absolutely correct."

By this time they had reached the steps.

"Now, don't try to shine your shoes on your trousers. It always shows. Don't stumble or trip when you go in. Don't bump against the furniture. Don't stutter. Don't hold on to your hostess to keep from falling over. And don't, *don't* shoot your cuffs."

McNab's malicious advice reduced Hungerford to a panic, while only the consciousness of his public importance prevented Stover from bolting as he saw McNab press the button.

"Stand up straight and keep your hands out of your pockets."

"Dopey, I'll wring your neck!"

"Ditto."

"Say something interesting to every girl," continued McNab, in a solemn whisper. "Talk about art or literature."

The door opened, and they stumbled into the ante-room, from which escape was impossible.

"Dink," said McNab in a last whisper.

"What?"

"Don't ask twice for soup, and stop shooting that cuff."

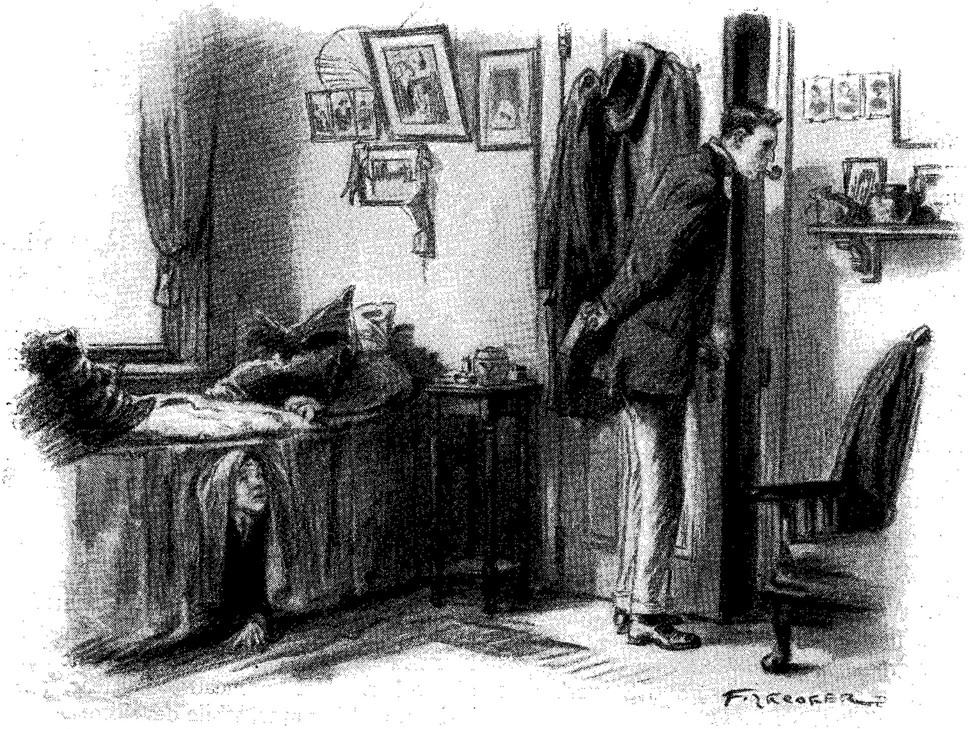
The next moment Stover, who had been thrust forward by the other two, found himself crossing the perilous track of slippery rugs on slippery floors, and suddenly the cynosure of at least a hundred eyes.

Judge Story had him by the hand, patting him on the back, smiling up at him with a smile he never forgot — a little lithe man bristling with good humor and the genius of good cheer.

"Stover, I'm glad to shake your hand. We did all we could for you in those last rushes. We rooted hard. My wife assaulted a clergyman in front of her, and my daughter was found afterward weeping with her arms around the man next to her. I certainly am proud to shake your hand. I won't shake it too long, because"— here he looked up in a confidential whisper — "because the girls have been fidgeting at the window for an hour. Look them over and tell me which one you want to sit next to you, and I'll fix it."

"Dad, aren't you awful?" said a voice in only laughing disapproval.

"My daughter," said the judge, passing joyfully on to Hungerford.



"THE PERIOD OF DUNS SET IN, AND THE HOUSE BECAME A PLACE OF MYSTERY AND SIGNALS"

"Indeed, I'm very glad to meet you."

He shook hands, a trifle embarrassed, with a young lady of quiet self-possession, gentle in voice and action, with somewhat of the thoughtful reserve of her brother.

He followed her, only half conscious of a certain floating grace and the pleasure of following her movements, bowing with cataleptic bobs of his head as the introductions ran on:

"Miss Sparkes."

"Miss Green."

"Miss Woostelle."

"Miss Raymond."

Then he straightened and allowed his chin to right itself over the brink of his mounting collar, smiling, but without hearing the outburst that went up from the equally agitated sex:

"Isn't the Judge perfectly terrible!"

"You mustn't believe a word he says."

"Don't you think he's lovely, though?"

"We really were so excited at the game."

"Oh, dear, I almost cried my eyes out."

"We thought you were perfectly splendid."

"We did want you to score so."

"I just hated those Princeton men, they were so much bigger."

Hungerford and McNab coming up for presentation, he found himself a little to leeward, clinging to a chair, and, opening his eyes, perceived for the first time Hunter, with whom he shook hands with the convulsiveness of a death grip.

Miss Sparkes, a rather fluttering brunette with dimples and enthusiastic eyes, cut off his retreat and isolated him in a corner, where he was forced to listen to a disquisition on the theory of football, supremely conscious that the unforgiving McNab was making him a subject of conversation with the young lady to whom he was rapidly succumbing.

The entrance of Mrs. Story and Bob, and the welcome descent on the dining-room, for a moment made him forget the awful fact that he had perceived, on his entrance, that the green shirt was, in fact, nothing short of a social outrage.

"Every one sitting next to the person they want," said the Judge roguishly, his glance rolling around the table. "By George, if that body-snatcher of a Miss Sparkes hasn't bagged Stover — well, I never! Seems to me a certain party named Hungerford has done very well indeed. McNab, I perceive, is going to set the fashions for the class, but I certainly do like Stover's green shirt."

At this a shout went up, and Stover's ears began to boil.

"I don't see what you're ha-ha-ing about, Mr. McNab," continued the Judge, diverting the attack, "descending upon us, a quiet, respectable back-woods family, with a boutonnière! I think that's putting on a good deal of airs, don't you? Now, boys, don't let these young society ladies from Farmington pretend they're too delicate to eat. You ought to see the breakfast they devoured. Everybody happy all right."

In five minutes every one was at ease, chattering away like so many magpies. Stover, finding that his breath came easier, recovered himself and listened with a tolerant sense of pleasure while Miss Sparkes rushed on.

"The girls up at Farmington will be so excited when they hear I've actually sat next to you at the table. You know, we're all just crazy about football. Oh, it gets me so excited! Dudley's the new captain, isn't he? I met him last summer at a dance down at Long Island. I admire him tremendously, don't you? He has such a *strong* character."

He nodded from time to time, replied in dignified monosyllables, and became pleasurably aware that Miss Raymond opposite, in disloyalty to her companion, had one ear trained to catch his slightest word, while Miss Green and Miss Woostelle, farther away, watched him covertly over the foliage of the celery. He was a lion among ladies for the first time — a sensation he had sworn to loathe and detest; and yet there was in him a sort of warm growing feeling that he could not explain but that was quite far from unpleasant.

"If Miss Sparkes, Mr. Stover, will stop whispering in your ear for just a moment," said the Judge, on mischief bent, "you can help Mrs. Story with the beef."

"You'll get accustomed to him soon," said his hostess, smiling. "There, if you'll steady the platter I think we two can manage it. I am so glad to have you here. Bob has spoken of you so often. I hope you'll be good friends."

There was something leonine and yet very feminine in her face, a quiet and restfulness that drew him irresistibly to her and gave him the secret of the reserve and charm that was in her children.

Of all the delegation from school, Jean Story alone had not seemed aware of his imposing stature. She was sitting between Hungerford and Hunter, whom she called by his first name, and her way of speaking, unlike the impulsiveness of her companions, was measured and thoughtful. She had a quantity of ash-colored hair which, like her dress, seemed to be floating about her. Her forehead was clear, a little serious, and her eyes, while devoid of coquetry, held him with their directness and simplicity.

He found himself only half hearing the conversation that Miss Sparkes rolled into his ear, watching the movements of other hands, feeling a little antagonism to Hunter and wondering how long they had known each other.

Dinner over, he forgot his shyness, and went up to her with the quick direction which was impulsive in him when he was strongly interested.

"I want to talk to you," he said.

"Yes?"

She looked at him, a little surprised at the bluntness of his introduction, but not displeased.

"You are very like your brother," he said. She seemed younger than he had thought.

"I am glad of that," she answered, with a genuine smile. "Bob and I are old friends."

"I hope you'll be my friend," he said.

She turned, and then, seeing in his face only sincerity, nodded her head slightly and said:

"Thank you."

He said very little more, ill at ease, a feeling that also seemed to have gained possession of her.

Miss Raymond and Miss Woostelle came up, and he found himself restored to the rôle of a hero, a little piqued at Miss Story's different attitude, always aware of her movements, hearing her low voice through all the chatter of the room.

He went home very thoughtful, keeping out of the laughing discussion that went on, watching from the corner of his eye Hunter, and wondering with a little unexplained resentment just how well he knew the Storys.

CHAPTER XIII

With Stover's return after the Christmas vacation the full significance of the society dominion burst over him. The night that the hold-offs were to be given, there was a little joking at the club table, but it was only lip-deep. The crisis was too vital. Chris Schley and Troutman, who were none too confident, were plainly nervous.

Stover and McCarthy walked home directly to their rooms, and took up the next day's lessons as a convenient method of killing time.

"You're not worrying?" said Stover suddenly.

McCarthy put down the penitential book, and, rising, stretched himself, nervously resorting to his pipe.

"Not for a hold-off — no. That ought to be all right."

"And afterward?"

"Don't speak about it."

"Rats! You'll be pledged about the eighth or tenth."

"What time is it?" said McCarthy shortly.

"Five minutes more."

This time each took up his book in order to be found in an inconsequential attitude, outwardly indifferent, as all Anglo-Saxons should be. From without, the hour rang its dull leaden, measured notes. Almost immediately a knock sounded on the door, and Le Baron appeared, hurried, businesslike, mysterious, saying:

"Stover, want to see you in the other room a moment."

Dink retired with him into the bedroom, and received his hold-off in a few matter-of-fact sentences. A second after, Le Baron was out of the door, rushing down the steps.

"Your turn next," said Stover, with a wave of his hand to McCarthy.

"Yes."

The sound of hurrying feet and the shudder of hastily banged doors filled the house.

"My, they're having a busy time of it," said Stover.

"Yes."

Ten minutes passed. McCarthy, staring at his page, mechanically took up the dictionary, hiding the fear that started up. Stover rose, going to the window.

"They're running around Pierson Hall like a lot of ants," he said, drumming against the window.

"How far's this advance go?" said McCarthy in a matter-of-fact tone.

"End of page 152," said Stover. He came back frowning, glancing at the clock. It was seventeen minutes after the hour.

All at once, outside came a clatter of feet, and the door opened on Waring, out of breath and flustered.

"McCarthy, like to see you a moment."

Stover returned to the window, gazing out. Presently behind his back he heard the two return, the door bang, and McCarthy's voice saying:

"It's all right, Dink."

"All right?" he said.

"Yes."

"Glad of it."

"He gave me a little scare, though."

"Your crowd lost a couple of men; besides, you give more hold-offs."

"That's it."

They abandoned the subject by mutual consent; only Stover remembered for months after the tension he had felt and the tugging at the heart-strings. If he could feel that way for his friend, what would be his sensations when he faced his own crisis on Tap Day?

In half an hour more, fellows from other houses came thronging in with reports of how the class had divided up. Every one had his own list of the hold-offs, completing it according to the last returns, amid a bedlam of questions.

Stover, off at one side, watched the group, seeing the interested calculation as each scanned his own list, wondering who would have to be eliminated if he were to be chosen. Story, Tommy Bain, and Hunter were in his crowd, as had been foreseen.

He went out and across the campus to South Middle, where Regan was now rooming. By the Coöp he found Bob Story, and together they went up the creaky stairs. Regan was out — just where, the man who roomed on his entry did not know.

"How long has he been out?" said Story anxiously.

"Ever since supper."

"Didn't he come in at all?"

"No."

"Were they going to give him a hold-off?" said Stover, as they went down.

"Yes. They've been looking everywhere for him."

"I don't think the old boy would take it."

"Can't you make him see what it would mean to him?"

"I've tried."

"I'm afraid Regan's queered himself with a lot of our crowd," said Story thoughtfully. "They don't understand him and he doesn't want to understand them. Didn't he know this was the night?"

"Yes; I told him."

"Stayed away on purpose?"

"Probably."

"Too bad. He's just the sort of man we ought to have."

"How do you feel about the whole proposition?" said Stover curiously.

"The sophomore society question?" said Story frankly. "Why, I think there's got to be some reforms made; they ought to be kept more democratic."

"You think that?"

"Yes; I think we want to keep away a good deal from the social admiration game — be representative of the real things in Yale life; that's why we need a man like Regan. Course, I think this — that we've all got too much this society idea in our heads; but, since they exist, it's better to do what we can to make them representative and not snobbish."

Stover was surprised at the maturity of judgment in the young fellow, as well as his simplicity of expression. He would like to have talked to him further on deeper subjects, but, as always, the first steps were difficult and as yet he accepted things without a clear understanding of reasons.

He went up with Story for a little chat. There was about the room a tone of quiet good taste and thoughtfulness quite different from the boyish exuberance of other rooms. The pictures were Braunotypes of paintings he did not know, while bits of plaster casts mellowed with wax enlivened the serried contents of the book-shelves.

"You've got a lot of books," said Stover, feeling his way.

"Yes. Drop in and borrow them any time you want."

While Story flung a couple of cushions on the state arm-chair and brought out the tobacco, Dink examined the shelves respectfully, surprised and impressed by the quality of the titles, French, German, and Russian.

"Why do you room alone, Bob?" he said, with some curiosity, knowing Story's popularity.

"I wanted to." Story was opposite, his face blocked out in sudden shadows from the standing lamp, that accentuated a certain wistful pensive quality it had. "I enjoy being by myself. It gives me time to think and look around me."

They spoke a little more in a desultory way, and Stover left. He was dissatisfied. He wanted Story to like him, conscious of a new longing in him for the friendships that did not come, and yet somehow he could find no common ground of conversation. Moreover, and he rather resented it, there was not in Story the least trace of the admiration and reverence that he was accustomed to receive, as a leader should receive.

The following weeks were ones of intrigue and nervous speculation. Pledged among the first, he found himself with Hunter, Story, and Tommy Bain in the position of adviser as to the selection of the rest of his crowd. Hunter and Bain, each with an object in view, sought to enlist his aid. He perceived their intentions, not duped by the new cordiality, growing more and more antagonistic to their businesslike ambitions. With Joe Hungerford and Bob Story he found his real friends. And yet, what completely surprised him was the lack of careless, indolent camaraderie which he had known at school and had expected in larger scope at college. Every one was busy, working with a dogged persistence along some line of ambition. The long, lazy afternoons and pleasant evenings were not there. Instead was the grinding of the mills and the turning of the wheels. How it was with the rest he ignored, but with his own crowd — the chosen — life was earnest, disciplined in a set purpose. He felt it, in the open afternoon, in the quiet passage of candidates for the baseball teams, the track, and the crew; in the evenings, in the strumming of instruments from Alumni Hall and the practising of musical organizations, and most of all in the flitting, breathless passage of the *News* heelers — in snow or sleet, running in and out of buildings, frantically chasing down a tip, haggard with the long-drawn-out struggle now ending the fourth month.

He himself had surrendered again to this compelling activity and gone over to the gymnasium, taking his place at the oars in the churning tanks, bending methodically as the bare torso of the man in front bent or shot back, concentrating all his faculties on the shouted words of advice from the pacing coach above him.

He was too light to win in the competition of unusual material — he could only hope for a second or third substitute at best; but that was what counted, he said to himself, what made competition in the class and brought others out, just as it did in football. And so he stuck to his grind, satisfied, on the whole, that his afternoons were mapped out for him.

Meanwhile the pledges to the sophomore societies continued and the field began to narrow. McCarthy's hold-off was renewed each time, but the election did not arrive.

In his own crowd the debate was chiefly on the selection of Regan and Brockhurst. Regan had by this time so antagonized certain members that his election was well-nigh impossible. About Brockhurst Stover found himself increasingly unable to make up his mind. He went to see him once or twice, but the visit was never returned. In his infallibility,— for infallibility is a requisite of a leader,— he decided that there was something queer about him. He rather shunned others, took long walks by himself, in a crowd always seemed removed, watching others with a distant eye which had in it a little mockery. His room was always in confusion, as was his tousled hair. In a word, he was a little of a barbarian, who did not speak the ready lip language that was current in social gatherings, and, unfortunately, did not show well his paces when confronted with inspection. So when the final vote came Stover, infallible judge of human nature, conscientiously decided that Brockhurst did not rank with the exceedingly choice crowd of which he was a leader.

With the arrival of the elections for the managerships of the four big athletic organizations, positions in the past disputed by the candidacies of the three sophomore societies, a revolution took place. The non-society element, organized by Gimbel and other insurgents ahead of him, put up a candidate for the Football managership and elected him by an overwhelming majority, and repeated their success with the Navy.

The second victory was like the throwing down of a gauntlet. The class, which had been quietly dividing since the advent of the hold-offs, definitely split, and for the first time Stover became aware of the soundness of the opposition to the social system of which he was a prospective leader. Quite to his surprise, Jim Hunter appeared in his room one night.

"What the deuce does he want now?" he thought to himself, wondering if he were to be again solicited in favor of Stone, who was still short of election.

"I say, Dink, we're up against a serious row," said Hunter, making himself comfortable and speaking always in the same unvarying tone. "The class is split to pieces."

"It looks that way."

"It's all Gimbel and that crowd of soreheads he runs. We had trouble with him up at Andover."

"Well, Jim, what do you think about the whole proposition?" said Stover. "The college seems pretty strong against us."

"It's just a couple of men who are cooking it up to work themselves into office," said Hunter, dismissing the idea lightly. "You'll see, that's all there is to it."

Somehow, Stover found that renewed contest with Hunter only increased the feeling of antagonism he had felt from the first. He was aware of a growing resistance to Hunter's point of view, guarded and deliberate as it was. So he said pointblank:

"I'm not so sure there isn't some basis for the feeling. We ought to watch out and make ourselves as democratic as possible."

"My dear fellow," said Hunter, in the tone of amused worldliness, "these anti-society fights go on everywhere. There was a great hullabaloo six or seven years ago, and then it all died out. You'll see, that's what'll happen. Gimbel'll get what he wants, then he'll quiet down and hope to make a senior society. Don't get too excited over things that happen in freshman year."

"Have you talked with Story?" said Stover, resenting his tone.

"Bob's got a curious twist — he's a good deal of a dreamer."

"Then you wouldn't make any changes?"

"No, not in our crowd," said Hunter. "I think we do very well what we set out to get —

the representative men of the class, to bring them together into close friendship, and make them understand one another's point of view and so work together for the best in the University."

"You think the outsiders don't count?"

"As a rule, no. Of course, there are one or two men who develop later, but if there's anything in them they'll really make good."

"Rotten hard work, won't it be?"

"Yes; but every system has its faults."

"What did you come in to see me about?" said Stover abruptly.

"To talk the situation over," said Hunter, not seeming to perceive the hostility of the question. "I think all of us in the crowd ought to be very careful."

"About what?"

"About talking too much."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean, if you have any criticism on the system, keep it to yourself. Gimbel is raising enough trouble; the only thing is for us to shut up and not encourage them by making the kickers think that any of us agree with them."

"So that's what you came in to say to me."

"Yes."

"You're for no compromise."

"I am."

"Are there fellows in our crowd, or the classes ahead, who feel as Story does?"

"Yes; of course there are a few."

"And, Hunter, you see no faults in the system?"

"What other system would you suggest?"

Now, Stover had not yet come to a critical analysis of his own good fortune, nor had he any more than a personal antagonism for Hunter himself. He did not answer, unwilling to let this feeling color his views on what he began to perceive might some day shape itself as a test of his courage.

Hunter left presently, as he had come up, without enthusiasm, always cold, always deliberate. When he had gone, Stover became a little angry at the advice so openly imposed on him, and as a result he decided on a sudden move.

If the split in the class were acute, something ought to be done. If Hunter, as a leader, was resolved on contemptuous isolation, he would do a bigger thing in a bigger way.

In pursuance of this idea, he suddenly set out to find Gimbel and provoke a frank discussion. If anything could be done to hold the class together and stop the rise of political dissension, it was his duty as a responsible leader to do what he could to prevent it.

When he reached the room, it was crowded, and an excited discussion was going on, which dropped suddenly on his entrance. What the subject of conversation was he had a shrewd suspicion, seeing several representatives from Sheff.

"Hello, Stover, Come right in. Glad to see you." Gimbel, a little puzzled at this first visit, came forward cordially. "You know every one here, don't you? Jackson, shake hands with Stover. What'll you have, pipe or cigarette?"

Stover nodded to the fellows whom he knew on slight acquaintance, settled in an arm-chair, brought forth his pipe, and said with assumed carelessness:

"What was all the pow-wow about when I arrived?"

A certain embarrassment stirred in the room, but Gimbel, smiling at the question, said frankly:

"We were fixing up a combination for the Baseball managership. We are going to lick you fellows to a scramble. That's what you've come over to talk about, isn't it?"

"Yes."

The crowd, plainly disconcerted at this smiling passage of arms, began to melt away with hastily formed excuses.

"Quite a meeting-place, Gimbel, you have here," said Stover, nodding to the last disappearing group.

"Politicians should have," replied Gimbel, straddling a chair, and, leaning his arms on the back, he added, smiling: "Well, fire away."

Each had grown in authority since their first meeting on the opening of college, nor was the question of war or peace yet decided between them.

"Gimbel, I hope we can talk this thing over openly."

"I think we can."

"You're going to run a candidate for the Baseball managership."

"I'm not running him, but I'm making the combination for this class."

"Same thing."

"Just about."

"Are you fellows going to shut out every society man that goes up for a class election?"

"You're putting a pretty direct question."

"Answer it if you want to."

"Yes, I'll answer it." Gimbel looked at him, plainly concerned in emulating his frankness, and continued: "Stover, this anti-sophomore society fight is a fight to the finish. We are going to put up an outsider, as you call it, for every election, and we're going to elect him."

"Why?"

"Because we are serving notice that we are against a system that is political and undemocratic."

"What good'll it do?"

"We'll abolish the whole system."

"Do you really believe that?" said Stover, strangely enough, adopting Hunter's attitude.

"I do; I may know the feeling in the upper classes better than you do."

"Gimbel, how much of this is real opposition and how much is worked up by you and others?"

"My dear Stover, why ask who is responsible? Ask if the opposition is genuine and whether it's going to stick."

"I don't believe it is."

"That's not it. What you want to know is how much is conviction in me, and how much is just the fun of running things and stirring up mischief."

"That does puzzle me — yes. But what I want *you* to see is, you're splitting up the class."

"I'm not doing it, and you're not doing it. It's the class ahead that's interfering and doing it. Now, Stover, I've answered your questions. Will you answer mine?"

"That's fair."

"If you put up a candidate, why shouldn't we?"

"But you make politics out of it."

"Do you ever support the candidate of another crowd?"

Stover was silent.

"Stover, do you know that for years these elections have gone on with just three candidates offered, one each from your three sophomore societies? And how have they been run? By putting up your lame ducks."

"Oh, come."

"Not always. But if you think you can elect a weak member instead of a strong one, you trot out the lame duck. Why? Because at the bottom you are not really social, but political; because your main object is to get as many of your men into senior societies as you can."

"Well, why not?"

"Because you're doing it at the expense of the class — by making us bolster up the weak ones with an office."

"I don't think that's entirely fair."

"You'll see. Look at the last candidates the sophomores put up. You haven't answered my questions. Why shouldn't we non-society men, six sevenths of the class, have the right to put up our candidates and elect them?"

"You have," said Stover; "but, Gimbel, you're not doing it for that. You're doing it to knock us out."

"Quite true."

"That means the whole class goes to smash — that we're going to have nothing but fights and hard feelings from now on. Is that what you want?"

"Stover, it's a bigger thing than just the peace of mind of our class."

"But what is your objection to us?" said Stover.

"My objection is that just that class feeling and harmony you spoke of your societies have already destroyed."

"In what way?"

"Because you break in and take little groups out of the body of the class and herd together."

"You exaggerate."

"Oh, no, I don't; and you'll see it more next year. You've formed your crowd, and you'll stick together and you'll all do everything you can to help each other along. That's natural. But don't come and say to me that we fellows are dividing the class."

"Rats, Gimbel! Just because I'm in a soph isn't going to make any difference with the men I see."

"You think so?" said Gimbel, looking at him with real curiosity.

"You bet it won't."

"Wait and see."

"That's too ridiculous!"

Stover, feeling his anger gaining possession of him, rose abruptly.

"How can it be otherwise?" said Gimbel, persisting. "Next year the only outsiders you'll see will be a few bootlickers who'll attach themselves to you to get pulled into a junior society. The real men won't go with you, because they don't want to kowtow and heel."

"We'll see."

"I say, Stover," said Gimbel abruptly, as Dink, for fear of losing his temper, was leaving. "Now, be square. You've come to me frankly, — I won't say impertinently,— and I've answered your questions and told you openly what we're going to do. Give me credit for that, will you?"

"I don't believe in you," said Stover, facing him.

"I know you don't," said Gimbel, flushing a little, "but you will before you get through."

"I doubt it."

"And I'll tell you another thing you'll do before this sophomore society fight is ended," said Gimbel, with a sudden heat.

"What?"

"You'll stand on the right side — where we stand."

"You think so?"

"I know it!"

CHAPTER XIV

When a freshman has been invited to dinner and in a rash moment accepted the invitation and lived through the agony, he usually pays his party call (always supposing that he has imbibed a certain amount of home etiquette) sometime before graduation. In the balance of freshman year the obligation possesses him like a specter of remorse; in sophomore year he remembers it by fits and starts, always in the middle of the week, in time to forget it by Sunday; in junior year he is tempted once or twice to use it as an excuse for sporting his newly won high hat and frock-coat, but fears he has offended too deeply; and in senior year he watches the local society columns for departures, and rushes around to deposit his cards, with an expression of surprise and regret when informed at the door that the family is away.

Dink Stover temporized, confronted with the awful ordeal of arraying himself in his Sunday prison garb and stiffly traversing the long, tricky, rug-strewn hall of the Storys', with the chance of suddenly showing his whole person to a dozen inquisitive eyes. He let the first Sunday pass without a qualm, as being too unnecessarily close and familiar. On the second Sunday he decided to wait until he had received the suit made of goods purchased at a miraculous bargain from an unsuspecting Yankee drummer. The third Sunday he completely forgot his duties as a man of fashion. On the fourth Sunday, in a panic, he bound his neck in a shackling high collar, donned his new suit, which looked as lovely as everything that is new and untried can look, and went post-haste in search of Hungerford as a companion in misery and a post to which to cling. To his horror, Hungerford had paid his visit, and felt very doubtful as to the propriety of repeating it before having been again fed.

Dink returned for McNab or Hunter as the lesser of two evils. They were both out. Being in stiff and circumstantial attire, the afternoon was manifestly lost. With a sort of desperate hope for some miraculous evasion, he set out laggingly for the Story mansion, revolving different plans.

"I might leave a card at the door," he thought to himself, "and tell the girl that my room-mate was desperately ill — that I had just run in for a moment because I wanted them to know, to know — to know what?"

The idea expired noiselessly. He likewise rejected the idea of stalking the door Indian fashion, and slipping the card under the crack as if he had rung and not been heard.

"After all, they might be out," he thought at last, hopefully. "I'll just go by quietly and see if I can hear anything."

The maid stood at the open door. There was nothing to do but to toil up the penal steps, heart in mouth.

"Is Miss Story in?" he said in a lugubrious voice. "Will you present her with this card?"

"Step right into the parlor, sah. You'll find Miss Jean there," said the colored maid, with no feeling at all for his suffering.

He caught a fleeting, unreassuring glimpse of himself in a dark mirror, successfully negotiated the sliding rugs, and all at once found himself somehow in the cheery parlor alone with Miss Story, shaking hands.

Now, although he still retained his invincible determination to keep his faith from women, he had during certain pleasant episodes of the last vacation condescended to listen politely to the not disagreeable adoration of a score of hero-worshiping young ladies still languishing in boarding-schools. He had learned the trick of such conversations, exchanged photographs with the laudable intention of making his rooms more like an art gallery than ever, and carried off as mementos such articles as fans, handkerchiefs, flowers, etc.

But, somehow, the stock phrases were out of place here. He tried one or two openings, and then relapsed, watching her as she took up the conversation easily and ran on. Ever since their first meeting the charming silhouette of the young girl had been in his mind. He watched her as she rose once or twice to cross the room, and her movements had the same gentle rhythm that mystified him in her voice. Yet he was conscious of a certain antagonism. His vanity, perhaps, was a little stirred. She was not flattered in the least by his attentions, which in itself was an incredible thing. There was about her not the slightest suggestion of coquetry — in fact, not more than a polite uninterested attitude toward a guest. And, perceiving this, all at once a desire came to him to force from her some recognition.

"You are very much like Bob," he said abruptly; "you are very hard to know."

"Really?"

"I really want to know your brother, but I can't. I don't think he likes me," he said.

"I don't think Bob knows you," she said carefully, raising her eyes in a little surprise. "You're right; we both take a long time to make up our minds."

"Then what I said is true?" he persisted.

She looked at him a moment, as if wondering how frank she might be, and said after a little deliberation:

"I think he's in a little doubt about you."

"In doubt," said the prospective captain of a Yale eleven, vastly amazed. "How?"

"You will succeed; I am sure of that."

"Well, what then?" he said, wondering what other standard could be applied.

"I wonder how *real* you will be in your success," she said, looking at him steadily.

"You think I am calculating and cold about it," he said, insisting.

She nodded her head, and then corrected herself.

"I think you are in danger of it — being entirely absorbed in yourself — not much to give to others — that's what I mean."

"By George," said Dink, open-mouthed, "you are the strangest person I ever met in my life!"

She colored a little at this, and said hastily: "I beg your pardon; I didn't realize what I was saying."

"You may be right, too." He rose and walked a little, thinking it over. He stopped suddenly and turned to her. "Why do you think I'm not 'real'?"

"I don't believe you have begun to think yet."

"Why not?"

"Because — well, because you are too popular, too successful. It's all come too easily. You've had nothing to test you. There's nothing so much alike as the successful men here."

"You are very old for your years," he said, plainly annoyed.

"No; I listen. Bob and Dad say the same thing."

"You know, I wanted you to be my friend," he said, suddenly brushing aside the conversation; "you remember?"

"I should like to be your friend," she said quietly.

"If I turn out as you want."

"Certainly."

He seized an early opportunity to leave, furious at what (not understanding that the instincts of a first antagonism in a young girl are sometimes evidence of a growing interest) he felt was her indifference. He did not go directly to his rooms, but struck out for a brisk walk up the avenue.

"What the deuce does she think I'm going to turn out?" he said to himself, with some irritation. "Turn out? Absurd! Haven't I done everything I should do? I've only been here a year, and I stand for something. By George, I'd like to know how many men get where I've gotten the first year." Looking back over the year, he was quickly reassured on this vital point. "If she thinks I'm calculating, how about Hunter? He's the original cold fish," he said. "Yes, what about him? Absurd. She just said that to provoke me." He sought in his mind some epithet adequate to such impertinence, and declared: "She's young — that's it; she's *quite* young."

Suddenly he thought of Regan, who had intruded his shadow across the path of his personal ambition. Had he really been honest about Regan? Could he not have made him see the advantages of belonging to a sophomore society, if he had really tried? Whereupon Mr. Dink Stover began a long, victorious debate with his conscience, one of those soul-satisfying arguments that always end one way, as conscience is a singularly poor debater when pitted against a resourceful mind.

"Heavens! haven't I been the best friend he's had?" he concluded. "Perhaps I might have talked more to him about the sophomore question, but then, I know I never could have changed him. So what's the odds? I'm democratic and liberal. Didn't I go to Gimbel and have it out? I can see the other side, too. What the deuce, then, did she mean?"

After another long period of furious tramping, he answered this vexing question in the following irrelevant way: "By George, what an extraordinary girl she is! I must go around again and talk with her. She brushes me up."

And around he did go, not once, but several times. The first little antagonism between them gradually wore away, and yet he was aware of a certain defensive attitude in her, a judgment that was reserved; and as, by the perfected averaging system of college, he had lost in one short year all the originality and imagination he had brought with him, he was quite at a loss to understand what she found lacking in so important and successful a personage as Mr. John Humperdink Stover.

Naturally, he felt that he was in love. This extraordinary passion came to him in the most sudden and convincing manner. He corresponded, with much physical and mental agony, with what is called a dashing brunette, with whom he had danced eleven dances out of a possible sixteen on the occasion of a house-party in the Christmas vacation, on the strength of which they had exchanged photographs and simulated a confidential correspondence. He had done this because he had plainly perceived it was the thing for a man to do, as one watches the crease in the trousers or exposes a vest a little more daring than the rest. It gave him a sort of reputation among lady-killers that was not distasteful. At Easter he had annexed a blonde, who wrote effusive rolling scrawls and used a noticeable crest. He had done this, likewise, because he wished to be known as a destructive force, as one who rather allowed himself to be loved. But he found the manual labor too taxing. He was cruel and abrupt to the blonde, but he consoled himself by saying to himself that he had restored to the little girl her peace of mind.

On Sunday evening, then, according to tacit agreement, after a pipe had been smoked and the fifth Sunday newspaper had been searched for the third time, McCarthy stretched himself like a cat and said:

"Well, I guess I'll dash off a few heart-throbs to the dear little things."

"That reminds me," said Stover, with an obvious loudness. He took out the last heliotrope envelop and read over the contents which had pleased him so much on the preceding Tuesday. Somehow, it had a different ring — a little too flippant, too facile.

"What the deuce am I going to write her?" he said, inciting his hair to rebellion. He cleaned the pen, and then the ink-well, and wrote on the envelop: "*Miss Anita Laurence.*"

It was a name that had particularly attracted him, it was so Spanish and suggestive of serenades. He wrote again at the top of the page: "*Dear Anita.*"

Then he stopped.

"What the deuce can I say now?" he repeated crossly. "By George, I've only seen her five times. What is there to say?"

He rose, went to his bureau, and took up the photograph of honor and looked at it long. It was a pretty face, but the ears were rather large. Then he went back, and, tearing up what he had written, closed his desk.

"Hello," said McCarthy, who was in difficulties. "Aren't you going to write Anita?"

"I wrote her last night," said Stover with justifiable mendacity. "I was writing home, but feel rather sleepy."

As this was unchallengeable, he went to his room and stretched out on the delicious bed.

"I wonder if I'm falling in love with Jean Story?" he said hopefully. "I'm sick to death of Anita calling me by my front name and writing as she does. I'll bet I'm not the only one, either!" This sublimely ingenious suspicion sufficed for the demise of the dashing brunette from whom he had forced eleven dances out of a possible sixteen. "Jean Story is so indifferent. What the deuce does she want changed in me? I wonder if I could get Bob to give me a bid for a visit this summer?"

The opening to the imagination being thus provided, he went wandering over summer meadows with a certain slender girl who moved as no one else moved and in a dreamy landscape showed him the most marked preference. In the midst of a most delightful and thoroughly satisfactory conversation he fell asleep. When he woke he went straight to his bureau, and, removing the photograph of Anita, consigned it to a humble position in the study amid the crowded beauties that McCarthy termed the harem.

During first recitation, which was an inconsequential voyage into Greece, his imagination jumped the blackboarded walls and went wandering into the realm of the possible summer. A week on the river at the oars, however, drove from him all such imaginings; but at times the vexing question returned, and each Sunday, somehow, he found an opportunity to drop in and have a long talk with Judge Story, of whom he grew surprisingly fond.

The period of duns now set in, and the house on York Street became a place of mystery and signals. McNab, naturally, was the most sought, and he took up a sort of migratory abode on Stover's window-seat, disappearing under the flaps at the slightest sound in the corridor. Stover himself began to feel the possibilities of vistas and the sense of lurking shadows. He was utterly disappointed in the material for a suit which he had bought from the unsuspecting Yankee. It had a yielding characteristic way about it that brought the most surprising baggings and stretchings, and he had a suspicion that it was pining away and fading in the sun. By the time the tailor's bill had been presented (not paid) the suit might have been on the fashion account of a prince. Then there were little notes, polite but insistent, from the haberdasher's whence the glowing green shirt, now sadly yellowed, had come. In order to make a show of settling, he went over to Commons to eat, and, being on an allowance for clothes, economized on such articles of apparel as were visible only to himself and McCarthy, who was in the same threadbare state.

His candidacy for the class crew kept him in strict training, though he ranked no better than third substitute. His afternoons thus employed and his evenings occupied with consultations, he found his life as narrowed as it had been in the season of football. Every one knew him, and he had learned the trick of a smile and an enthusiastic bob of the head to every one. He was a popular man even among the outsiders now more and more openly opposed to the sophomore society system. He was perhaps, at this period, the most popular man in his class; and yet, he had made scarcely a friend, nor did he understand quite what was the longing in him.

With the end of May and the coming of society week, for the first time the full intensity and seriousness of the social ambition was brought before him. The last elections in his own crowd were given out, Regan and Brockhurst failing to be chosen. In McCarthy's society the last place narrowed down to three men; and Stone, who had made the *News*, won the choice.

Stover was sitting alone with McCarthy on the critical night, when the door opened and Stone entered. One look at his face told McCarthy what had happened.

"I'm sorry, Tough," said Stone, a little overtense. "They gave me the pledge. It's hard luck."

"Bully for you!" There wasn't a break in McCarthy's voice. "I knew you'd get it all along."

"I came up to let you know right away," said Stone, looking down at the floor. "Of course, I wanted it myself, but I'm sorry—deuced sorry."

"Nonsense. You've made the *News*. You ought to have it." McCarthy, calm and smiling, held out his hand. "Bully for you! Shake on it!"

Stone went almost immediately and the room-mates were left alone. McCarthy came back whistling, and irrelevantly went to his bureau, parting his hair with methodical strokes of the brush.

"That was real white of Stone to come up and tell me," he said quietly.

"Yes."

"Well, we'll go on with that geometry now."

He came back and sat down at the desk quite calmly, as if a whole outlook had not been suddenly closed to him.

Stover, cut to the heart, watched him with a genuine thrill. He rose, drew a long breath, walked to the window, and, coming back, laid his hand on his room-mate's shoulder.

McCarthy looked up quickly, with a little flush.

"Good grit, old man," said Dink; "darned good grit."

"Thank you."

"It won't make any difference, Tough."

"Of course not." McCarthy gave a little laugh and said: "Don't say any more, Dink."

Stover took his place opposite, saying:

"I won't, only this. You take it better than I could do. I'm proud of you."

"You remember what the old man said to you fellows after that Princeton slaughter?" said Tough solemnly. "'Take your medicine.' Well, Dink, I'm going to swallow it without a wink, and I rather guess, from what I've seen, that's the biggest thing they have to teach us up here."

"It'll make no difference," said Dink obstinately.

"Of course not."

But each knew that for McCarthy, who would never be above the substitute class, the issue of the senior society was settled, once and for all.

The excitement of being initiated, the outward manifestation of Calcium Light Night and the spectacular parade of the cowled junior societies with their swelling marching songs, and the sudden arrival of Tap Day for a while drove from Stover all thoughts but his personal dreams.

On the fateful Thursday in May, shortly after half past four, he and Tough went over to the campus. By the fence the junior class, already swallowed up by the curious body of the college, were waiting the arrival of the senior elections which would begin on the stroke of five.

"Lots of others will take their medicine today," said McCarthy a little grimly.

"You bet."

Hungerford and McNab, seeing them, came over.

"Gee, look at the way the visitors are on the campus," said McNab.

"They're packed in all the windows of Durfee and over on the steps of Dwight Hall," said Hungerford. "I didn't know they came on like this."

"If you want a sensation," said McNab, "just go over to that bunch of juniors. You can hear every one of them breathe. They're scared to death. It's a regular slaughter."

Stover looked curiously at McNab, amazed to note the excitement on his usually flippant countenance. Then he looked over at the herd huddled under the trees by the fence. It was all a spectacle still—dramatic, but removed from his own personality. The juniors, with but a few exceptions, were only names to him. His own society men meant something, and Captain Dudley of next year's eleven, who, of course, was absolutely sure. He felt a little thrill as he looked over and saw the churning mass and thought that in two years he would stand there and wait. But, for the moment, he was only eagerly curious and a little inclined to be amused at the excessive solemnity of the performance.

"Who do you think will be first tapped for Bones?" said McNab, at his side.

"Dudley," said Hungerford.

"No; they'll keep him for the last place."

"Well, Allison, captain of the crew, then."

"I heard Smithson has switched over to Keys."

"They're both after De Gollyer."

All four had tentative lists in their hands, eagerly comparing them.

"Dopey, you're all wrong. Clark'll never get it."

"Why not?"

"Look at your Bones list — there's no place for him. You've got to include the pitcher of the nine and the president of Dwight Hall, haven't you?"

"My guess is Rogers first man for Keys."

"No; they'll take some man Bones wants — De Gollyer, probably."

"Let's get into the crowd."

"Come on."

"It's ten minutes of five already."

Le Baron, passing, stopped Stover, saying excitedly:

"Say, Dink, watch out for the crowd who go Keys and let me know, will you? I mean the men in our crowd?"

"Sure I will."

Stover was in the throng, with a strange, sharp memory of Le Baron's drawn face. It was a silent mass, waiting, watch in hand, trying stoically to face down the suspense of the last awful minutes. Men he knew stared past him unseeing. Some were carefully dressed, and others stood in sweater and jersey, biting on pipes that were not lit. He heard a few scattered voices and the brief, crisp remarks came to him like the scattered popping of musketry.

"What's the time, Bill?"

"Three minutes of."

"Did they ever make a mistake?"

"Sure; four years ago. A fellow got mixed up and tapped the wrong man."

"Didn't discover it until they were half way down the campus."

"Rotten situation."

"I should say so."

"Let's stand over here."

"What for?"

"Let's see Dudley tapped. He'll be first man for Bones."

"Gee, what a mob!"

"Packed like sardines."

Near the fence, the juniors, hemmed in, were constantly being welded together. Stover, moving aimlessly, caught sight of Dudley's face. He would have liked to signal him a greeting, a look of good will; but the face of the captain was set in stone. A voice near him whispered that there was a minute more. He looked in a dozen faces, amazed at the physical agony he saw on those who were counted surest. For the first time he began to realize the importance of it, the hopes and fears assembled there. Then he noticed, above the ghostlike heads of the crowd, the windows packed with spectators drawn to the spectacle. And he had a feeling of indignant resentment that outsiders should be there to watch this test of manhood after the long months of striving.

"Ten seconds, nine seconds, eight," some one said near him. Then suddenly, immediately swallowed up in a roar, the first iron note of the chapel bell crashed over them. Then a shriek:

"There he comes!"

"Over by the library."

"First man."

Across the campus, Dana, first man out for Bones, all in black, was making straight for them with the unrelenting directness of a torpedo. The same breathless tensity was in his face, the same solemnity. The crowd parted slightly before him and then closed behind him with a rush. He made his way furiously into the center of the tangle, throwing the crowd from him without distinction until opposite Dudley, who waited, looking at him blankly. He passed, and suddenly, seizing a man nearer Stover, swung him around and slapped him on the back with a loud slap, crying:

"Go to your room!"

Instantly the cry went up:

"It's De Gollyer!"

"First man tapped!"

The mass parted, and De Gollyer, wabbling a little, taking enormous steps, shot out for his dormitory, tracked by Dana, while about him his classmates shouted their approval of the popular choice.

"Yea!"

"Rogers!"

"First man for Keys."

"Rogers for Keys!"

Stover set out for a rush in the direction of the shout, tossed and buffeted in the scramble. At every moment, now, a cry went up as the elections proceeded rapidly. From time to time he found Le Baron, and shouted to him his report. He saw men he knew tearing back and forth, Hunter driven out of his pose of calm for once, little Schley, hysterical almost, running to and fro. At times the slap was given near him, and he caught the sudden realization, a look in the face that was not good to have seen. It was all like a stampede, some panic, a sudden shipwreck, when every second was precious and, once gone, gone forever, where the agony was in the face of the weak-hearted and a few stoically stood smiling at the waiting gulf.

The elections began to be exhausted and the writing on the wall to stare some in the face. Then something happened; a cry went up and a little circle formed under one of the trees, while back came the rumor:

"Some one's fainted."

"Man's gone under."

"Who?"

"Who is it?"

"Franklin."

"No, no; Henderson."

"You don't say so!"

"Fainted dead away. Missed out for Bones."

All at once another shout went up — a shout of amazement and incredulity. A great sensation spread everywhere. The Bones list had now reached fifteen; only two more to be given, and Allison of the crew, Dudley, and Harvey, chairman of the *News*, all rated sure men, were left. Who was to be rejected? Stover fought his way to where the three were standing white and silent, surrounded by the gaping crowd. Some one caught his arm. It was Le Baron, beside himself with excitement, saying:

"Good God, Dink! you don't suppose they're going to turn down Harvey or Allison?"

Almost before the words were uttered something had happened. A slap resounded and the sharp command:

"Go to your room!"

Then the cry:

"Harvey!"

"Harvey's tapped!"

"Only one place left."

"Good heavens!"

"Who's to go down?"

"It's impossible!"

Dudley and Allison, prospective captains, room-mates from school days at Andover, were left, and between them balancing the fates. A hush fell in the crowd, awed at the unusual spectacle of a Yale captain marked for rejection. Then Dudley, smiling, put out his hand and said in a clear voice:

"Joe, one of us has got to walk the plank. Here's luck!"

Allison's hand went out in a firm grip, smiling a little, too, as he answered:

"No, no; you're all right! You're sure."

"Here he is."

"Last man for Bones."

"Here he comes!"

The crowd massed at the critical point fell back, opening a lane to where Allison and Dudley waited, throwing back their shoulders a little, to meet the man who came straight to them, pale with the importance of the decision that had been given him. He reached Dudley, passed, and, seizing Allison by the shoulder, almost knocked him down by the force of his slap. Pandemonium broke loose:

"It's Allison!"

"No!"

"Yes."

"What, they've left out Dudley?"

"Missed out."

"Impossible!"

"Fact."

"Hi, Jack, Dudley's missed out!"

"Dudley, the football captain!"

"What the devil!"

"For the love of heaven!"

"Why, Dudley's the best in the world!"

"Sure he is."

"It's a shame."

"An outrage."

"They've done it just to show they're independent."

Across the campus toward Vanderbilt, Allison and the last Bones man, in tandem, were streaking like water insects. Le Baron, holding on to Stover, was cursing in broken accents. But Dink heard him only indistinctly; he was looking at Dudley. The pallor had left his face, which was a little flushed; the head was thrown back proudly; and the lips were set in a smile that answered the torrent of sympathy and regret that was shouted to him. The last elections to Keys and Wolf's Head were forgotten in the stir of the incredible rejection.

Then some one shrieked out for a cheer, and the roar went over the campus again and again.

Dudley, always with the same smile and shining eyes, made his way slowly across toward Vanderbilt, hugged, patted on the back, his hand wrung frantically by those who swarmed about him. Stover was at his side, everything forgotten but the drama of the moment, cheering and shouting, seeing with a sort of wonder a little spectacled grind with blazing eyes shaking hands with Dudley, crying:

"It's a crime — a darned crime! We all think so, all of us!"

For half an hour the college, moved as it had never been, stood huddled below Dudley's rooms, cheering itself hoarse. Then slowly the crowd began to melt away.

"Come on, Dink," said Hungerford, who had him by the arm.

"Oh, is that you, Joe?" said Dink, seeing him for the first time. "Isn't it an outrage?"

"I don't understand it."

"By George, wasn't he fine, though?"

"He certainly was!"

"I was right by him. He never flinched a second."

"Dink, the whole thing is terrible," said Hungerford, his sensitive face showing the pain of the emotions he had undergone. "I don't think it's right to put fellows through such a test as that."

"You don't believe in Tap Day?"

"I don't know."

Their paths crossed Regan's and they halted, each wondering what that unusual character had thought of it all.

"Hello, Tom."

"Hello, Jim; hello, Dink."

"Tough about Dudley, isn't it?"

"How so?"

"Why, missing out!"

"Perhaps it's Bones' loss," said Regan grimly. "Dudley's all right. He's lucky. He's ten times the man he was this morning."

Neither Hungerford nor Stover answered.

"What do you think of it — Tap Day?" said Hungerford, after a moment.

"The best thing in the whole society system," said Regan, with extra warmth.

"Well, I'll be darned!" said Stover, in genuine surprise. "I thought you'd be for abolishing it."

"Never! If you're going through three years afraid to call your souls your own, why, you ought to stand out before every one and take what's coming to you. That's my idea."

He bobbed his head and went on toward Commons.

"I don't know," said Hungerford solemnly. It's a horror; I wish I hadn't seen it."

"I'm glad I did," said Stover slowly. "They certainly baptize us in fire up here." He remembered McCarthy with a new understanding and repeated: "We certainly learn how to take our medicine up here, Joe. It's a good deal to learn."

They wandered back toward the now quiet fence. All the crowding and the stirring was gone, and over all a strange silence, the silence of exhaustion. The year was over; what would come afterward was inconsequential.

"I wonder if it's all worth it?" said Hungerford suddenly.

Stover did not answer; it was the question that was in his own thoughts. What he had seen that afternoon was still too vivid in his memory. He tried to shake it off, but, with the obsession of a fetish, it clung to him. He understood now, not that he would yield to the emotion, but the fear of judgment that swayed men he knew and what Regan had meant when he had referred to those who did not dare to call their souls their own.

"It does get you," he said, at last, to Hungerford.

"It does me," said Hungerford frankly, "and I suppose it'll get worse."

"I wonder?"

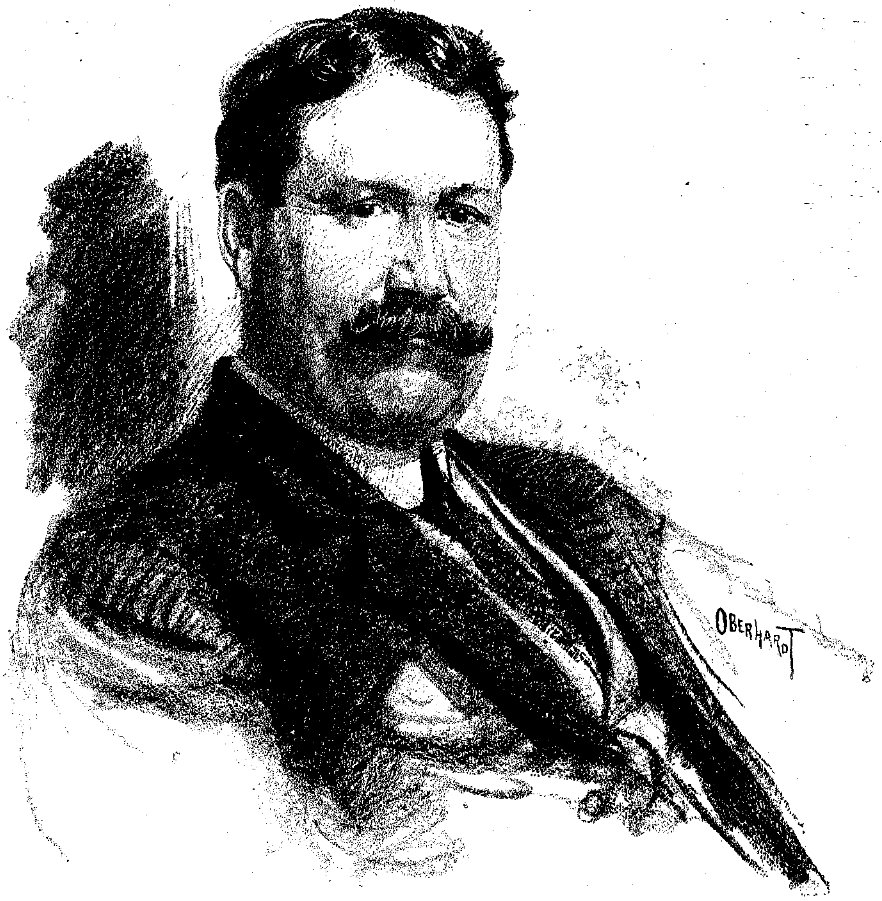
He was silent, thinking of the year that had passed, wondering if the next would bring him the same discipline and the same fatigue, and if at the end of the three years' grind, if such should be his lot, he could stand up like Dudley before the whole college and take his medicine with a smile.

TO BE CONTINUED

WINTER BRANCHES

BY JEANNETTE MARKS

GRAY branches, budding for a spring to come,
And rain-hung pines, and full-flung song of brooks,
Mists, and the wind's warm music from the south —
Sing, sing,
"Oh what, oh what have we to tell
Of winter and of death?
Rather,
Message we bring,
Heartbeat and breath,
Ambassador and seal
Of spring!"



HOW BURNS CAUGHT THE DYNAMITERS

THE GREAT DETECTIVE REVIEWS THE McNAMARA CASE FROM THE FIRST CLUE TO THE CONFESSION

WILLIAM J. BURNS, another of whose cases is printed in this month's McCLURE'S, was recently called by the New York *Times* "the greatest detective certainly, and perhaps the only really great detective, the only detective of genius, whom this country has produced." This characterization was inspired by the confession, on the first of December, of James B. McNamara, that he had been guilty of dynamiting the building of the Los Angeles *Times* and killing twenty-one men. The admission, by McNamara, that Burns' evidence against him was so complete that it was useless for him to put in any defense was unquestionably the greatest triumph in Mr. Burns' whole career. It was a fitting culmination to the other cases which had already made Mr. Burns famous, and which he has described in recent numbers of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE. Ex-President Roosevelt voiced the general sentiment when he telegraphed to Mr. Burns, after McNamara had pleaded guilty in the Los

Angeles case: *"All good American citizens feel that they owe you a debt of gratitude for your signal service to American citizenship."*

A Great Vindication for Mr. Burns

In McCLURE's for last August, four months before James B. McNamara confessed to dynamiting the Los Angeles *Times* Building, Mr. Burns told how he had proved that the McNamara brothers were guilty. Immediately, the leading labor unions, as represented by their leaders and publications, began to denounce Detective Burns. They declared that Mr. Burns himself had manufactured the evidence upon which he relied to convict the Los Angeles dynamiters. They accused him of "planting" dynamite in various places, and of having been hired by capital to bring the cause of labor into disrepute. Now, this was no new experience for Mr. Burns. When he was running down the franchise and corporation magnates of San Francisco in connection with the Ruef scandal, he was accused of being the enemy of capital. Mr. Burns' own narrative, however, as given in McCLURE's, was a perfectly simple one. It showed, with a great wealth of detail, Mr. Burns' mental processes in unraveling the dynamite mysteries, and the precise methods that he used in establishing the facts. Inasmuch as all the labor unions themselves, and their leaders, now freely admit the accuracy of Mr. Burns' narrative as published in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, it is worth while to recapitulate the main points. The following is a condensed statement of Burns' own story of how he captured the dynamiters.

The Dynamite Epidemic of the Last Five Years

Detective Burns really discovered the criminals in the Los Angeles explosion before that explosion had occurred. For some months he had been attempting to discover the perpetrators of a large number of similar outrages in different parts of the United States. The dynamite epidemic started in 1905, when attempts were made to destroy several railroad bridges in the neighborhood of Peoria, Illinois, which were being constructed by the American Bridge Company. In the year 1906 a policeman was killed in the Plaza Hotel in New York City, an American Bridge Company's watchman was killed near Pittsburgh, and several explosions took place in Newark and Cleveland on work of the Pittsburgh Construction Company. In 1907 there were a large number of similar accidents, and 1908 was virtually a reign of terror among steel constructors. In that year there were twenty big dynamite explosions on different works, besides four that ended unsuccessfully. These accidents took place in such widely separated places as Cleveland (Ohio), Elsdon (Illinois), Clinton (Iowa), Perth Amboy (New Jersey), Bradshaw (Maryland), St. Louis, and Kansas City.

Explosion in Los Angeles Like the Ones in Peoria

Although the favorite object of attack was the railroad bridge, steel buildings, steamship piers in the city of New York, and structural material in the Pennsylvania Railroad yards at Philadelphia were other things that were dynamited. It was only by the barest chance in many of these outrages that there was not a great loss of human life. Thus, on the night of July 1, a bridge was blown up on the Lehigh Valley Railroad at Buffalo, just a few minutes before a passenger train was stopped within two hundred feet of plunging into the wreck and killing the passengers. In 1909 and down to September, 1910, there were thirty-five destructive explosions, three other unsuccessful attempts, and several assaults on workmen. All these years the employers had been working hard to find out who was committing these crimes. They had spent hundreds of thousands of dollars upon detectives, without result. In desperation, the firm of McClintic, Marshall & Company, of Pittsburgh, called in Mr. Burns. On September 4, 1910, there had been two explosions in a foundry belonging to Lucas & Sons in Peoria, Illinois. At almost the same minute another explosion had blown up bridge-girders that were lying in the yards of the Peoria & Pekin Union Railway in East Peoria. The girders on this bridge belonged to McClintic, Marshall & Company. Mr. Burns had practically discovered the guilty parties in this explosion when the news came that the *Times* Building in Los Angeles had been destroyed. The circumstances in these cases were so much alike that he immediately concluded that the men responsible for the Peoria explosions were the ones who had operated in Los Angeles.

The Tell-Tale Clockwork Bomb

The dynamiters in the railroad yards at East Peoria had left several important clues. Among the débris their watchman had picked up an unexploded clockwork bomb. In manufacturing this bomb the dynamiters had sawed out a piece of board about the width of a barrel-stave and about nine inches long. At one end they had fastened a small dry battery, with wires that held the battery lying on its side. In front of the battery they had fastened a little alarm-clock. There was the usual thumb-key on the back of the clock to wind the alarm. To this the dynamiters had soldered a thin strip of metal, which was bent down in such a way that if the key were turned the strip would make a contact with another strip that had been attached to one of the poles of the battery. A telephone wire led from the clock to a ten-quart can of nitroglycerin; and there was a fulminating-cap on the end of it, in the glycerin. Another wire completed the circuit from the battery into the cap. In other words, we had here a complete electrical circuit, broken only by a thin strip of metal which was attached to the flap of the thumb-key on the back of the clock. A slight turn of this key, however, would engage the metal with another strip, and so make the circuit complete. Any one who has had any experience with alarm-clocks knows that when the alarm goes off the key on the back begins to turn. In other words, the originators of this ingenious device could set the alarm at any time they chose, and establish a complete electrical circuit and ignite the nitroglycerin. They would wind up the clock, set the alarm for ten or twelve hours ahead, and betake themselves to some distant point long before the explosion occurred.

Another clue that turned out to be important was the wooden box containing sawdust in which the glycerin had been packed. One of Mr. Burns' assistants found this in a field near the railroad yards, and carefully preserved a good-sized sample of the sawdust. The detectives also discovered and preserved the can that had held the nitroglycerin.

Valuable Clue in Stolen Sawdust

A man in Portland, Indiana, about two hundred miles from Peoria, who was the agent for a torpedo company, read a description of this can, came to Peoria, and identified it as having come from his factory. That was the beginning of the long detective story which has just led up to the confession of James B. McNamara in Los Angeles. Detective Burns found that a man, who called himself "J. W. McGraw," had bought large quantities of nitroglycerin in Portland, for use in "quarry work." The law prevents the transferal of nitroglycerin within town limits, and "McGraw" had to come to an appointed spot on a country road, in a light express wagon, to get the nitroglycerin. In this wagon he brought two packing-cases and a considerable amount of sawdust to pack around the nitroglycerin tins. The sawdust, which Detective Burns had carefully collected at the scene of the accident in East Peoria, now became of the utmost importance. By further investigation the detectives found the livery stable where "McGraw" had hired his wagon, and the farm-yard where he had stolen the sawdust from a pile beside a new barn. There was sawdust in the bottom of the wagon and sawdust by the roadside where "McGraw" had packed the tins. This sawdust was exactly the same kind as that which the detectives found in the East Peoria railroad yards. Meanwhile they had obtained several good descriptions of "John W. McGraw," and a good specimen of his handwriting. They traced him to Indianapolis, where he had frequently been seen in the company of another man. These two men had been overheard several times talking familiarly of a certain John J. McNamara, secretary and treasurer of the International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron-Workers. This was the labor union which had been engaged for many years in a bitter struggle with the Erectors' Association to compel a closed shop.

Mr. Burns had all this information in hand when the explosion took place, in Los Angeles, which killed twenty-one men. A few hours after the destruction of the *Times* Building, a gardener found another bomb in the basement of the home of General Harrison Gray Otis, of Los Angeles. General Otis was the proprietor of the Los Angeles *Times*, and the man at whom the hatred of the Los Angeles labor unions was particularly directed. A third bomb was found beside the house of the secretary of the Manufacturers' and Merchants' Association of Los Angeles, which had been helping in the fight for an open shop. This bomb was saved, and proved to be an exact duplicate of the one that Detective Burns had found in Peoria — battery, clock, and all.

Burns Locates the 80-per-Cent Dynamite

Mayor Alexander of Los Angeles asked Burns to undertake the investigation of the dynamiting. In the course of time he had the complete details in hand. He found that a powder company in San Francisco had sold considerable quantities of 80-per-cent dynamite to a man by the name of "Leonard," who was purchasing for his employer, one "J. B. Bryce." The powder company's suspicions were aroused from the first, because 80-per-cent dynamite is a more powerful explosive than is generally used, and has to be made to order. The man came for the dynamite in a small power-boat. Burns got the complete history of this boat from the place where it had been hired, and traced its course in the hands of its new navigators. He also found the dynamite — all except that which had been used in the Los Angeles operations. He ultimately identified "Leonard" as M. A. Schmidt, a former Chicagoan, who had at one time been a member of the Mill-Workers' Union in Chicago. The particular object of his search, however, was "J. B. Bryce." Burns soon discovered that he was the leader of the crowd, and he had considerable difficulty in trailing him.

"McGraw" Turns Out to be McManigle

Mr. Burns' assistants now kept a careful eye on "McGraw." This man made the fatal mistake of returning to Indianapolis. He did this in order to get in touch with J. J. McNamara, the secretary-treasurer of the International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron-Workers. A thorough investigation of "McGraw" disclosed that his real name was Ortie McManigle. One day he took a train to Kenosha, in Wisconsin, where he was followed, of course, by Mr. Burns' detectives. Here he met a man who completely answered the description of "J. B. Bryce," of the Los Angeles trail. "Bryce" turned out to be Jim McNamara, a brother of the secretary-treasurer. Mr. Burns solved the rest of the mystery by the trick which he says "solves most of the detective cases in these days — the 'tailing.' It's what good palming is to sleight-of-hand. It's the thing the operative has to learn before he can move on a case at all. He has to learn to follow a man on the street, in railroad trains, on street-cars, in hotels, picking him up and dropping him and picking him up again, without ever really losing sight of him and without ever being seen or suspected himself."

This is what Mr. Burns' detectives did with McManigle and Jim McNamara for several months. In course of time Burns had enough evidence in hand to warrant an arrest. He took both men in the lobby of the Oxford Hotel, in Detroit, about the middle of April. The men had gone to Detroit for the express purpose of "pulling off five jobs there." A few minutes before their arrest these men had checked their suit-cases at the hotel. In these receptacles Mr. Burns discovered six clock batteries of identically the same kind as those that had been used in the Los Angeles and Peoria explosions — caps, wires, tools, and even a battery-tester.

Attempt to Bribe Burns Detectives

Jim McNamara, soon after his arrest, practically gave up any idea of fighting. He said to Burns' son Raymond, who had him in charge: "You don't want me for a Chicago job. You want me for a Los Angeles job." He attempted to buy off the Burns detectives, offering them thirty thousand dollars to let him go free. He sought to justify what he had done, saying that he had done it to further the cause of union labor. "I'd blow the whole damn country up if I thought it would get us our rights," he said.

McNamara, though talking freely in this offhand manner, refused to make any formal statement. McManigle, however, confessed. Perhaps Mr. Burns' greatest gift as a detective is his ability to obtain confessions. He does not resort to third-degree methods, but goes about it in a perfectly simple, straightforward manner. On this occasion he took McManigle aside and had a quiet talk with him. He told him exactly what he had been doing for the last few months, described his movements from day to day, and showed a familiarity with his whole dynamiting record that was simply overwhelming. McManigle saw precisely what the McNamaras recently saw in Los Angeles: that the Burns case against them was so complete that it was useless to attempt to put in any defense. A few hours after Burns' talk with him, McManigle sent word that he would like to see him again. On this occasion he told Burns the truth about the whole conspiracy.

Dynamite Stored in a Barn

John J. McNamara's arrest followed as a matter of course. In a short time Mr. Burns had in his possession absolutely convincing evidence against all three men. One of his most interesting discoveries was made at the farmhouse of a man named D. Jones. One day Mr. Burns appeared at Jones' door and asked the latter to take him to his barn. It was seven in the evening, and growing dark. Jones brought a lantern and the barn key. In one corner of the barn stood a piano-box. "Jones," said Burns, "whose box is that?"

"It belongs to J. J. McNamara," replied Jones.

"What is it doing here?"

"Why, he has it to keep books in."

"What sort of books?"

"Records — the union's old books."

"Jones," said Burns, "didn't you know there was dynamite in that box?"

The farmer became so frightened that he could scarcely answer. "No!" he finally gasped.

Burns had with him one of the keys which he had found on James B. McNamara in Detroit. With this he unlocked a heavy padlock on the box. He found that the box was packed with forty pounds of dynamite and a small tin of nitroglycerin. "Jones," he said, "what sort of books did you think they were going to pack in sawdust?"

The farmer replied that J. J. McNamara had hired storage room in the barn to keep old books and records, paying a year's rent of sixty dollars in advance; that McNamara had bought the piano-box, and hired him to buy the sawdust and haul it to the box in the barn. The farmer's wife corroborated these statements.

Detective Burns' next step was to visit a kind of vault in the basement of the American Central Life Building, which had been built for Secretary McNamara's express use. In this he found four packages containing about eighty pounds of dynamite, each package being wrapped in newspapers, and a corner of each being torn open as if to make a hole for a fuse. He also found fourteen of the little alarm-clocks, identical with those discovered in Peoria and Los Angeles, a box of fulminating-caps, several yards of insulating-wire, a number of metal strips to be attached to the alarm-clocks, and some odds and ends of electrical apparatus. In the same place he found a kind of valise of "fiber-board," specially made to fit one of the ten-quart tins of nitroglycerin that had been discovered in Peoria. In J. J. McNamara's bedroom Burns also found one of the little alarm-clocks. In Tiffin, Ohio, in a shed on property that belonged to McManigle's father, the detectives unearthed five hundred and forty pounds of dynamite. In a railroad station at Toledo, Mr. Burns found a dress-suit case, belonging to McNamara, soaked with nitroglycerin.

These discoveries certainly seemed to fix both the Peoria and the Los Angeles crimes pretty closely upon the McNamara brothers and McManigle. When taken in connection with McManigle's full confession, there appeared scarcely a loophole of escape. And there was only one way in which the McNamara brothers and their sympathizers could meet the situation. That was by putting up the claim that Mr. Burns' discoveries were simply the result of a conspiracy, that he himself had "planted" all these explosives and other incriminating evidence. This claim was made so emphatically by certain labor leaders all over the United States that a large number of the best intentioned labor-union men themselves were deceived. The fact that the labor unions themselves, now that McNamara's confession has cleared up the situation, have so generally repudiated the real conspirators, promises a new and better day for the best interests of labor unions in the United States.

IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER

"THE HIGHER-UPS," AN ARRAIGNMENT OF THE MEN BEHIND THE DYNAMITERS, WILL BE THE NEXT ARTICLE IN THE SERIES OF PERSONAL ACCOUNTS GIVEN BY THE DETECTIVE TO THE EDITORS OF McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

THE ARSON MYSTERIES

DETECTIVE BURNS' FIRST GREAT CASE

AS TOLD BY HIM TO HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

THE "great" detective in fiction and on the stage is less a man than a penetrative intelligence, scientific, mysterious, scarcely human, silently inscrutable, and moving behind impenetrable disguises. But for the detective in real life — where even rouge on a woman's cheek is apparent — no elaborate disguise is possible; silence in him would be at once suspected; the mere appearance of astuteness would defeat him; he must seem everything that is commonplace and average. To be successful, he must have the engaging human qualities that disarm suspicion; he must have sympathy and imagination to understand his fellows and move according to their expectations; he must be able to act a part convincingly in its proper emotions; he must have "magnetism" and social address. In short, he must use the tools of the "confidence man," — as the soldier uses the tools of the murderer, — and the difference between the detective and the swindler, as between the sol-

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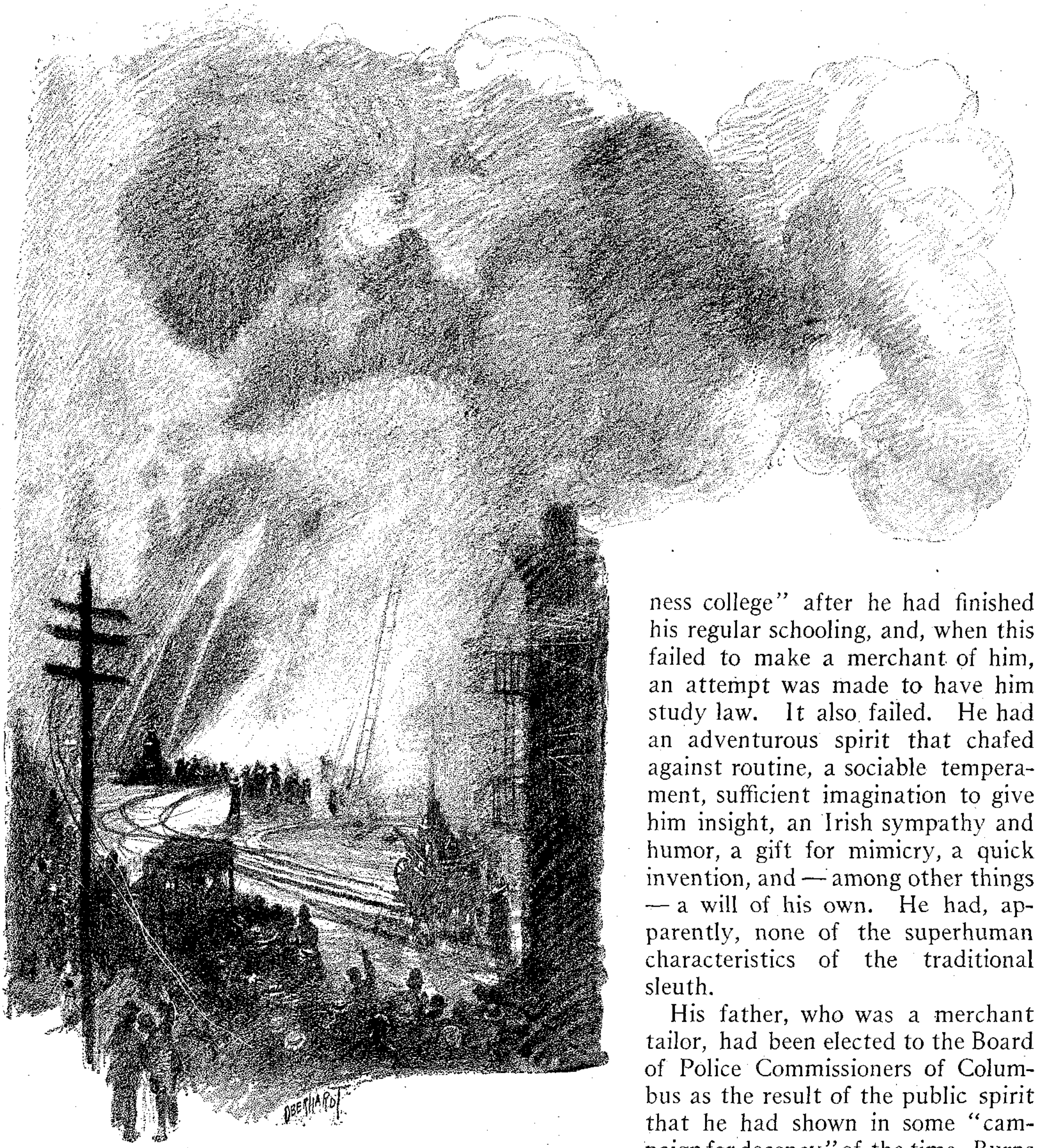
Note: For obvious reasons, some proper names and descriptions of places have been changed, in this narrative, beyond any possibility of identification.



"A NUMBER OF HOUSES HAD BEEN BURNED UNDER SUSPICIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES"

dier and the hired assassin, lies in the honest social purpose that makes the one the defender of society, where the other is its enemy.

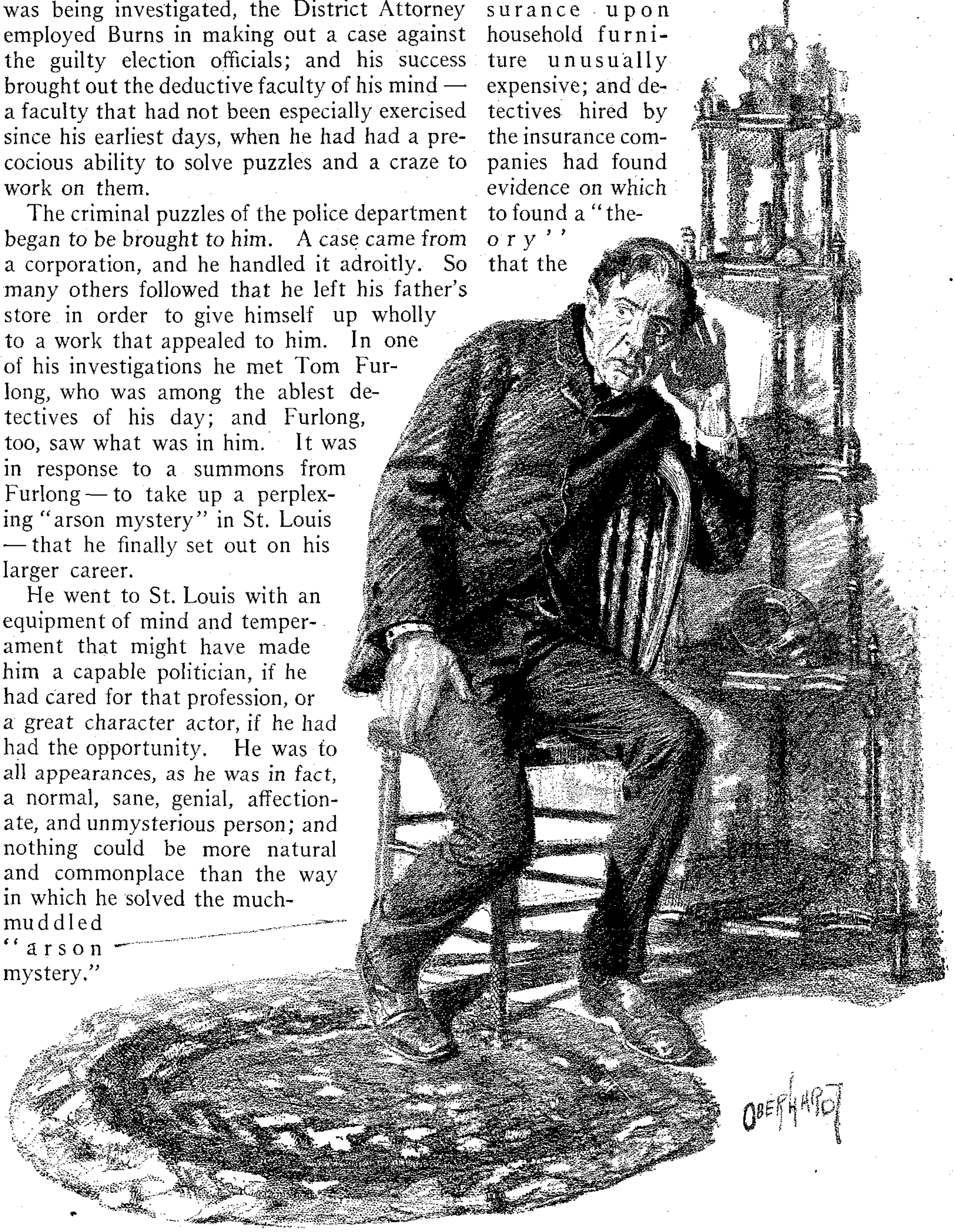
Twenty-five years ago William J. Burns was one of the popular youths of Columbus, Ohio. He had acquired some local fame as a clog-dancer. He was a great practical joker, a member of debating societies and of the young people's "Shakespearian Club," an amateur politician of the cleaner sort, conspicuous in Republican rallies, and was at least once proposed for a political office to which he did not aspire. He had wished to go on the stage, but his father would have none of it. He had been sent to a "business college" after he had finished his regular schooling, and, when this failed to make a merchant of him, an attempt was made to have him study law. It also failed. He had an adventurous spirit that chafed against routine, a sociable temperament, sufficient imagination to give him insight, an Irish sympathy and humor, a gift for mimicry, a quick invention, and — among other things — a will of his own. He had, apparently, none of the superhuman characteristics of the traditional sleuth.

His father, who was a merchant tailor, had been elected to the Board of Police Commissioners of Columbus as the result of the public spirit that he had shown in some "campaign for decency" of the time. Burns says of him: "He was unerring in his judgment of people, and he was absolutely honest." His quality of aggressive honesty was enforced in his children by the piety and virtue of an Irish mother and the training of a devout Roman Catholic home. That is another unmysterious quality that is essential to the success of a real detective: he must be as honest as the law.

Through his father's work as a police commissioner, Burns naturally became interested in the problems of the department. One of the commissioners, Barney McCabe, had been a noted detective in his earlier days; he took a great liking to the son of his colleague, for the recondite reason that young Burns was likable. In spite of the disparity in their ages, they became "chums," and it was McCabe who first appreciated Burns' practical ability. They became associated in political activities, and they consulted and worked together in police affairs. When the notorious "tally-sheet forgeries"— an election fraud of the early '80's — was being investigated, the District Attorney employed Burns in making out a case against the guilty election officials; and his success brought out the deductive faculty of his mind — a faculty that had not been especially exercised since his earliest days, when he had had a precocious ability to solve puzzles and a craze to work on them.

The criminal puzzles of the police department began to be brought to him. A case came from a corporation, and he handled it adroitly. So many others followed that he left his father's store in order to give himself up wholly to a work that appealed to him. In one of his investigations he met Tom Furlong, who was among the ablest detectives of his day; and Furlong, too, saw what was in him. It was in response to a summons from Furlong — to take up a perplexing "arson mystery" in St. Louis — that he finally set out on his larger career.

He went to St. Louis with an equipment of mind and temperament that might have made him a capable politician, if he had cared for that profession, or a great character actor, if he had had the opportunity. He was to all appearances, as he was in fact, a normal, sane, genial, affectionate, and unmysterious person; and nothing could be more natural and commonplace than the way in which he solved the much-muddled "arson mystery."



"BURNS COULD SEE A MAN WITH HIS HEAD TURNED TO LISTEN"

A number of rented houses in St. Louis had been burned, one by one, under suspicious circumstances that included, in several instances, a "plugged" fire-alarm box and a smell of incendiarism. The owners of the houses were obviously innocent, and they had lost by the fires; but the tenants, in each case, had been protected by insurance upon household furniture unusually expensive; and detectives hired by the insurance companies had found evidence on which to found a "theory" that the original contents of the house had been secretly replaced by second-hand goods and the companies swindled into paying an excessive fire loss on the substituted furniture. In one instance an invalid, taken from an adjoining house during a fire, had died as the result of exposure. Various detectives had made various reports of "shadowings" and "ropings" and such professional activities — reports that always showed a warm trail of suspicion, but arrived nowhere. It had not been possible, even after months of work, to find enough evidence to establish a case; and the insurance companies had been compelled to swallow their suspicions and pay many of the claims of the swindlers — as well as the bills of the detectives.

These companies had finally retained, as special counsel, an eminent criminal lawyer named Marshall McDonald to resist some of the later claims. McDonald and Detective Furlong had worked together successfully on the "Maxwell-Preller" murder case, and McDonald called Furlong's attention to the arson "mysteries" and to the failure of the other detectives to solve them.

"It seems to me," he said to Furlong, "that if you would go to work on these cases you would get some results. It shouldn't be impossible to catch the men. And it would be a fine feather in your cap, Tom, if you ran them down now, after everybody else has failed."

As a result of that conversation, Furlong wrote for Burns, and when Burns arrived they examined the reports upon the case together in Furlong's office, and discussed them. Burns argued that, though it had been apparently impossible to bring home the guilt of arson in any instance,— and equally impossible to prove, from the furniture salvaged from any fire, that it was not the same that had been insured before the fire,— still, if a band of swindlers had been insuring furniture and then "switching" it, they must have had the expensive furniture hauled away from the house and the cheaper furniture brought to replace it. Through that gate, over that bridge, each separate conspiracy had to pass — in a moving-van. He put aside all the other involved and debatable incidents of the crimes, pointed at the hypothetical moving-van, and said: "There's the solution. If we can get the van we can prove that the furniture was switched. And, if we can prove *that*, we can make a case."

This may seem a disappointingly simple "key" to offer for the elucidation of so persistently baffling a mystery. But, then, Burns insists: "There's no such thing as a 'mystery' — if you'll only use a little common sense!"

The previous detectives had reported that a man named — let us say — Bob Judd had probably been the driver who had moved the furniture; but they had not succeeded in proving it. They had tried to "rope" him, and they had failed. He had long since disappeared. Burns started out to find him.

He found the house in which Judd had roomed — a quite ordinary lodging-house on a quite ordinary street; and the mistress of the house was a quite ordinary landlady. The merely ordinary young man who came there to ask for his friend Judd behaved in no extraordinary manner. He was naturally disappointed to find that Judd had left some months before, and that the landlady did not know where he had gone. She thought that he had left town. She did not know the name of any relative or any friend of Judd's from whom it would be possible to learn his address.

"Well, he had a sweetheart, hadn't he?" Burns hazarded with a confident smile.

"Yes," she said. "He had that. But I don't remember her name."

"Where did she live?"

"I don't know that, either. But I mind her father was a carpenter."

"Where did he work?"

"Why," she said, "he worked, to be sure, wherever he had work to do. He was a carpenter."

"Can't you tell me any *one* place where he ever worked?"

"I can," she said. "He worked, once, down to the Fair grounds — when they were building them sheds."

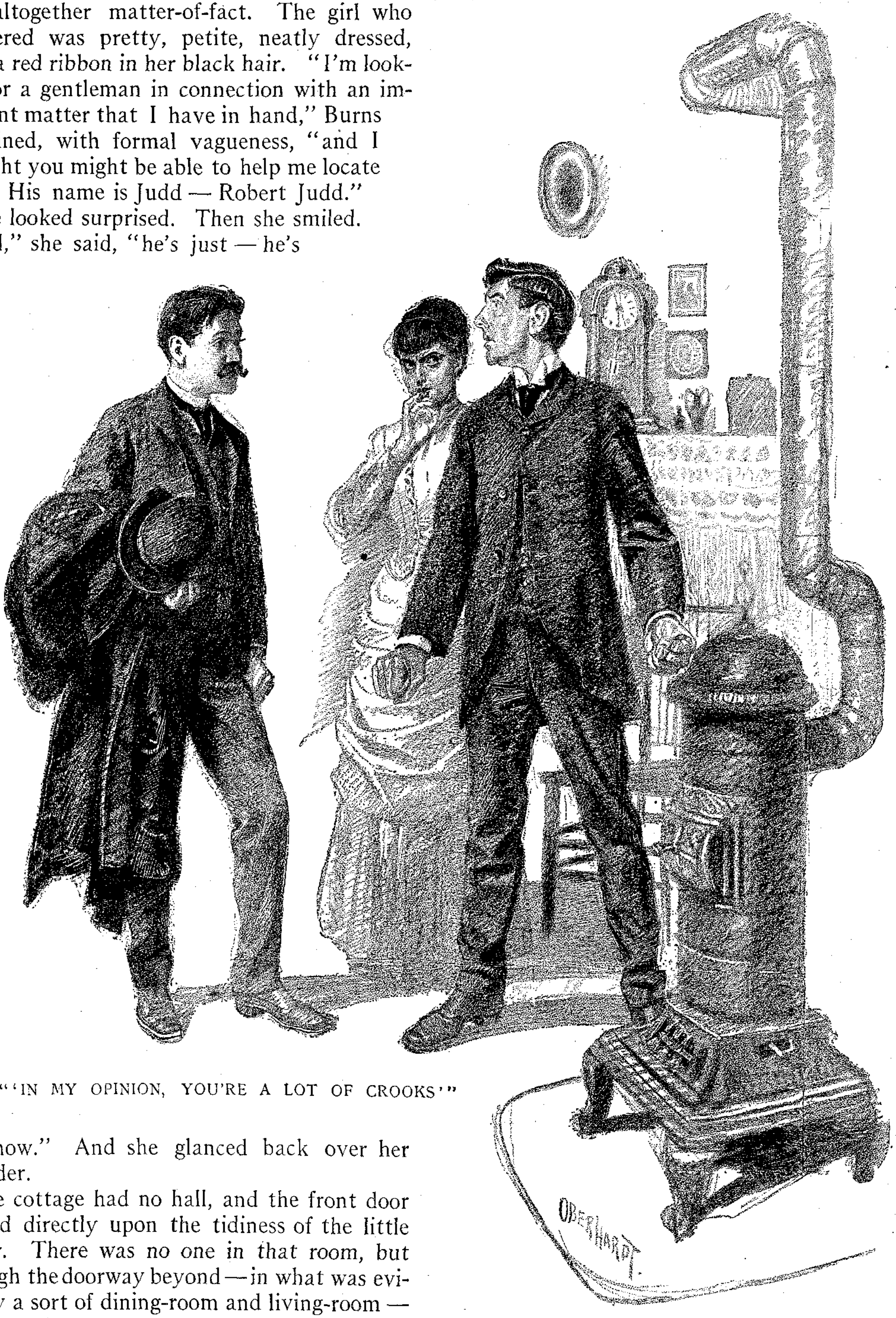
"Well," Burns ended cheerfully, "if you see Bob, tell him I was looking for him. 'Burke,' tell him — 'Ned Burke.' I'm sorry he didn't leave his address."

He went then to the Fair grounds, and asked the name of the contractor who had built the sheds. When he found the contractor's office, he obtained a list of the carpenters who had been employed on the contract. And the list, naturally, was long.

In the unraveling of almost any "mystery" there comes a time when the one needed clue must be found by a search so tedious that nothing could be more commonplace and boresome. This is another department of practical detective work that does not bulk as large in imaginative literature as it does in life. The successful detective must have the patient application of stupidity itself in order to plod through the task undiscouraged; and, if Burns had not such a patience, all the brilliancies of genius could not have raised him to eminence in his profession. He began to "run out" his list of carpenters, methodically; and he went from one to another, asking news of Judd.

After three or four days he arrived at the home of a carpenter named Martin, and it was a small frame house in the suburbs of St. Louis, with nothing to indicate that there was a "mystery" concealed behind the Nottingham lace curtains of its front windows or the panels of its sun-blistered door. Burns knocked in a manner altogether matter-of-fact. The girl who answered was pretty, petite, neatly dressed, with a red ribbon in her black hair. "I'm looking for a gentleman in connection with an important matter that I have in hand," Burns explained, with formal vagueness, "and I thought you might be able to help me locate him. His name is Judd — Robert Judd."

She looked surprised. Then she smiled. "Well," she said, "he's just — he's here now." And she glanced back over her shoulder.



"'IN MY OPINION, YOU'RE A LOT OF CROOKS'"

The cottage had no hall, and the front door opened directly upon the tidiness of the little parlor. There was no one in that room, but through the doorway beyond — in what was evidently a sort of dining-room and living-room — Burns could see a tall young man sitting with his head turned to listen. It was at him that the girl looked over her shoulder. He rose, and Burns advanced to meet him.

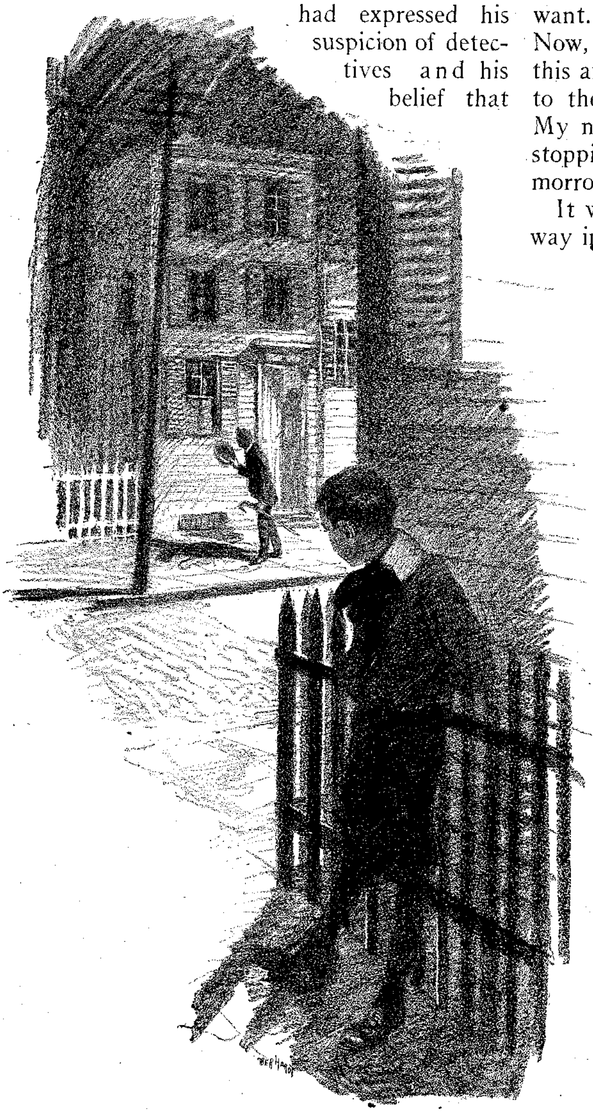
"Are you Mr. Judd? I'm sorry if I interrupted ——"

"Yes," said Judd coolly, "and I know who *you* are. You're another of those detectives. And I want to tell you," Judd went on, "you can't do business with *me*. I don't want to have anything to do with any of you. In my opinion, you're a lot of crooks."

Burns had come without any expectation of meeting Judd, and, of course, with no plan prepared for "roping" him. The girl had her hand on Judd's arm as if to restrain him. "That's all right," Burns assured her. "This is exactly what I wanted to hear." And that remark was the first step of his approach toward roping Judd.

Lest the ingenuity of what followed should seem uncanny, Burns explains: "If you're going to gain the confidence of a suspect, you have to go in the same direction that he's going, don't you? You have to move with his mind. You have to get in step with him. Judd had a grievance against detectives. My only play was to have a grievance against them, too."

So, when Judd further had expressed his suspicion of detectives and his belief that they were all "crooks," Burns said: "That's exactly what I want to prove by *you*. I'm an attorney from Chicago, representing a number of insurance companies. We believe that we've been robbed by these men. We find where you've been paid two thousand dollars, and we can't find any reports to cover it."



"'FOLLOW HIM WHEN HE COMES OUT, AND FIND OUT WHERE HE GOES'"

Judd was a lank and muscular sort of "homespun" Yankee with a lean, shrewd face, clean-shaven. He said: "What? They never paid me twenty cents!"

"Exactly!" Burns said. "But they've got you charged with two thousand dollars. What I want to do is to bring suit and have these fellows arrested."

"Well, the dirty crooks!"

"If we can prove that by *you*, that's all we want. And we'll appreciate it very much. Now, I don't want to interfere with your call this afternoon, but if you can arrange to come to the Southern Hotel to-morrow morning — My name is Williams — B. J. Williams. I'm stopping there. And if you can come there to-morrow morning at ten o'clock ——"

It was finally arranged, in the most natural way in the world, that Judd — who was out of work and had just come to town to see Miss Martin — should give a few hours of the following morning to a consultation with the lawyer for the purpose of convicting the detectives of the "arson mystery" on a charge of fraud.

Burns, as he left the house, did not feel sure that Judd would not change his mind before morning and fail to keep his appointment — in which case it would be well to know where he was lodging in St. Louis, so that some new way might be devised for "roping" him. To this end it was necessary to "tail" him when he left the Martins'. Nothing could be simpler than the way in which Burns devised that tail.

He saw a boy who evidently lived in the neighborhood — a boy who looked ordinarily intelligent, about ten years old, and dressed in the "prevailing style" of boys. "Do you live around here, son?" Burns asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know who lives in that house?" He pointed to Martin's cottage.

"Yes," the boy said. "That's Martin's."

"Do you know Miss Martin?"

He nodded.

"Well," Burns confided, "she's a sweetheart of mine. There's a fellow in there, calling on her. I want to find out where he lives. Do you think you could follow him when he comes out, and find out where he goes — without letting him see you?"

The boy grinned. Burns took out two silver dollars. "If you find out where he goes to, and get the number and the street, and come to the Southern Hotel to-morrow morning at nine o'clock and tell me, I'll give you three dollars more."

The boy pocketed the two dollars. "When's he comin' out?"

"You'll have to wait and see. And don't tell any one I got you to do this. I don't want her to know."

"A' right," he said. He had his eyes already fixed on the house, as if he were afraid that the door might open at any moment, and those three dollars make a wild effort to escape him.

Burns went back to Furlong to report progress and arrange a "plant" for Judd. There was nothing amazingly ingenious or involved in that "plant." There rarely is in Burns' expedients; they are usually as simple as they are effective.

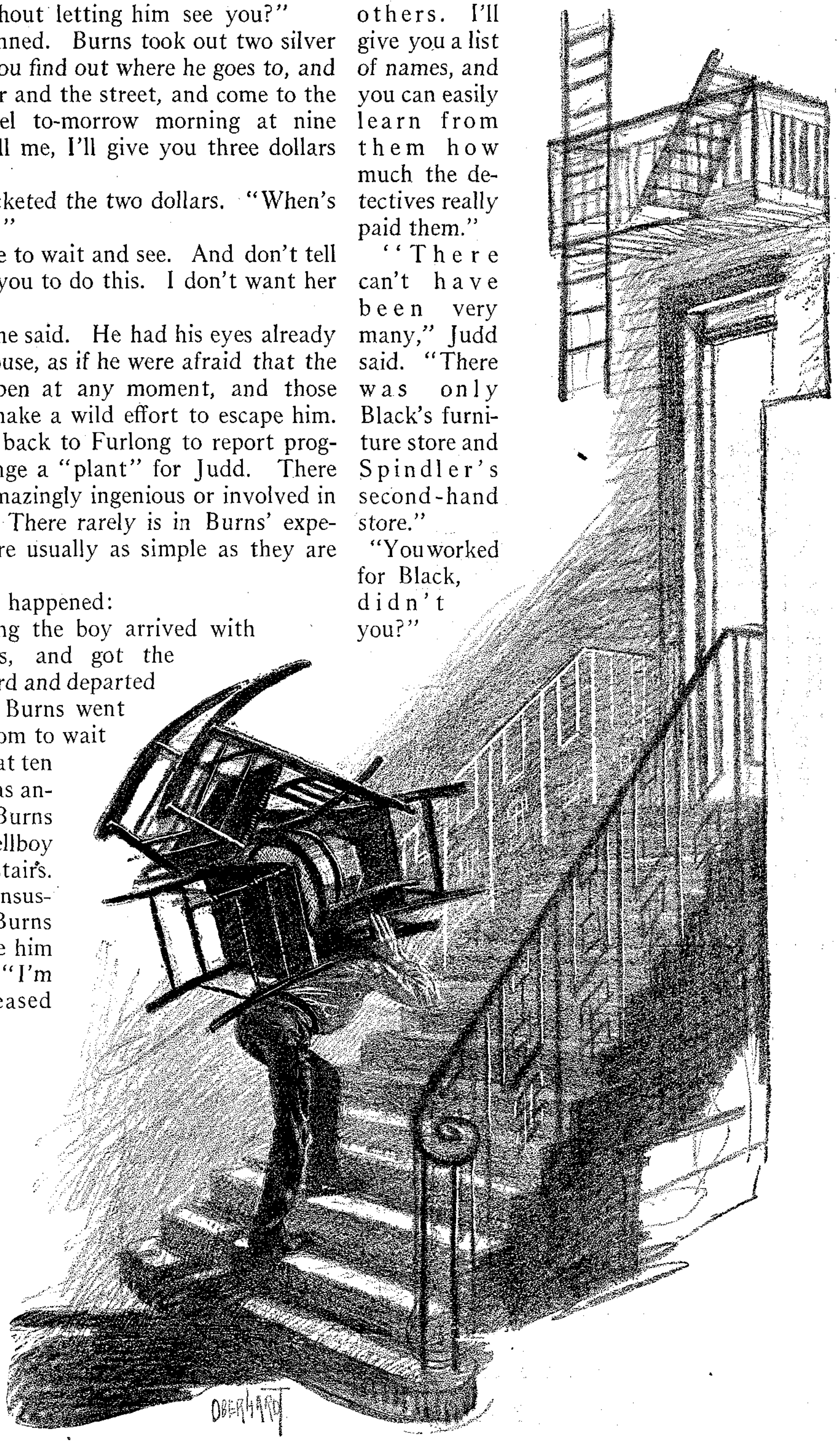
This is what happened:

Next morning the boy arrived with Judd's address, and got the promised reward and departed with it. Then Burns went back to his room to wait for Judd; and at ten o'clock Judd was announced and Burns ordered the bellboy to show him upstairs.

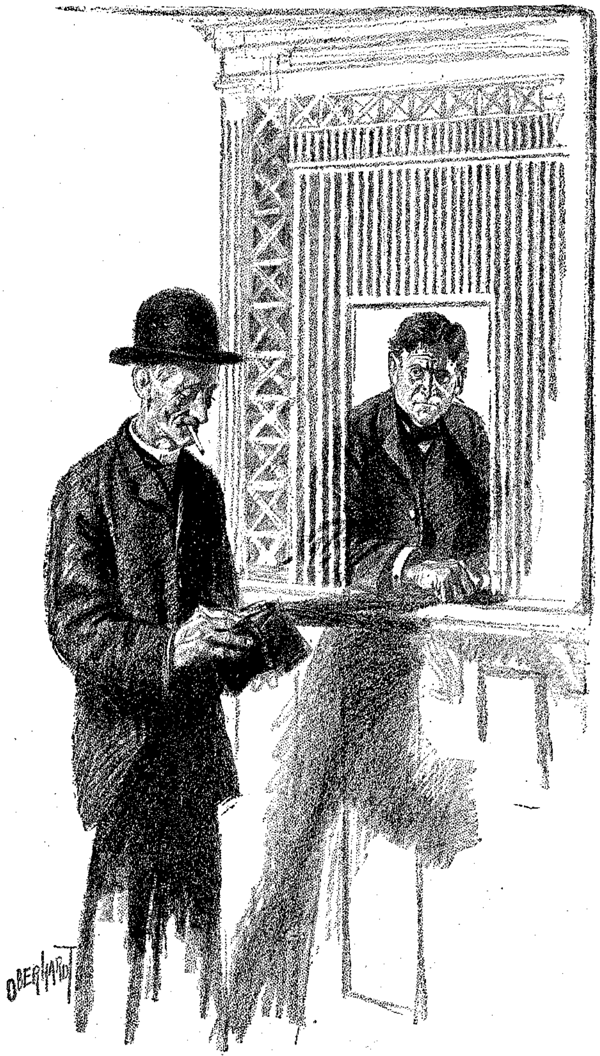
He came unsuspiciously. Burns was glad to see him — and said so. "I'm immensely pleased that I found you," he told Judd; and he described how he had located Miss Martin, and laughed with Judd over some details of the hunt for her. He explained that he was trying to find every one to whom the detectives claimed that they had paid money. "What I would like," he said, "is to have you run out all these others. I'll give you a list of names, and you can easily learn from them how much the detectives really paid them."

"There can't have been very many," Judd said. "There was only Black's furniture store and Spindler's second-hand store."

"You worked for Black, didn't you?"



"'IT WAS AFTER HOURS THAT I TOOK THE THINGS TO THE HOUSES THAT THE TROUBLE WAS ABOUT'"



"THE INSURANCE COMPANIES HAD BEEN COMPELLED TO PAY MANY OF THE CLAIMS OF THE SWINDLERS"

"No, I drove one of Spindler's wagons."

"Taking out second-hand goods?"

"Yes. But it was after hours, usually, that I took the things to the houses that the trouble was about."

"You didn't tell that to the detectives, did you?"

"I didn't tell them anything. The fools thought I was in the game, I guess; and they kept so busy trying to take me in, and following around the streets after me, that they never gave themselves a chance to ask anything."

"How did you know there was trouble about the houses that you took the second-hand furniture to?"

"I read it in the papers, when they burned. And I could see pretty well what was going on. But — well, it wasn't any of *my* business."

It was evident enough that, if Judd had been an innocent participant in the insurance swindles, he had not been a blind one; and Burns in a long conversation — scoffing at the detectives and cross-examining Judd, under the pretense of laying out a thorough investigation of the detectives' bills — drew out all that Judd knew about the "switching" of the furniture.

"Well," Burns said at last, "if these fellows knew all you're telling me, I don't see why they didn't make a case."

"They didn't know it. I never told them."

"Then why can't you, in addition to investigating the detectives, reopen the arson cases?" And Judd replied: "Well, Mr. Williams, if you want me to, I guess there's no reason why I can't."

"Good!" Burns said. "You'll need some help, of course. Do you know any first-class detectives on whom you could rely?"

"No-o. I don't."

"Let's go and see our St. Louis lawyer. Perhaps he can suggest some one." And they went — to the lawyer whom Burns and Furlong had prepared to receive them.

On their way out of the hotel, Burns saw approaching him a friend from Columbus whose greeting would surely betray him to Judd. The ruse that he employed to escape detection was simple, too. He said quickly to Judd: "Don't let this fellow see you with me. He might suspect ——"

Judd walked away hastily, and did not look back. Burns received his friend, explained that he was "on a case," warned him to address him as "B. J. Williams," and made an appointment to meet him later. When he had found Judd again, he explained: "You may run across him in this investigation. I didn't want him to suspect that you were on it." And they proceeded to the lawyer's office.

There Burns was received as a Chicago attorney representing the insurance companies. "This is Mr. Judd," he said. "I have just employed him to run out the expenditures in which we're interested, and have been astounded to find that he is familiar with every detail of the arson cases. As a matter of fact, he participated to the extent of hauling the inferior furniture that was subsequently burned. I wish to have him make an investigation of the arson cases, consequently; and he will need help. Do you know any first-class detectives whom he could employ to assist him?"

The lawyer replied: "Why, yes. Tom Furlong. One of the best in the country."

"Would *he* do?" Burns asked Judd.

Judd believed that he would be satisfactory. They sent for Furlong. And, when he arrived and was introduced, he took his place in the sober-faced little comedy attentively. The situation was explained to him. He agreed to accept employment under Judd, and to install him in the office, at a desk, to direct the investigation of the arson cases.

In Furlong's office, later in the day, they took from Judd a detailed statement of his knowledge of the swindle; and it was a statement that supplied all the clues necessary to make a complete case against the swindlers. "As a matter of fact," Burns says, "his story was all that we needed. The rest was merely a matter of getting it properly substantiated — with the entries on the books of the two stores and all that sort of thing."

Burns remained to assist "Detective" Judd in this corroboration, and they became very friendly. They had been working some time together when Burns confessed that he was not a lawyer, but a detective himself. "No, you don't," Judd said. "You can't fool me. You're no detective. I've seen too many of them."

"Yes, I am," Burns laughed. "But you seemed so sore on detectives when I found you that day at Martin's I didn't like to tell you."

Judd stared at him. "And all the time you were ——"

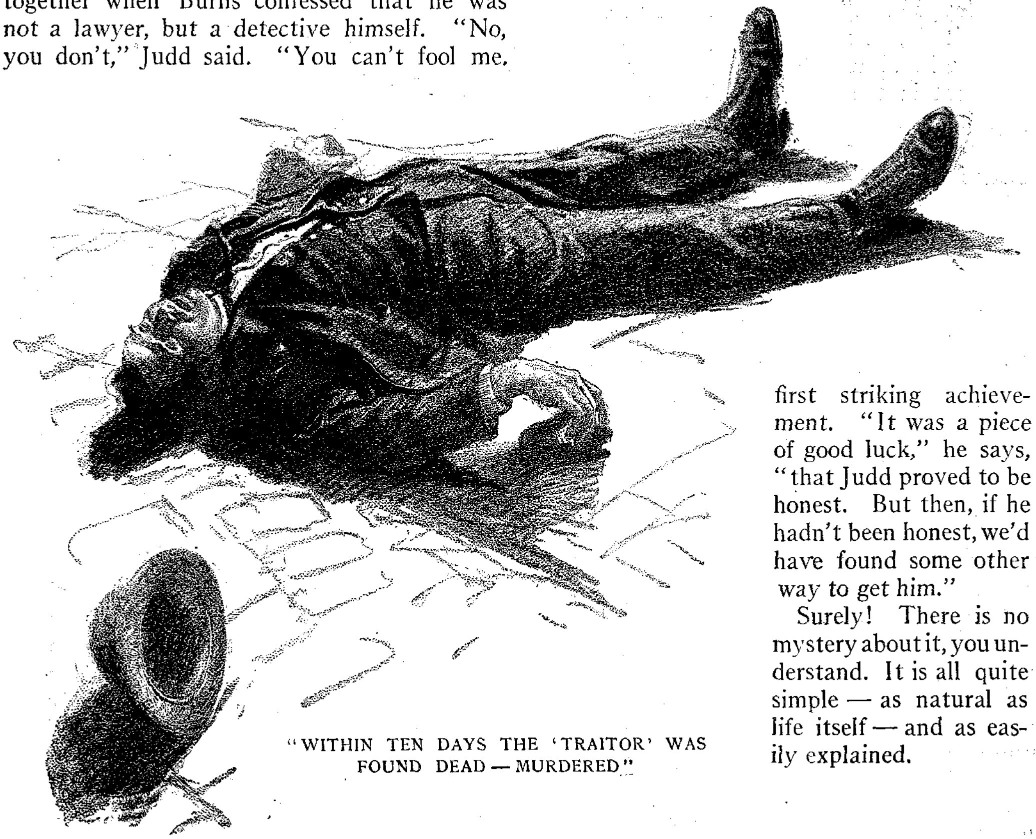
"I was roping you."

"Oh, well," Judd said, as the sum of his reflections, "you're not *that* kind of detective, anyway. I guess you're the real thing." Which, perhaps, is as good an explanation as one can give of Burns.

He went before the Grand Jury and made a statement on which the whole band of conspirators were indicted, and among them was the well-to-do proprietor of the furniture store. It was apparently suspected by the gang that the unknown "Burns" who made this statement was one of their own number turned traitor. Within ten days the "traitor" was found dead — murdered — behind a saloon. Burns' appearance at the trial was a shock to the others. They all went to prison, and Burns went back to the Secret Service, to which he had meanwhile been appointed.

This St. Louis arson mystery was his first notable case, and his success with it was his first striking achievement. "It was a piece of good luck," he says, "that Judd proved to be honest. But then, if he hadn't been honest, we'd have found some other way to get him."

Surely! There is no mystery about it, you understand. It is all quite simple — as natural as life itself — and as easily explained.



"WITHIN TEN DAYS THE 'TRAITOR' WAS FOUND DEAD — MURDERED"

A NEW CONSCIENCE AND AN ANCIENT EVIL

BY

JANE ADDAMS

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CHAPTER III. LACK OF MORAL EDUCATION AND ITS DANGERS

NO great wrong has ever arisen more clearly to the social consciousness of a generation than has that of commercialized vice in the social consciousness of ours, and that we are so slow to act is simply another evidence that human nature has a curious power of callous indifference toward evils which have been so intrenched that they seem part of that which "has always been." Educators, of course, share this attitude; at moments they even seem to intensify it, although at last an educational movement in the direction of sex hygiene is beginning in the schools and colleges. Primary schools strive to satisfy the child's first questionings regarding the beginnings of human life, and approach the subject through simple biological instruction which at least places this knowledge on a par with other natural facts. Such teaching is an enormous advance for the children whose curiosity would otherwise have been satisfied from poisonous sources, and who would have learned of simple physiological matters from such secret undercurrents of corrupt knowledge as to have forever perverted their minds. Yet this first direct step toward an adequate educational approach to this subject has been surprisingly difficult, owing to the self-consciousness of grown-up people; for, while the children receive the teaching quite simply, their parents often take alarm. Doubtless coöperation with parents will be necessary before the subject can fall into its proper place in the schools. In Chicago, the largest woman's club in the city has established normal courses in sex hygiene, attended by both teachers and mothers; the National and State Federations of Women's Clubs are gradually preparing thousands of women throughout America for fuller coöperation with the schools in this difficult matter. In this, as in so many other educational movements, Germany has led the way. Two publications are issued monthly in Berlin which promote not only more effective legislation but more adequate instruction in the schools on this basic subject. These journals are supported by men and women anxious for light for the sake of their children. Some of them were first stirred to action by Wedekind's powerful drama, "The Awakening of Spring," which, with Teutonic grimness, thrusts over the footlights the lesson that death and degradation may be the fate of a group of gifted school-children, because of the cowardly reticence of their parents.

The Struggle of Young People with Ignorance and Temptation

A year ago the Bishop of London gathered together a large group of influential people and laid before them his conviction that the root of the social evil lay in so-called "parental modesty," and that in the quickening of the parental conscience lay the hope for the "lifting up of England's moral tone, which has for so long been the despair of England's foremost men." In America the eighth Year Book of the National Society for the Scientific Study of Education treats of this important subject with great ability, massing the agencies and methods in impressive array. Many other educational journals and organized societies could be cited as expressing a new conscience in regard to this world-old evil. The expert educational opinion which they represent is practically agreed that for older children the instruction should not be confined to biology and hygiene, but may come quite naturally in history and literature, which record and portray the havoc wrought by the sexual instinct when uncontrolled, and also show that, when directed and spiritualized, it has become an inspiration of the loftiest devotions and sacrifices. The youth thus taught sees this primal instinct not only as an essential to the continuance of the race, but also as a fundamental factor in social progress when it is devoted to the highest ends. The entire subject is broadened out in his mind as he learns that his own struggle is a common experience, as he is able to make his own interpretations and to combat the crude inferences of his patronizing companions. After all, no young person will be able to control his impulses and to save himself from the grosser temptations unless he has been put under the sway of nobler influences. Perhaps we have yet to learn that the inhibitions of character, as well as its reinforcements, come most readily through idealistic motives.

Certainly all the great religions of the world have recognized youth's need of spiritual help during the trying years of adolescence. The ceremonies of the earliest religions deal with this instinct almost to the exclusion of others, and all later religions attempt to provide the youth with shadowy weapons for the struggle that lies ahead of him; for the wise men in every age have known that only the power of the spirit can overcome the lusts of the flesh.

Peculiar Brutality of the Common Attitude toward Outcast Women

In spite of this educational advance, courses of study in many public and private schools are still prepared exactly as if educators had never known that at fifteen or sixteen years of age, the will power being still weak, the bodily desires are keen and insistent. The head master of Eton, Mr. Lyttelton, who has given much thought to this gap in the education of youth, says: "The certain result of leaving an enormous majority of boys unguided and uninstructed in a matter where their strongest passions are concerned, is that they grow up to judge of all questions connected with it from a purely selfish point of view." He contends that this selfishness is due to the fact that any single suggestion or hint that boys receive on the subject comes from other boys or young men who are under the same potent influences of ignorance, curiosity, and the claims of self. No wholesome counterbalance of knowledge is given; no attempt is made to invest the subject with dignity or to place it in relation to the welfare of others and to universal law. Mr. Lyttelton contends that this alone can explain the peculiarly brutal attitude toward "outcast" women which is a sustained cruelty to be discerned in no other relation of English life.

To quote him again: "But when the victims of man's cruelty are not birds or beasts, but our own countrywomen, doomed by the hundred thousand to a life of unutterable shame and hopeless misery, then, and then only, the general average tone of young men becomes hard and brutally callous or frivolous with a kind of coarse frivolity not exhibited in relation to any other form of human suffering." At the present moment thousands of young people in our great cities possess no other knowledge of this grave social evil, which may at any moment become a dangerous personal menace, save what is imparted to them in this brutal, flippant spirit.

Even Savage Tribes Taught Their Children Self-Control

An educator has lately pointed out that it is an old lure of vice to pretend that it alone deals with manliness and reality, and that therefore the adventurous youth sowing his wild oats assumes a tone of patronage toward his more virtuous companions. Many young people have failed to respond to any of the restraints and inner admonitions of religion and have received none of the lessons in self-control which even savage tribes imparted to their children when they taught them to master their appetites as well as their emotions. These young people are perhaps further from all community restraint and genuine social control than the youth of the community have ever been in the long history of civilization. Certainly, only the modern city has offered at one and the same time every possible stimulation for the lower nature and every opportunity for secret vice. Educators apparently forget that this unrestrained stimulation of young people, so characteristic of our cities, although developing very rapidly, is of recent origin and that we have not yet seen the outcome. The present education of the average young boy has given him only the most shadowy protection against the temptations of the city. School-boys are subjected to many lures from without, just at the moment when they are filled with an inner tumult which utterly bewilders them and concerning which no one has instructed them save in terms of empty precept and unintelligible warning.

We are authoritatively told that the physical difficulties are enormously increased by uncontrolled or perverted imaginations, and all sound advice to young men in regard to this subject emphasizes a clean mind, exhorts an imagination kept free from sensuality and insists upon days filled with wholesome athletic interests. We allow this régime to be exactly reversed for thousands of young people living in the most crowded and most unwholesome parts of the city. Not only does the stage, in its advertisements, exhibit all the allurements of sex to such an extent that a play without a love interest is considered foredoomed to failure, but the novels that form the sole reading of thousands of young men and girls deal only with the course of true or "feigned" love, resulting in a rose-colored marriage or in variegated misfortunes.

The Public Dance-Hall and Its Appeal to the Imagination

Often the only recreation possible for young men and young women together is dancing, in which it is always easy to transgress the proprieties. In many public dance-halls, however, improprieties are deliberately fostered. The waltzes and two-steps are purposely slow, the couples, leaning heavily on each other, barely move across the floor. All the jollity and bracing exercise of the peasant dance is thus eliminated, and all the careful decorum of the formal dance. Such efforts to obtain pleasure or to feed the imagination are thus converged upon the senses which it is already difficult for young people to understand and to control. It is therefore not remarkable that in certain parts of the city groups of idle young men are found whose evil imaginations have actually inhibited their power for normal living. On the streets or in the pool-rooms where they congregrate, their conversation, their tales of adventure, their remarks upon women who pass by, all reveal that they have been caught in the toils of an instinct so powerful and primal that, when left without direction, it can easily overwhelm its possessor and swamp his faculties. These young men, who do no regular work, who expect to be supported by their mothers and sisters and to get money for the shows and theaters by any sort of disreputable undertaking, are all in excellent training for the life of the procurer, and it is from such groups that they are recruited. There is almost a system of apprenticeship: for boys, when very small, act as "lookouts," and are later utilized to make acquaintance with girls in order to introduce them to professionals; from this they gradually learn the methods of procuring girls, and at last do an independent business. If one boy is successful in such a life, throughout his acquaintance runs the rumor that a girl is an asset that will bring a larger return than can possibly be earned in hard-working ways. Could the imaginations of these young men have been controlled and cultivated, could the desire for adventure have been directed into wholesome channels, could these idle boys have been taught that, so far from being manly, they were losing all virility, could higher interests have been aroused and standards given them in relation to this one aspect of life, the entire situation of commercialized vice would be a different thing.

The Girl Who Wanted to Be a "Good Indian"

The girls with a desire for adventure seem confined to this one dubious outlet even more than the boys. Although there are only one eighth as many delinquent girls as boys brought into the Juvenile Court in Chicago, the charge against the girls in almost every instance involves a loss of chastity. Only a few weeks ago, one of them, who was vainly endeavoring to formulate the causes of her downfall, concentrated them all in the single statement that she wanted the other girls to know that she, too, was a "good Indian."

Such a girl, while she is not an actual member of a gang of boys, is often attached to one by so many loyalties and friendships that she will seldom testify against a member, even when she has been injured by him. She also depends upon the gang when she requires bail in the police-court or the protection that comes from political influence, and she is often very proud of her quasi-membership.

The Promiscuous Households of the Poor and Their Influence on Young Children

The little girls brought into the Juvenile Court are usually daughters of those poorest immigrant families, living in the worst type of city tenements, who are frequently forced to take boarders in order to pay the rent. A surprising number of little girls have first become involved in wrong-doing through the men of their own households. Some of these families, because closely pressed by poverty, are obliged to rent houses next to vicious neighborhoods, and their children very early become familiar with all the outer aspects of vice. Among them are the children of widows, who have made friends with their dubious neighbors during the long days while their mothers have been at work. I recall two sisters in one family whose mother had moved her household to the borders of a Chicago segregrated district, apparently without knowing the character of the neighborhood. The little sisters, twelve and eight years old, accepted many invitations from a kind neighbor to come into her house to see her pretty things. The older girl was delighted to be "made up" with powder and paint and to try on long dresses, while the little one, who sang very prettily, was taught some new songs, happily without understanding their import. The tired mother knew nothing of what the children did in her absence, until an honest neighbor who had seen the little girls going in and out of the district interfered on their behalf. The frightened mother moved back to her old neighborhood, which she had left in search of cheaper rent, her pious soul stirred to its depths that the children for whom she patiently worked day by day had so narrowly escaped destruction.

The recent Illinois law providing that the children of widows may be supported by public funds, paid to the mother upon order of court, may help these poor children; but in the meantime, before the law can be efficiently administered, the deprivation of a mother's care falls heavily upon them. This deprivation is most frequently experienced by the children of the poorest colored families, who are often forced to live in disreputable neighborhoods because they literally can not rent houses anywhere else.

Colored Children Especially Exposed to Evil Surroundings

Both because rents are always high for colored people, and because the colored mothers are obliged to support their children,—seven times as many of them in proportion to their entire number as of the white mothers,—the actual number of colored children neglected in the midst of temptation is abnormally large. So closely is child life founded upon the imitation of what it sees that the child who knows all evil is almost sure, in the end, to share it. Colored children seldom roam far from their own neighborhoods. In the public playgrounds, which are theoretically open to them, they are made so uncomfortable by the slights of other children that they learn to stay away, and, shut out from legitimate recreation, are all the more tempted by the careless, luxurious life of a vicious neighborhood.

In addition to the colored girls who have thus from childhood grown familiar with the outer aspects of vice, are others who are sent into the district in the capacity of domestic servants by unscrupulous employment agencies who would not venture thus to treat a white girl. The community forces the very people who have confessedly the shortest history of social restraint into a dangerous proximity with the vice districts of the city. This results, as might easily be predicted, in a very large number of colored girls entering a disreputable life. The negroes themselves believe that the basic cause for this high percentage of colored girls is the recent enslavement of their race, with its attendant unstable marriage and parental status, and point to thousands of slave sales that, but two generations ago, disrupted the negroes' attempts at family life. Knowing this as we do, it seems all the more unjustifiable that the nation which is responsible for the broken foundations of this family life should carelessly permit the negroes, making their first struggle toward a higher standard of domesticity, to be subjected to the most flagrant temptations which our civilization tolerates.

How Suggestion Can Distort the Plastic Imagination of a Child

The imaginations of even very young children may easily be forced into sensuous channels. A little girl twelve years old was one day brought to the psychopathic clinic connected with the Chicago Juvenile Court. She had been detained under police surveillance for more than a week, while baffled detectives had in vain tried to verify the statements she had made to her Sunday-school teacher in great detail of certain horrible experiences that had befallen her. For at least a week no one concerned had the remotest idea that the child was fabricating. The police thought that she had merely grown confused as to the places to which she had been "carried unconscious." The mother gave the first clue when she insisted that the child had never been away from her long enough to have had these experiences, but came directly home from school every afternoon for her tea, of which she habitually drank ten or twelve cups. The skilful questionings at the clinic, while clearly establishing the fact of a disordered mind, disclosed an astonishing knowledge of the habits of the under-world.

Even children who live in respectable neighborhoods, and who are guarded by careful parents so that their imaginations are not perverted, but only starved, constantly conduct a search for the magical and impossible which leads them into moral dangers. An astonishing number of them consult palmists, soothsayers, and fortune-tellers. These dealers in futurity, who sell only love and riches, the latter often dependent upon the first, are sometimes in collusion with disreputable houses and, at the best, make the path of normal living more difficult for their eager young patrons. There is something very pathetic in the sheepish, yet radiant, faces of the boy and girl, often together, who come out on the street from a dingy doorway which bears the palmist's sign of the spread-out hand. This remnant of primitive magic is all they can find with which to feed their eager imaginations, although the city offers libraries and galleries crowded with man's later imaginative achievements. One hard-working girl of my acquaintance, told by a palmist that "diamonds were coming to her soon," afterward accepted without a moment's hesitation a so-called diamond ring from a man whose improper attentions she had hitherto withstood.

Children Who are Deliberately Trained in Vice

In addition to these heedless young people, pulled into a sordid and vicious life through their very search for romance, are many little children ensnared by means of the most innocent playthings and pleasures of childhood. Perhaps one of the saddest aspects of the social evil, as it exists to-day in the modern city, is the procuring of little girls who are too young to have received adequate instruction of any sort, and whose natural safeguard of modesty has been broken down by the overcrowding of tenement-house life. Any educator who has made a careful study of the children from the crowded districts is impressed by the numbers of them whose moral natures are apparently unawakened. While there are comparatively few of these non-moral children in any one neighborhood, in the entire city their number is far from negligible. Such children are used by disreputable people to invite their more normal playmates to "house parties," which they attend again and again, lured by candy and fruit, until they gradually learn to trust the vicious hostess. The head of one such house, recently sent to the penitentiary upon charges brought against her by the Juvenile Protective Association, founded her large and successful business upon the activities of three or four little girls who, although they had gradually come to understand her purpose, were apparently so chained to her by the goodies and favors which they received that they were quite indifferent to the fate of their little friends. Such children, when brought to the psychopathic clinic attached to the Chicago Juvenile Court, are sometimes found to have incipient epilepsy or other physical disabilities from which their conduct may be at least partially accounted for. Sometimes they come from respectable families, but more often from families where they have been mistreated and where dissolute parents have given them neither affection nor protection. Many of these children, whose relatives have obviously contributed to their delinquency, are at last being helped by the enforcement of the adult delinquency law.

One looks upon these hardened little people with a sense of apology that educational forces have not been able to break into their first ignorance of life before it becomes hardened into insensibility, and one knows that, whatever may be done for them later, because of this early neglect they will probably always remain impervious to the gentler aspects of life. Our public-school education is so nearly universal that, if the entire body of the teachers seriously undertook to instruct all American youth in regard to this most important aspect of life, why should they not in time train their pupils to continence and self-direction, as they already discipline their minds with knowledge in regard to many other matters? Certainly the extreme youth of the victims of the white slave traffic, both boys and girls, places a great responsibility upon the educational forces of the community.

The state which supports the public schools is also coming to the rescue of children through protective legislation, another illustration that the beginnings of social advance have often been in the effort to defend the weakest and least sheltered members of the community. The widespread movement which would protect children from premature labor also prohibits them from engaging in occupations in which they are subjected to moral dangers.

The Case of the Night Messenger-Boy

Several American cities have of late become much concerned over the temptations to which messenger-boys, delivery-boys, and newsboys are constantly subjected when their business takes them into vicious districts. The Chicago Vice Commission makes a plea for these "children of the night," that they shall be protected by law from those temptations which they are too young and too untrained to withstand. New York and Wisconsin are the only states that have raised the legal age of messenger-boys employed late at night to twenty-one years. Under the inadequate sixteen-year limit which regulates night work for children in Illinois, boys constantly come to grief through their familiarity with the social evil. One of these, a delicate boy of seventeen, had been put into the messenger service by his parents when their family doctor had recommended out-of-door work. Because he was well bred and good-looking, he became especially popular with the inmates of disreputable houses. They gave him tips of a dollar and more when he returned from the errands which he had executed for them, such as buying candy, cocaine, or morphine. He was inevitably flattered by their attentions and pleased with his own popularity. Although his mother knew that his duties as a messenger-boy occasionally took him to disreputable houses, she fervently hoped his early training might keep him straight, but in the end realized the foolhardiness of subjecting an immature youth to these temptations. The Vice Commission report gives various detailed instances of similar experiences on the part of other lads, one of them being a high-school boy who was merely earning extra money as a messenger-boy during the rush of Christmas week.

Safeguarding Children Who Work on the Street

Will the regulations in Boston, New York, Cincinnati, Milwaukee, and St. Louis for the safeguarding of these children be but a forecast of the care which every city will at last learn to devise for youth under special temptations? Because the various efforts made in Chicago to obtain adequate legislation for the protection of street-trading children have been unsuccessful, incidents like the following have not only occurred once, but are constantly repeated. A pretty little girl, the only child of a widowed mother, sold newspapers after school hours from the time she was seven years old. Because her home was near a vicious neighborhood, and because the people in the disreputable hotels seldom asked for change when they bought a paper and good-naturedly gave her many little presents, her mother permitted her to gain a clientèle within the district, on the ground that she was too young to understand what she might see. This continued familiarity, in spite of her mother's admonitions not to talk to her customers, inevitably resulted in so vitiating the standard of the growing girl that, at the age of fourteen, she became an inmate of one of the houses. A similar instance concerns three little girls who habitually sold gum in one of the segregated districts. Because they had repeatedly been turned away by kind-hearted policemen who felt that they ought not to be in such a neighborhood, each of these children had obtained a special permit from the Mayor of the city in order to protect herself from "police interference." Although the Mayor had no actual authority to issue such a permit, naturally the piece of paper bearing his name, when displayed by the child, checked the activity of the police officer. The incident was but one more example of the old conflict between mistaken kindness to the individual child in need of money and the enforcement of those regulations which may seem to work a temporary hardship upon one child but which save a hundred others from destruction.

Our generation, which is said to have developed a new enthusiasm for the possibilities of child life and to have put fresh meaning into the phrase "children's rights," may at last have the courage to insist upon a child's right to be well born and at least to start in life with its body free from disease. Closely allied to this new understanding of child life and a part of the same movement is the new science of eugenics, with its recently appointed university professors. Its organized societies publish an ever-increasing mass of information as to that which constitutes the inheritance of well-born children. When this new science makes clear to the public that those diseases which are a direct outcome of the social evil are clearly responsible for race deterioration, effective indignation may at last be aroused, both against the preventable infant mortality for which these diseases are responsible and against the ghastly fact that the survivors among these afflicted children infect their contemporaries and hand on the evil heritage to another generation. Public societies for the prevention of blindness are continually distributing information on the care of new-born children, and may at length answer that old confusing question: "Did this man sin, or his parents, that he was born blind?" Such knowledge is becoming more widespread every day, and the rising interest in infant welfare must in time react upon the very existence of the social evil itself.

The Victim of the White Slave Traffic Avenged to the Third and Fourth Generation

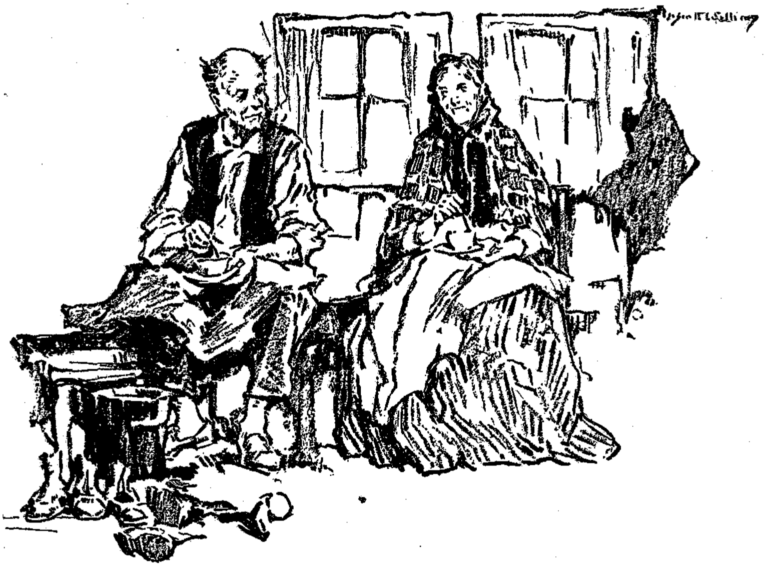
This new public interest in the welfare of little children has resulted, in certain American cities, in a municipal milk supply, in many German cities in free hospitals and nurseries. New York, Chicago, Boston, and other large towns employ hundreds of nurses each summer to instruct tenement-house mothers in the care of little children. I recall the record of one of these nurses who had kept alive a hundred and fifty babies during a very hot summer in a district where the former death rate had been appalling. Certainly all of this enthusiasm for the nurture of children will at last arouse public opinion in regard to the transmission of that one type of disease which thousands of them annually inherit and which is directly traceable to the vicious living of their parents or grandparents. This slaughter of the innocents, this infliction of suffering upon the new-born, is so gratuitous and so unfair that it is only a question of time until an outraged sense of justice shall be aroused on behalf of these children. But, until help comes through chivalric sentiments, will governmental and municipal agencies long continue to spend the taxpayers' money for the relief of suffering infants, when by the exertion of the same authority they could so easily provide against the possibility of the birth of a child so afflicted? It is obvious that the average taxpayer would be moved to demand the extermination of that form of vice which has been declared illegal, although it still flourishes by official connivance, did he once clearly apprehend that it is responsible for the existence of these diseases which cost him so dearly. It is only his ignorance that makes him remain inert until each victim of the white slave traffic shall be avenged "unto the third and fourth generation of them that bought her." It is quite possible that the taxpayer will himself contend that, as the state does not legalize a marriage without a license officially recorded, that the status of children may be clearly defined, so the state would need to go but one step further in the same direction to insist upon health certificates from the applicants for a marriage license, that the health of future children might, in a certain measure, be guaranteed. Whether or not this step may be predicted, the mere discussion of this matter in itself is an indication of the changing public opinion, as is the fact that such legislation has already been enacted in two states. A sense of justice outraged by the wanton destruction of new-born children may in time unite with that ardent tide of rising enthusiasm for the nurture of the young, until the old barriers of silence and inaction behind which the social evil has so long intrenched itself shall at last give way.

A Rescue Home where the Inmates Played with Dolls

In the rescue homes recently opened in Chicago by the White Slave Traffic Committee of the League of Cook County Clubs, the tender ages of the little girls who were brought there horrified the good clubwomen more than any other aspect of the situation. A number of the little inmates in the home wanted to play with dolls, and several of them brought dolls of their own, which they had kept with them through all their vicissitudes. There is something literally heartbreaking in the thought of these little children who are ensnared and debauched when they are still young enough to have every right to protection and care. Quite recently I visited a home for semi-delinquent girls, against each one of whom stood a grave charge involving the loss of her chastity. Upon each of the little white beds or on the stiff chair standing by its side was a doll, belonging to a delinquent owner still young enough to love and cherish this supreme toy of childhood. I had come to the home prepared to "lecture to the inmates." I remained to dress dolls with a handful of little girls who eagerly asked questions about the dolls I had once possessed in a childhood which seemed to them so remote. Looking at the little victims who supply the white slave trade, one is reminded of the burning words of Dr. Howard Kelly, uttered in response to the demand that the social evil be legalized and its victims licensed. He says:

"Where shall we look to recruit the ever-failing ranks of these poor creatures as they die yearly by the tens of thousands? Which of the little girls of our land shall we designate for this traffic? Mark their sweet innocence to-day as they run about in our streets and parks, prattling and playing, ever busy about nothing. Which of them shall we snatch, as they approach maturity, to supply this foul mart?"

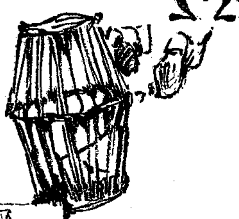
It is incomprehensible that a nation whose chief boast is its free public education, that a people always ready to respond to any moral or financial appeal made in the name of children, should permit this infamy against childhood to continue! Only the protection of all children from the menacing temptations which their youth is unable to withstand will prevent some of them from falling victims to the white slave traffic; only when moral education is made effective and universal will there be hope for the actual abolition of commercialized vice; these are illustrations, perhaps, of that curious solidarity of which society is so rapidly becoming conscious.



MY LADY of the CHIMNEY CORNER

by Alexander Irvine

drawings by J. Scott Williams



HER longest journey was from the home of her girlhood to the town of Antrim — a distance of ten miles. That was taken on foot, when, as the bride of my father, she accompanied him from the old house, never to return.

They were "turncoats," so the neighbors said, and murder was as easily forgiven in those far-off, intolerant days, in Ireland. She was of the Roman Catholic and he of the Anglican faith; but love laughed at such things in their case.

My father was a shoemaker, but the introduction of machinery took away his trade and he became a cobbler; that increased his labor and reduced his wages. I was the ninth child, and three came after me. When their first-born came they lived on the front street and had an "upstairs." When I arrived they were in a back entry and living at low tide. The English alley becomes a "close" in Scotland and an "entry" in Ireland.

In that meagerly furnished stone cabin she rounded out her threescore years and ten. In addition to making and mending for her swarm, she assisted my father in the lighter work of cobbling. He was a peasant, with all the physical and mental characteristics of his class. She was different; she had a finely chiseled face, an almost perfect type of Greek nose, and a chin that curved slightly forward. Her dark hair was arranged in wavy masses and inclosed in a white cap, the edge of which was frilled or fluted.

It was none of these things, however, that made her different from the peasants around her. It was mind and the flash of soul that shone from her large, beautiful eyes. Her people were farmers. I remember being shown her brothers' big white house at the edge of the woods — I never entered it, nor did she. They were "quality," of a kind, and we — well, we were not. I was by her side in that cottage for seventeen years, and during that time we never had the excitement of even a new piece of furniture. The same old pine table,— I remember every crack and dent in it,— the same old stools and creepies. There was one bench four feet long. It stood against the wall from her corner to the bedroom door.

I never saw my mother in the house of a neighbor. I never knew her to go shopping. She went to church, when she had a christening. In her long life she never attended a dance, a party, a soirée, or a picnic. The one big chance of the very poor for social intercourse is a wake. She never attended a wake.

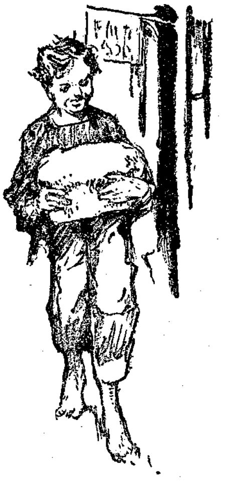
"There are two times to shut yer mouth an' bar yer door," she used to say. "It's when ye're with ye're own dead and when ye're heart is breakin'"; and she would add in the tenderest tone and with a rising inflection: "Shure it's cowardly t' dole out ye're throuble to folks already fashed" (overdosed).

And yet, she was always borrowing trouble — borrowing never to pay it back. Her love of children was not confined to her own. The little ones of the entry were always welcome on our door-steps and in her corner. She settled family quarrels, too, and few people had their hands as full as hers of family matters. I found a rubber ball once — one that wasn't lost; Willie Manderson, the nailer's son, claimed it. I offered to fight him for possession, but he went to my mother instead. We both knew the owner, but neither of us would tell. She tried hard to get us to name the real owner, and, failing, cut the ball in half and gave us each a piece!

There was a standing rule about marbles: if a boy ever came to our house to complain, he got every marble in the house! My father was a man of action rather than words. He was as kind and tender-hearted as my mother, but his methods of discipline were different. He argued with a pair of wet welts or the knee-strap with which he kept the shoe in its place. I felt the force of those arguments and bowed before their merciless decrees. Her appeal was to the mind — his to something that covered more space and was more easily got at.

When times were good with us — that is, when work and wages got a little ahead of our hunger, which wasn't often — my mother baked her own bread. I used to stand on my creepie, my head just above the table, and watch her knead the dough, roll it, and cut it up into farrels. The world looked good to me then. I used to wait with bated breath the completion of the baking. She always cut out a little farrel as big as a dollar for me. That was the time, the only time, I ever remember her breaking out into song. She had a plaintive voice and sang the most melancholy airs. It was standing on that creepie at her side that I learned from her lips the hymn, "Tell me the old, old story."

Three kinds of bread she baked, "soda," common flour bread, "pirta oaten," made of potatoes and oatmeal, and "fadge," potato bread. To sit by the peat fire and turn that bread at the nod of her head was more to me than a game of shinney, and that gave me a walking-the-golden-streets sensation. When hunger was ahead of wages we got our bread at Sam Johnston's bakery. The journey to Sam's was full of temptation to me; a hungry boy with a vested interest in the loaf under his arm is not likely to be over-anxious about minor details of the moral law. I wasn't, anyway. But my mother never failed to point out the opportunities presented to fight and conquer the devil. I fought often enough, but didn't always win. Whenever I made a dent in the side of the loaf,— at the devil's request,— I put the loaf down on the table good side toward her. While I was doing that she had read the story on my face, and would say, as she turned the loaf around: "So he got ye, did he?"



"THE JOURNEY TO SAM'S WAS FULL OF TEMPTATION"

"Yis," I would reply, in a voice too low to be heard by my father.

In one of my early jobs I came in contact with a gardener who, because of my alleged religious scruples, set me to pick fruit in a large garden. My work was so satisfactory to him that when Antrim opened its first flower show he gave me a fine hothouse geranium to enter the competition.

I carried the plant home proudly for my family's congratulations.

"Mother," I said jubilantly, "th' gardener says it'll bate the brains out of any geranium in the show!"

"Aye," she said quietly, "'deed it will, dear; but shure ye couldn't take a prize for it."

"Why?"

"Because everybody in the town knows that the smoke in here would kill that purty plant in two or three days, forby shure they know we haven't room for it."

I sulked and stuttered out all sorts of protestations.

"That's a nice way to throw cold water on the chile," my father broke in. "Why don't you let him go on and take his chances at the show?"

It was as if he had struck her with his fist. I saw tears in her eyes, but she just said: "The whole world is a show, Jamie, but this is the only place the wee fellow has to rehearse!"

The pained look in her face changed my mind, but it was only for a few minutes. When she saw that I was determined to take the flower she offered to put a card on it. The inscription offered the plant as a decoration.

That night there was a strange, new atmosphere in her corner. I felt it, but could not account for it. I suppose the thought of my disappointment when I learned the truth troubled her. My father and brother played cards in his corner, and my mother in her corner lit an extra candle, put it in a sconce, and hung it on the wall beside her. That was like a soirée to me, and I nestled closely beside her. She told me a story. She spoke in a very low voice, for if my father had heard her he would have said good-naturedly:

"Well, Anna, ye're bletherin' about th' faeries again!" In substance her story was as follows:

"Once a long, long time ago, God, feeling tired, put his head on his hand and his elbow on the arm of the throne and went to sleep. A nice, wee, white cloud whose edges were touched with the golden light of the sun came down and covered him all over to prevent disturbance.

"When he awoke, the cloud lifted and Michael came and asked the Lord if he wanted anything.

"'No, thank ye, Michael,' God said; then he 'swithered' for a minute and said:

"'I have been looking into the future; send me a chariot and a charioteer!' Up came the chariot with winged horses, and stood ready for God's orders.

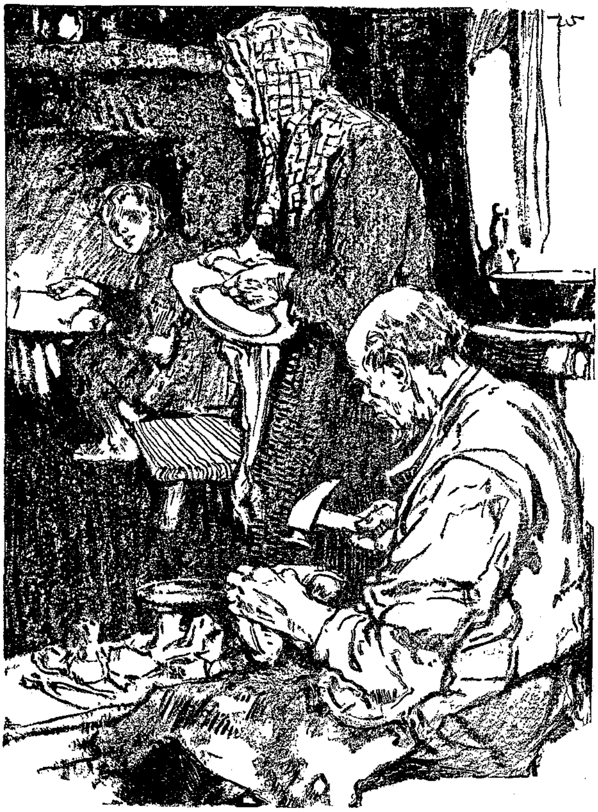
"'Take a journey around the world,' he said, 'and scatter these seeds by the roadsides in the woods and wild places where the poor have access.'"

At this point I poured in a volume of questions.

"Aye, indeed ye're right, dear; they were wild flowers — primroses, daisies, buttercups, an' all the purty, wee wild flowers that the poor can get at. Now I have a scheme for ye. Go out and gather as many kinds as ye can get, and we will build them into a nice wee pyramid, jist like the one in Egypt, an' ye can take them to the show an' maybe get a prize!"

I was up at dawn next morning, and for a whole day I roamed over hill and dale for the flowers of the poor. At the show the following day I presented my novel bouquet — a pyramid of wild flowers, the base of it yellow primroses and the apex of tiny shepherds' sundials. It created a sensation and won first prize. At the close of the show my name was called; tremblingly I advanced, blushing, in my rags, and received a twenty-four-piece set of china! My mother, of course, did not attend, but when I brought home the prize she made no effort to conceal her pride, nor did she interfere when I danced a hornpipe on the hearth-stones in front of her.

We held open house for a week, so that every man, woman, and child in the community could inspect and handle the "chaney," then the entire set went to a sister of mine who had just been married.



"TO SIT BY THE PEAT FIRE AND TURN THAT BREAD AT HER NOD WAS MORE TO ME THAN A GAME OF SHINNEY"

My mother's library consisted of two books — the Bible and "Pilgrim's Progress." As a reward for good behavior she told me the story of Pilgrim, a cross-section of it for a day's conduct. With the Bible it was different. I was taught to worship that. I couldn't read it, but that was an added reason for devotion to it.

"Jist open an' luk into it, dear," she would say. "It'll do ye good an' ye'll have luck."

So every morning I opened up the old, backless Bible "jist for luck."

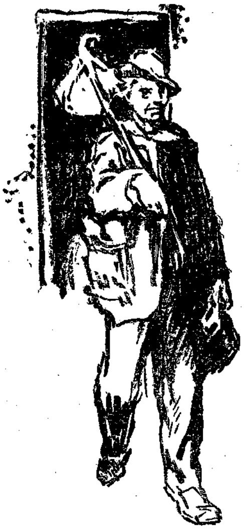
In a tiny leather purse of her own making she carried what she considered certain immunity for one from certain perils by land and sea. It was a caul, a thin filmy veil that covered me at birth. This was carefully preserved and was a guaranty that the owner of it should be immune from three forms of sudden death: he could never be burned to death, hanged, drawn, and quartered, or lost at sea!

This immunity was "not transferable"— at least, that's what she said when I offered to barter it for a farrel of fadge!

My oldest brother — the first-born of the family — was her favorite, and her affection neither changed nor lessened when he left the old home in a huff, and went to board with Eliza Bennett down the street.

"I'll leave th' door unbarred an' a candle in the window," she said, with tears in her beautiful eyes, as he took his little bundle and went away. There were times when the candle did not burn — for we didn't have one always to cheer the cabin, much less to shed a ray of welcome to the wanderer; but the door was always left unbarred. When he came back, it was to say good-by, on the eve of his departure for another land. She didn't cry that day; she sat silent and still in her chimney corner and for a week she did not taste food. How we plead and coaxed — how we wept and argued! Then tears came — came in torrents — and the siege was over. Then came the most pathetic phase of the mysticism of the chimney corner, "the letter in the candle." Every tiny spark that shone for an instant on the wick of the tallow dip lit up her little world for days, and when the days grew into weeks without a letter, she would console herself by explaining to us:

"Th' first letter [spark] was when he tho't he'd write; th' next was when he got the pen and paper; an' now it's finished, and I'll get it by nixt ship!" This was the mantle of love that she gently threw over neglect and forgetfulness. It always worked, for it was elastic and could be stretched over the widest chasm! There were no pictures on our whitewashed walls, but there were several poems. One of them came from the favorite son, and was framed between two little pieces of glass and bound with gummed paper. It suited her temperament.



"HE LEFT THE OLD HOME IN A HUFF"

The light of other days
Has faded,
And all their glory passed.

It hung on a nail beside her, and she sang it over plaintively until everybody in the house knew it by heart.

Her one weakness was the cause of dissension — I used to smuggle it to her in a vial. Then my father would scold, and as his vocabulary was exceedingly limited he added to the words harsh loud sounds. Then she would sit for days, silent — not a word would she speak, not a morsel would she eat. About the third or fourth day my father would throw out a flag of truce. A fit of extravagance would seize him and he would buy a half-penny clay pipe and coax her to "take the first dhraw," or he would say in the softest tones, "Wud ye have a nice cup o' tay if I made it?" He never made tea.

If she was for reconciliation she would reply: "Aye, 'deed, if ye'll share it." And forthwith she would brew the tea, and, drawing his stool up close to her, they would sip together the wine of life.

Then he would resume his work and sing "Black-eyed Susan." Sometimes he would take his pipe out of his mouth and, smiling at her, would say:

"D'ye ever think, Anna, what auld fools we are?"

"Aye, 'deed I do, Jamie, an' if I forget ye remind me!"

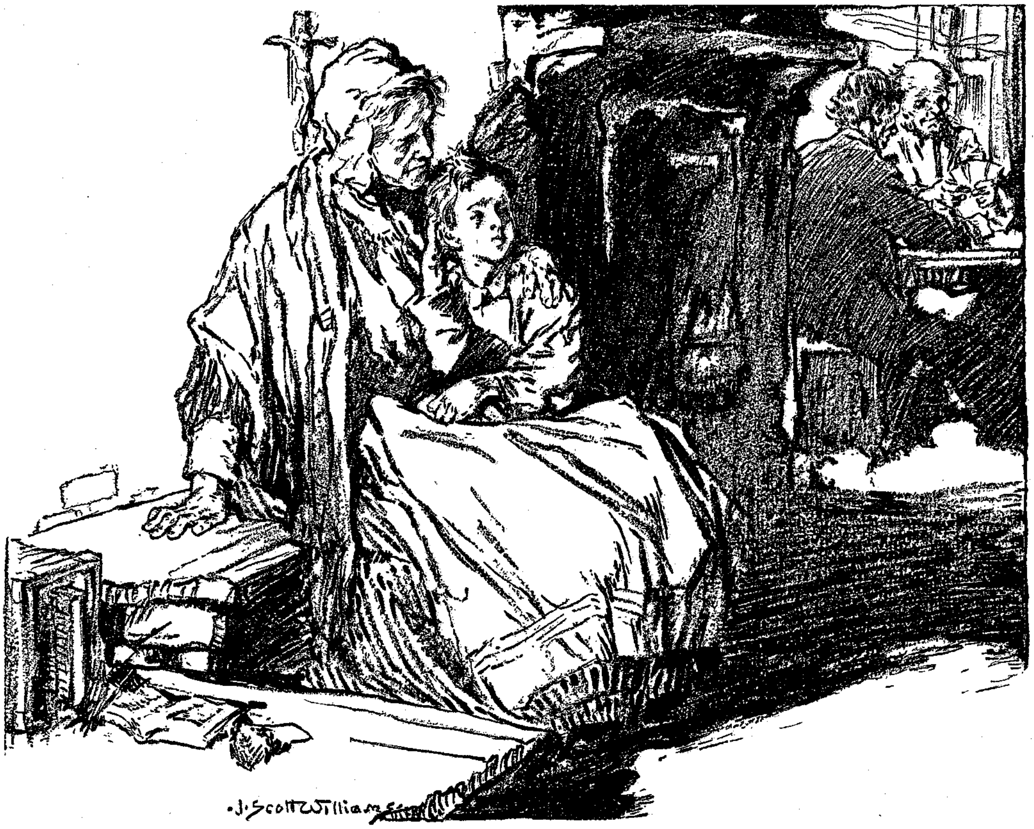
He talked for years of going to see the boys who had found new homes in Scotland.

"Why don't you go?" I asked. He looked at me open-mouthed, as if it were a foolish question; then, with just a little touch of huskiness in his voice, he said: "Because, boy, if I should die there, they couldn't bury me beside yer mother."

They lie side by side now in the old churchyard.

It came time for me to leave the old home. I was the last boy to go. Ten had gone, boys and girls, half of them to the churchyard and half of them to lands far distant, and the old folks were getting lonely. I became a soldier, and went to war, in Egypt. Then I returned, not to parade the village streets in gay uniform, but to sit again by the peat fire and fight my battles over again for their benefit.

I had planned for years to get her out of that chimney corner. I proposed a jaunt in a jaunting-car to Lough Neagh. She laughed.



"I NESTLED CLOSELY BESIDE MY MOTHER, AND SHE TOLD ME A STORY IN A VERY LOW VOICE"

"Shure, Antrim would take sick if it saw me in a jaunting-car, dear."

"Let it get sick, mother."

"Aye, but ye know rightly that I would need as big a sensation to make it well again; forby, dear, my old legs are too feeble."

I delivered a lecture in the town hall. She was not there: but late at night, as the old church clock struck the hour of midnight, I sat on a low creepie by her side. She was alone with her own. I think I feel now the lingering caress, the dear, toil-worn fingers going through my hair. I hear again her quaint questions about the ways of the larger world. There were long periods of silence — the old spectacles seemed to need a lot of wiping.

"You are tired, mother; you must go to sleep."

"Don't hurry me, dear; there will be nights and days of sleep and rest, and then the long, long sleep — I shall never see you again."

"Oh, mother!"

"Don't blether, dear; I know an' you know — so let us say our last words together on earth here an' now." The town clock struck one. The sound chilled me — never again together would we hear it strike one. The road to yesterday was wide open, and I looked down its long vista, back, away back as far as memory could go. The road divided here — hers ended in the chimney corner, and mine — I could not see the end.

She had much to say — much that was hard — and something that she could not say at all. I helped her.

"I loved your brother, an' yet you always loved me best."

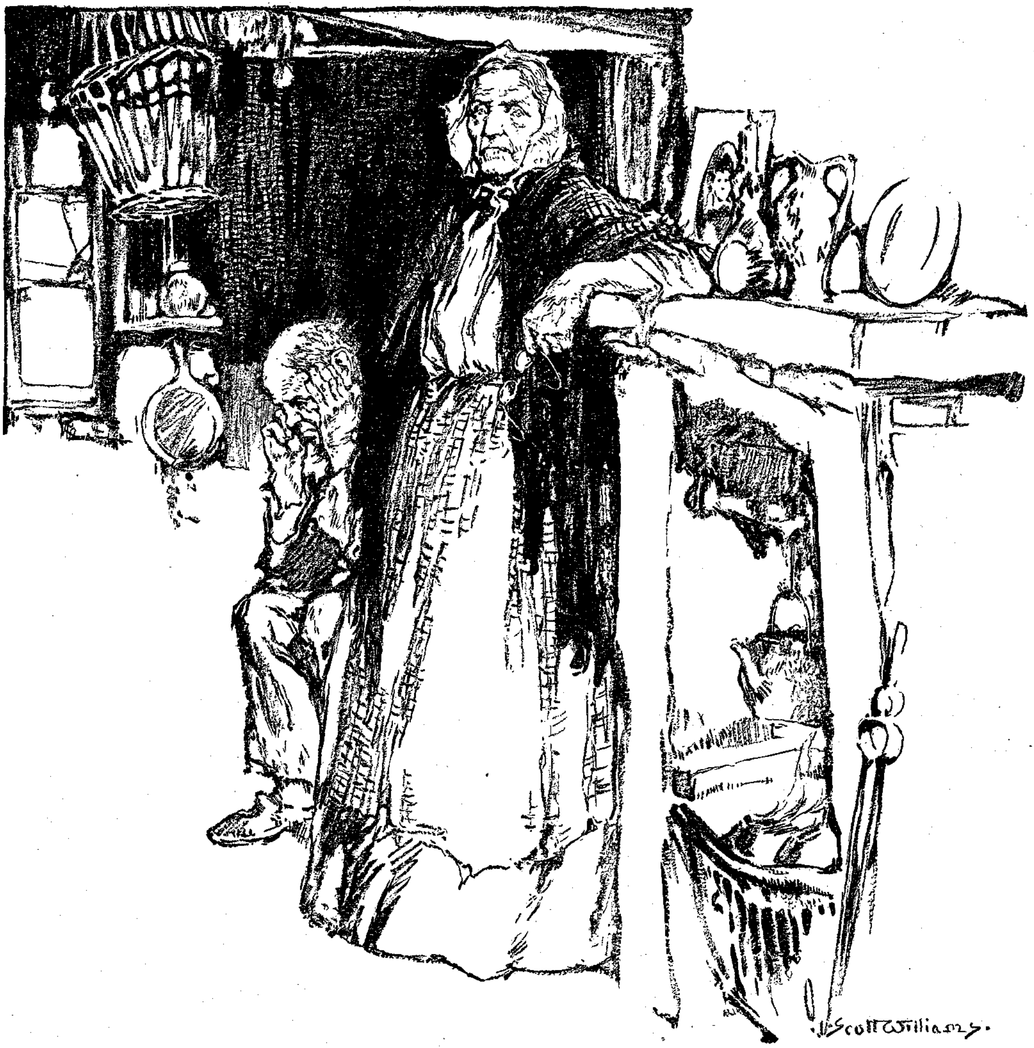
"Aye," I said, "but you had many sons and I had only one mother."

"Boys with their faces set like yours get rich an' forget ——"

"Aye," I interrupted, "I shall be a millionaire — a millionaire of love. I shall always be immensely rich in memory, but in my heart and mind I say no human shall ever take your place!"

My father appeared on the scene.

"Shure I can't sleep a wink," he said, "an' just came out to hear what ye're sayin'." It was more heart-hunger than sleeplessness that brought him out. We took him in, we talked for an hour on things one wants to say on the edge of the grave, then he retired again.


Scott Williams.

"SHE STOOD IN HER CHIMNEY CORNER WITH HER ARM ON THE OLD YELLOW MANTEL-SHELF"

Finally all our words were said. I sat on the ground with my head in her lap. I felt myself being pressed gently back on the mud floor. She extemporized a pallet, and I pretended to go to sleep. She knelt beside me, I felt the hot scalding tears as they fell on my face, the tender mysticism of her youth came back for a moment, and I heard her murmur "Ave Maria."

Next morning when we said farewell there were no tears. We had shed them all in the silence of the night. Her face was white and she stood in her chimney corner with her arm on the old yellow mantel-shelf. She seemed rigid, but in her eyes was a look ineffable of maternal love.

"We shall meet again, mother," I said, as I stood with my bundle in my hand.

"Aye, dearie, I know rightly we'll meet, but it'll be out there beyond the meadows an' th' clouds."

THE SONG OF THE FRIEND

(From the Paiute Indian Dialect, Done into English by Mary Austin)

THIS is the song of the Friend,
Made by the Medicine Man
In the young dusk of the spring,
Moonless and tender,
At the hour when the balm-giving herbs
Begin to be musky and sweet along the creek borders,
When the smell of the sage is sharp in the trails of the cattle
And the ants run busily still
Up the poles of the pine trees;
The shuffle and beat of his feet
We heard in the dust by his doorway.

Out and aside from the hut
The pound of his feet and the roll of the ram's-horn rattle
Was more loud than the purr of the creek
Or the wings of the night hawk,
And the drone of his singing sweet
And the night desirous.

All night he sang till the young, thin moon came out,
And about the wolf hour of the morning
The earth by his hut was beaten to dust by his dancing,
And the eyes of the Medicine Man
Were pale as the sloughs before sun-dawn,
And the shadow of all his songs
Lay under them and in the cheek hollows
Like ash on the hearthstone;
And his voice was bitter and thick
As the dust stirred up by his dancing.

And still in my heart I hear the throb of his singing
When I go by the sweet-smelling trails
In the moonless evenings of April.
My pulse is full of the whisper and beat,
Over-full and aching with song,
When the smell of the camphire comes out by the creeks
And the nights are young and desirous.

INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY OR MONOPOLY?

HOW AMERICAN RAILWAYS CAN BE TAKEN OVER FOR THE PEOPLE SAFELY AND EASILY

BY

WILLIAM W. COOK

AUTHOR OF "COOK ON CORPORATIONS" AND "COOK ON STOCK AND STOCKHOLDERS"

[THIS article, showing the acute danger of the United States from private monopoly control, and proposing, as a simple and practical way out, the establishment of an industrial democracy, is written by the author of the foremost book on corporation law in this country — recognized as standard by all practising corporation lawyers. Mr. Cook is himself one of the leading lawyers in the active practice of corporation law in New York, being general counsel and trustee for the $100,000,000 Mackay Companies, and for other great corporations, with offices at 44 Wall Street.—THE EDITOR.]

THE railroad and corporation question is still acute, as it has been for twenty years. To-day it is intensified by the concentration of railroad power and bank power in the hands of Wall Street capitalists. It is a contest of political democracy with concentrated capital. The question is, Which shall control the nation?

The American people believe in competition. But the trouble is that competition has been giving way in all directions. This is an age of consolidation, natural, irresistible, and inevitable — consolidation of railroads and of all classes of industrial companies. Statutes may prohibit it and courts may denounce it, but it can not be stopped any more than the tides. It is inevitable because it reduces cost, controls prices, and *makes more money*. Great consolidations are here to stay.

In England this fact — so far as the railroads are concerned — is now being accepted, not only by the highest authorities, but by the government itself. George Stephenson, the originator of the railroad locomotive, foresaw this inevitable trend in the railroad business seventy-five years ago. "Where combination is possible," he said, "competition is impossible." For more than thirty years after that Parliament legislated against the consolidation of railroads. This legislation proved to be utterly futile. In 1872 a parliamentary committee made an elaborate and exhaustive investigation of the subject. In its report it said that consolidation "had not brought with it the evils that were anticipated, but that, in any event, long and varied experience had fully demonstrated the fact that, while Parliament might hinder and thwart it, it could not prevent it." This was forty years ago. To-day the consolidation of the few remaining great systems in England, after long obstruction, is being sanctioned by the government itself. Indeed, in 1911 the Board of Trade of the British government, in its report, recommended that the competing railroads be allowed to combine. This report said:

"Unregulated competition in railway charges becomes a disastrous struggle without finality. . . . We accept the growth of coöperation and the more complete elimination of competition as a process inevitable."

As recently as 1910, a Vice-Regal Commission on Irish railroads recommended to Parliament that consolidation of the Irish railroads be not only allowed, but forced, because consolidation, in addition to the financial saving, "would tend to simplify administration, improve the conditions of the working [operation], and promote the transmission of goods by the shortest routes, thereby leading to economy, both by reason of better train-loading and suppression of unnecessary mileage."

"Competition Breaking in Our Hands"

Mr. Acworth, the leading authority in England on railroad questions, said concerning the English railway situation in September, 1908:

"Competition is an instrument that is at this moment breaking in our hands. . . . We must, I think, assume that competition, which has done good work for the public in its day, is practically ceasing to have any real operation in regulating English railroads."

In America competition is breaking in our hands even faster than in England. The course of consolidation has been irresistible here for more than thirty years. This has been so not only in railroads, but in street railways, manufacturing, gas- and electric-light, water-works, and power companies — all quasi-public corporations. The Anti-Trust Act of Congress forbids the combination of competing railroads, but consolidation is silently and constantly drawing them together, and it will continue to do so. We may "thwart it, but we can not prevent it." The laws of trade are stronger than the laws of men.

It is now twenty-five years since the railroad situation in the United States became intolerable. Then the half-way step to government ownership was taken, by government regulation through the Interstate Commerce Commission. That commission has grappled manfully with the problem without permanent success. This fact is best appreciated by those who see the situation most closely. Mr. Knapp, the chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission, was testifying, on February 19, 1910, before the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce of the House of Representatives, when suddenly Mr. Mann, the chairman of the latter committee, asked:

"The conditions attending railroad transportation in the United States are well-nigh intolerable, are they not?"

And the chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission replied: "I think they are."

The Interstate Commerce Act and the public service commissions and courts may delay this irresistible trend of the age: they can not stop it. Its progress is due to forces far beyond the reach of commissions. Commissions may reduce rates, regulate abuses, and stop further issues of watered stock; but commissions can not reach the root of the trouble, namely: Wall Street control of the railroads, and to that extent a tremendous influence over the government; the rapid heaping up of colossal fortunes by means of that control; the pushing of the middle-class man into a niche where he gets a living and no more; the growth of a proletariat which is always ready to give trouble, especially in hard times; and the gradual absorption of wealth and power by the capitalistic few. Other remedies more recently proposed — such as a federal incorporation act — are equally impotent. The process of corporation control continues, and under present circumstances will continue.

Will Wall Street Control Bring Revolution?

The fact is that, in spite of all efforts to prevent it, the power of our American railroads is being every day more than ever before concentrated in Wall Street. More than that, private capital — principally centered in Wall Street at present — has an almost absolute control not only of the railroads, but also of the great industrial companies owning the natural resources of the country other than agricultural. This means the control of prices, and the control of men, and ultimately the control of the government itself, unless that control is wrenched from the grip of capital. The question is whether capital shall control the public and its government, or whether democracy shall control the government — whether men shall allow their employers (the corporations) to be controlled by capital in a few hands, or whether men shall be free and capital be subject to their control, directly or indirectly. That is the great question which faces modern nations. It is a world-wide and colossal problem, but nowhere so great as here.

History tells what happened when the privileged classes of Rome absorbed the wealth of the Republic. There, too, arose the question of whether concentrated wealth, with all the power it represented, should dominate the government and the people. The proletariat grew in numbers. The debtor class increased and became desperate. The common people became discouraged. Then a few daring and unscrupulous men raised the standard of revolt. Confiscatory laws were passed and civil war broke out. Caesar became Dictator to restore order — and the Republic was gone forever.

Now, any one with the slightest foresight can see that the present condition of things can not continue indefinitely in the United States. As the *Outlook* for July 30, 1910, said: "The railway question is another form of the fundamental issue between oligarchy and democracy."

And the idea which the public is instinctively fighting for is that capital and monopoly shall not rule this country. In the fierce conflict, even the independence of the Supreme Court of the United States — the keystone that sustains the arch of the forty-eight States — is being attacked; and the President himself, only a short time ago, deemed the attack so serious that he felt called upon to defend the court. Every thinking man knows that if that stone is disturbed, the arch will tumble into ruins.

The signs of the times show that some comprehensive remedy is imperative. The United States is destined within a comparatively few years to have two hundred millions of people, two hundred billions of wealth, a thousand great cities, and fifty States spanning a continent three thousand miles wide. It has a virile race of men who will not much longer tolerate that the railroads, the arteries of trade and largely the arbiters of value, be owned and controlled by any class of men, capitalists or otherwise. The Pacific Coast and the Mississippi Valley and the Southern States will not stand it. Something must be done — and done soon.

The Failures of Government Ownership

To preserve competition in the face of the underlying forces of trade is impossible. To remain permanently in the present control of private monopoly is equally so. The alternative most prominently in the public mind is government ownership of the railroads. The American people do not want this, but they believe it may be necessary.

The railroads of continental Europe are quite generally under government ownership. That this ownership has developed and is now developing grievous faults, can not be denied. Perhaps the most authoritative recent study of this situation is given by Logan G. McPherson, lecturer on transportation in Johns Hopkins University, in a volume published in 1910. His conclusions are decidedly adverse to the policy of government ownership. "In France, Belgium, and Italy," he says, "where socialistic influences are strong in the government, the number of employees of the governmental railways has been increased beyond all reason to make places for political henchmen, with the result that expenses are going up, revenue is going down, and the quality of service, from all accounts, is badly deteriorating."* "In Switzerland," he says, "where the government has sought to please all the people by lowering rates, increasing facilities, and raising wages, the railways which were doing well under *corporate* management show a deficit after ten years of governmental administration. . . . In Switzerland, if anywhere, it might be supposed the operation of railways ought to be attended with profit. Under a state administration they show a loss."

This is the result of the experiment under the more centralized governments of Europe. In the United States, a loosely constructed democracy extending over an enormous territory, the problem would be much more difficult. Experience in this country has shown that popular sovereignty is not fitted to own and administer great properties. Popular sovereignty, with ignorance and poverty in control, early bankrupted a number of the Southern States, and almost bankrupted many in the North. Popular sovereignty bankrupted American cities like Elizabeth, New Jersey, and Memphis, Tennessee; and in the great development of municipal enterprises in recent years it has piled up in American cities a portentous burden of debt, $1,718,000,000 in 1908, according to the United States Bureau of the Census†— that is, over one half of the national debt at the close of the Civil War, when intelligent men despaired of the nation's solvency. Were it not for constitutional limitations and prohibitions, these city debts would be greater still.

Public ownership of railroads and other means of transportation are not untried experiments in the United States; indeed, at the beginning the transportation enterprises of the country were quite largely undertaken or aided by States and cities. With scarcely an exception, these experiments were failures. Judge Thomas M. Cooley, in his history of Michigan, gives a graphic account of that State's disastrous experience with railroads and canals, drawn from his own observation. "At the end," he says, "nothing but the débris of our air-castles remained, and that only to plague our recollections."

The result of all this is that government ownership of railroads in the United States is now generally feared by its citizens. The effects are dreaded. It would mean an enormous increase of power and patronage to the national government. It would mean that the government would be swindled in acquiring the railroads. It would mean bad service, stagnation of enterprise, and financial loss. It would mean inefficient and at times corrupt administration of the railroads. These enterprises require the highest class of administrative ability and economy in their operation. Politicians do not and can not furnish that ability. Railroad men are trained for their vocation by a lifetime of constant practical work. The government would not get such men, because they are not politicians and because the government would not pay the price to retain them.

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* A press report of September 11, 1911, is to the effect that the Western State Railroad, which is controlled by the government of France, has this year a deficit of $13,200,000, against a deficit of $4,800,000 for the preceding year.

† "Statistics of Cities," 1908, page 248.

A Threat to the Republic's Solvency

But, worse than all, the change would mean a national debt of some fourteen billions of dollars, the present value of the railroads themselves. Nor is this all. Over a half billion dollars a year is being added annually to the value of the railroads from the sale of stocks and bonds. In a few years the national debt would be twenty-five billions of dollars. Such a debt would be appalling. The solvency of the Republic would be imperiled. The words of Maine, the author of "The Ancient Law" and "Popular Government," should be recalled by all of us at this time. Popular sovereignty, he says, "is characterized by great fragility," and democracy "of all forms of government is by far the most difficult" — so difficult that it "will tax to the utmost all the political sagacity and statesmanship of the world to keep it from misfortune." When one contemplates the colossal debt, the inevitable political corruption, and the oligarchic tendencies of governmental power, doubt arises as to whether the great Republic could stand the strain of government ownership of railroads.

Yet, notwithstanding all this, we are drifting rapidly toward government ownership.

"That we are tending toward public ownership no man with clear vision can fail to see," is the opinion of the *Railroad Age Gazette*, and Mr. Acworth in England has given expression to a similar view.

"I can see," he says, "but one outlet from the position in which English railways find themselves, and that outlet is state purchase. I have been forced to the conclusion with the greatest reluctance — for I can not but think that it is much against the public interest."

Mr. Acworth concludes with the significant remark that the fall of private ownership of railroads in England will echo throughout the length and breadth of America.

In July, 1910, a Vice-Regal Commission, in its report to the British government, recommended that the government buy all the Irish railways.

In America events and public sentiment are crystallizing rapidly. Railroad officials and railroad attorneys are bewildered and disheartened by the interminable conflict, and railroad stockholders are beginning to wonder how long their dividends will continue. The situation is becoming worse instead of better.

A Startling Supreme Court Opinion

When hard times pinch the population, strange things happen, and even the Supreme Court of the United States may sustain radical railroad rate reductions. Mr. Justice Brewer, in an opinion in the Supreme Court, in speaking of the conditions which the public may impose upon a railroad, intimates very clearly that the Supreme Court might sustain legislation or regulation which would compel railroads to operate without any profit whatever. In this he said* that a railroad expresses its "willingness to do the work of the state, aware that the state in the discharge of its public duties is not guided solely by a question of profit. It may rightfully determine that the particular service is of such importance to the public that it may be conducted *at a pecuniary loss, having in view a larger general interest*. . . . While we have said again and again that one volunteering to do such services can not be compelled to expose his property to confiscation, that he can not be compelled to submit its use to such rates as do not pay the expenses of the work, and therefore create a constantly increasing debt which ultimately works its appropriation, still is there not force in the suggestion that, as the state may do the work without profit, if he voluntarily undertakes to act for the state he must submit to a like determination as to the paramount interests of the public?"

Even in so prosperous a year as 1910, the Interstate Commerce Commission rendered a series of decisions reducing railroad rates — in some instances one half. The Commerce Court a few days ago stopped these wholesale reductions, but that does not prevent individual reductions which will accomplish the same purpose. Under the constant pressure of public sentiment, these precedents may be applied broadly, and railroad stocks in America will become a poor investment. They will be ground down to a basis of despair.

The crusade against railroads is a continuous crusade. It became acute in 1907 and helped to bring on a panic. That panic passed away; but when class again clashes with class, and courts clash with legislatures, and poverty with property, government ownership of railroads may be as boldly advocated by one of the great political parties as it was timidly advocated by Mr. Bryan a few years ago. Mr. McPherson well says:

"For several years the policy of both the federal and the State legislatures has been directed toward an increasing control not only over railroad rates, but over railroad administration. If this tendency continues, a point will undoubtedly be reached at which the railroads will be justified in saying to the legislative bodies: 'You have taken over our properties in fact and are administering them. If this is to continue, you must take them over legally and reimburse their owners to the full extent of their value.'"

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* 183 U. S., 93, 94.

The Issue — Socialism or Not?

Government ownership of railroads would be a long step toward socialism. Americans are not yet ready to accept this theoretic, if not visionary, doctrine, which has already so strong a hold in Europe. But America, with its almost unrestricted suffrage, is a fertile field for it. As far as its advocates have agreed on a definition, socialism is government ownership of all the means of production, distribution, and exchange; in other words, government ownership of *railroads*, real estate, mines, manufacturing, and merchandise. It is the direct antithesis of the Anglo-Saxon idea that whatever a man honestly acquires becomes his own, to dispose of as he sees fit. The question of government ownership of railroads raises the direct issue between public and private ownership of all property, and if we are to have a struggle over socialism it may as well be fought out on this line as on any other.

"We are looking forward," says President Taft, "to the question of whether the institution of private property is one worthy of being preserved. . . . The institution of private property, . . . next to that of personal liberty, has more to do with the progress of civilization, with the uplifting of the human race, than any other institution that we have in our community."

Is there not, then, some other solution which can reconcile capital with democracy? Can not the industrial forces, concentrated in the hands of these vast corporations, be harnessed and utilized so as to assist democracy instead of destroying it? Can not the swift and resistless current of consolidation be diverted from Wall Street instead of being merely made tumultuous, as at present, by feeble governmental dams?

Mr. Acworth, who, although an Englishman, has a most thorough acquaintance with American railroad affairs, said in a recent speech concerning our railway situation:

"If I have an individual belief, it is that the United States will get much nearer to the brink of nationalization than they have come at present, and will then start back on the edge of the precipice and escape by *some road not yet discernible.*"

There is no public question which looms so large in the background of all our present-day thinking on economic questions as this: Are we drifting irresistibly into socialism? It is the instinctive hope of most of us that we will not; that *some way out* will be found. Can not a plan be devised which will combine the advantages of capitalistic organization and monopoly with the advantages of a widely diffused control, so that a State Industrial and the State Political may work hand in hand? I believe that it can; and I will outline in the following pages the way in which I feel confident the change can be accomplished.

A Twenty-five Billion Holding Company

The holding company has been, during the past twenty years, the device by which the consolidation of railroads and industries has been accomplished in the United States. Under it, the great railroads have gathered in other railroads. These great railroads themselves are held in the control of Wall Street, through small interrelated groups of institutions controlled by a few men, which are — for practical purposes of control—nothing more or less than a group of security-holding companies. I propose that the control of the stocks of our country be taken from these security-holding institutions of Wall Street and placed in the control of a security-"holding" corporation administered for the investing public of the United States.

For doing this I propose the following method. Congress should incorporate a railroad "holding company," with a capital stock of twenty-five billion dollars. It has clearly the constitutional right to do this. In the charter, Congress could name the first directors — men of the highest character and reputation, chosen from different parts of the country. They could be self-perpetuating. The dividends on the stock could be limited, say to three per cent. Those dividends could be guaranteed by the federal government. In consideration of the guaranty, all surplus profits over the three per cent could by the terms of the charter go to the government.

This holding corporation could easily be made to acquire by purchase or condemnation the control of all the railroads of the country, besides providing funds for the future extensions and improvements of the railroads.

Would such a plan be workable? Would it be financially safe? Would it take the control of the railroads away from Wall Street? Would it operate the railroads more cheaply and more efficiently than under government ownership or present control?

The Safest of Investments

In the first place, such a stock would certainly be salable to investors. The stock would be issued from time to time, in large or small amounts, as suited the times, and the rate of dividend on different issues might vary, sometimes three per cent, sometimes two and a half or three and a half or even higher (the rate, of course, on each issue, when once fixed, not to be varied thereafter on that particular issue), just as issues of railroad bonds vary in rates of interest and amounts issued, according to the needs of the times. Whatever the rate, it certainly would be much less than the railroad corporations now pay, because the government guaranty would be back of it.

The Interstate Commerce Commission would regulate each of such issues of stock as to amount, rate of dividend, and the purposes to which the money received therefor should be applied. The government guaranty would make the stock equal to a United States bond. The money derived from the sale of the holding company's three-per-cent guaranteed stock would be used to buy the railroad stocks on the market or at private sale or by condemnation.

But suppose the owners of the railroad stocks refused to sell? Then their stock could be taken by the holding company by condemnation proceedings authorized by Congress. The condemnation would be constitutional under a recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in a case that went up from Connecticut, in connection with the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad Company.*

Nor is there anything novel or startling in such condemnation. Railroads are allowed to condemn private lands. Municipalities may be authorized to condemn water-works and gas-works. In England the land of Irish landlords was condemned in order that the government might resell it to the tenants. A governmental "railroad-holding" company, having railroad powers and intended to carry out governmental purposes, could constitutionally be given the power to condemn stocks in American railroads.

The financial workings of the proposed holding company can be shown by a concrete example. Take the Illinois Central Railroad Company. Its capital stock ($109,296,000) has now a market value of about $148,600,000. It pays seven-per-cent dividends, namely, $7,650,720 annually. Suppose the holding company had been organized as outlined above. Suppose its directors sold $148,600,000 of its three-per-cent government guaranteed stock at par to the general public. That would bring in $148,600,000 cash. Suppose they used that cash to buy the $109,296,000 Illinois Central Railroad stock. Of course, the stock would rise if such a purchase was forced, but time does all things in finance, and then there is the power of condemnation. The financial result of the transaction would be that the holding company would *pay out* three per cent annually on its $148,600,000 outstanding stock — in other words, pay out $4,458,000 annually — and would *receive* in dividends on its Illinois Central stock $7,650,720. From this the holding company could pay its three-per-cent dividends ($4,458,000) and still have $3,192,720 profit, which could be used for improvements or be consumed by a reduction of rates, *besides having control of the Illinois Central Railroad*. The government would not be called on to respond to its guaranty or to pay a dollar.

Railroad Control and a Sixty-Million-Dollar Profit

At first glance, the establishment of a twenty-five billion dollar corporation seems impossible. Twenty-five billions is nearly a quarter of the estimated value of all the property in the United States. But, in the first place, it must be remembered that the sale of this stock would not mean new investment. It would require the retirement of present investment in railroad stocks. It would be simply the transfer of an existing investment from one form to another.

In the second place, the stock would be issued gradually from year to year. A large proportion of the railroad securities in the hands of the public are bonds, which are not interest in the ownership of a corporation, but simply debt. The control of the railroads — which is the first thing to be acquired — lies in its stocks; and the public at present owns only about five billion — par value — of our railroad stocks. Half of that sum — an amount only slightly larger than the present government debt — would give an absolute controlling majority of the railroad stocks in this country.

But even this would not be necessary at first, because of the fact that the control of American railroad properties is highly centralized by large railroad systems owning the stock of small ones.

A railroad map of the United States will show that there are ten great main railroads which practically control the railroad transportation of this country. The outstanding capital stock of these roads is now a little less than two and a half billion dollars; its market value is less than three billions; and actual majority of the stock would cost, at present rates, less than a billion and a half of dollars. The purchase of these ten main roads at the present value of their stocks would work out approximately as follows:

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* 203 *U. S.*, 372.

NAME	CAPITAL STOCK	VALUE	DIVIDENDS
Pennsylvania R. R. Co.	$451,116,000	$545,850,360	$27,066,960
New York, New Haven and Hartford R. R. Co.	156,619,318	206,737,500	12,329,545
New York Central and Hudson River R.R. Co.	222,729,300	231,638,472	11,136,465
Southern Ry. Co	180,000,000	68,400,000	600,000
Union Pacific R. R. Co.	316,121,700	433,949,143	25,639,530
Chicago & Northwestern R. R. Co.	154,854,484	230,644,864	11,063,803
Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul R. R.	232,623,100	293,091,179	16,283,617
Northern Pacific R. R. Co.	248,000,000	285,200,000	17,360,000
Great Northern R. R. Co.	209,981,100	260,376,564	14,698,677
Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé R. R.	279,692,230	288,596,444	15,639,796
	$2,451,737,232	$2,844,484,526	$151,818,393

These figures show that about $2,844,484,526 is the present market value of the entire capital stock of all of those railroads. Suppose the holding company issued $2,844,484,526 of its three-per-cent government-guaranteed stock by selling it to the public at par? Suppose it used the cash to acquire those railroad stocks by purchase or condemnation? The holding company would then *receive* all the present railroad dividends, namely, $151,818,393. The holding company would *pay out* only $85,334,535, being three per cent on its $2,844,484,526 outstanding capital stock. The holding company would then have left in its treasury, as its profit, the difference, namely, $66,483,858.

This large profit could be applied to improvements or be consumed by a reduction of rates. In either case it would be a great saving to the people. Besides the profit, *the holding company would control* these railroads. It would control them just as Mr. Harriman's holding company, the Union Pacific, controlled and still controls great systems of railroads. And whoever controlled these ten roads I have mentioned would come very close to controlling not only the railroads but the great industries of the United States.

But why — if a practical control can be secured so easily — have a capital stock of twenty-five billions of dollars? The answer is, because it would eventually be needed to put the railroads of the country on the sound and economical basis of cheap capital proposed in the plan. About fifteen billion dollars would be needed to acquire all the existing railroad stocks and pay off existing railroad bonds as they became due; and the remaining ten billions of dollars would be issued from year to year to pay for future railroad extensions and improvements, at present costing from half a billion to three quarters of a billion dollars annually.

Great Economy of Government Guaranties

There are excellent precedents for such a governmental guaranty. It has proved practical and effective in more than one instance; and it is unquestionably growing in favor. The United States government lent its credit to the first railroads to the Pacific, and thus enabled them to be built, and the government was repaid practically the entire amount.* New York City, in building its present subways, lent its credit and obtained the necessary money on the lowest terms, and then contracted with a corporation to operate the subways for a long period of years. The economy of the plan is extraordinary. If these subways had been built on high-interest-bearing railroad bonds, sold at a discount with a bonus of stock,— the old-fashioned plan,— the amount of money finally obtained from investors by their promoters would easily have been double the par value of these city bonds issued to pay for these subways.

The idea of government guaranty of transportation securities is, in fact, now becoming familiar throughout civilized countries. In July, 1910, the Vice-Regal Commission of the British government, in making its report in regard to the Irish railways, recommended that the Irish railways be acquired by the issue of state-guaranteed railway stock.† The plan is even being urged by prominent railroad and corporation managers in the United States.‡

Looked at from the investor's standpoint, there are equal advantages. A guaranty of three-per-cent dividends on the stock of such a holding company would not only furnish railroad money cheaply by the low-rate dividend, but such a guaranteed stock would be equal to a United States bond, or English consol, or French *rente*. It would be owned by banks and trust companies and used as a basis for currency on a par with United States bonds. It could be issued in ten-dollar shares, and would furnish an investment for the savings of the poor, the accumulations of the investor, and the wealth of the rich. It would be equivalent to a national savings bank for millions of people. It would be superior to the new postal-savings-bank plan of the United States government, because it would pay a higher rate of interest with equal security, and would interest the great body of the population in the national industries.

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*See Annual Report of Commissioner of Railroads, 1903 (Interior Department), pp. 1, 12-16; also statement of the Public Debt, April, 1910; also United States Treasury Department Circular No. 62, July 1, 1908, pp. 80, 81.

† Mexico adopted the curious expedient of nationalizing its railroads by preserving and continuing the railroad corporation, and causing it to make an issue of watered stock to the government, thereby giving the government a majority of the stock and power to name the board of directors. That plan, however, is open to the objections that if the government owned the stock and named the directors, that would be practically the same as government ownership and political control; second, the government might suddenly sell the stock, as, in fact, it was recently, though erroneously, reported the Mexican government had done; and, third, the American railroads already have enough watered stock interfering with a reduction of railroad rates.

‡ On December 22, 1910, the late Robert Mather, well known as a railroad man, testified before the Railway Securities Commission created by Act of Congress: "In my judgment, whenever the government authorities go so far as to regulate the question of rates, and when such rates do not permit the company to operate under average economy so as to earn enough money to maintain its credit, which is so essential in the operation of a railroad system, I believe that the government should go further and lend the credit of the country in order to produce sufficient credit for the railroads in looking after their needs."

Would Wall Street Still Control?

But would not Wall Street control the holding company, just as Wall Street controls the railroads now — through choosing its board of directors? If so, the plan would be fatally defective, because the country will not much longer tolerate that control. There are various practical ways of preserving the disinterestedness of such a holding company and its board of directors. In Europe this problem has been worked out successfully in different ways. For instance, in the Bank of England the right of voting for directors is limited to stockholders who have owned for six months at least five hundred pounds of the bank stock.

Each stockholder has but one vote. No proxies are allowed. In order to insure an infusion of new blood annually, the charter formerly provided that one third of the directors at each election should be new men. This was changed later to one eighth. Since then it has been abrogated, experience having proved that it was unnecessary. By custom the directors are never chosen from the ranks of other bankers. The plan has worked successfully for over two hundred years. The Bank of England is a great governmental institution, organized and carried on to finance the government and control the finances of the Empire. It is a corporation, but it is administered by disinterested persons, free from governmental ownership or control. It is the utilization of the corporation to preserve the State Industrial, distinct and independent of the State Political.

The most important recent recognition of this idea is given in the report of the Vice-Regal Commission of Great Britain, above referred to, in regard to the Irish railways. This report, in fact, recommends a method of arrangement fundamentally similar to that which I believe should be adopted in regard to the railroads of this country. It says: "State purchase, conjoined with *state control*, would not be acceptable to the Irish people, nor do we think that the adoption of this method would be attended with benefit to the public." The Commission accordingly recommended that there be a railway board of twenty directors to control and operate the Irish railways, twelve to be elected by the *taxpayers* of Ireland (acting through their representatives), four to be named by the government, and four by different business organizations in Ireland.

Directors of the People

If the charter of the proposed railroad holding company for the United States named the first twenty-five directors — men of character, chosen from different parts of the country — and gave them power to elect their successors, subject to the approval of the President of the United States, in case of death, resignation, or removal for cause, Wall Street would get its proper representation and no more. It would not dominate. If further check were desired, the election of directors might require the approval of the United States Senate as well as that of the President. If that safeguard against the capitalistic control be doubted, the "recall" of directors by vote of the stockholders would be a modern remedy. Public sentiment is an all-powerful factor in America, and would not tolerate Wall Street dictation or the election of Wall Street dummies. The power of the directors would be so great that the public would demand that they be above suspicion. And there would be nothing to fear from that power.

Power leads to responsibility, and responsibility leads to conservatism. If the board of directors selected in this way had the power of voting the railroad stocks throughout the United States, public sentiment would insist that the *personnel* of the directors should represent the finest judgment and honor of the country — just such a *personnel* as Great Britain insists on for the management of the Bank of England.*

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* A striking precedent is found in the following provision in the proposed Act of Congress for the incorporation of the "Rockefeller Foundation": "That the successors of the incorporators named herein, and the additional members of the incorporation and their successors, shall be elected by the members of the corporation for the time being, but, before such election shall become effective, written notice thereof shall be mailed by said corporation to each of the following named persons at his official post-office address, namely: The President of the United States, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, the President of the Senate, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, the presidents of the following institutions, namely, Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts; Yale University, New Haven, Connecticut; Columbia University, New York City, New York; Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Maryland; the University of Chicago, Chicago, Illinois. If such an election shall be disapproved by a majority of the persons above named, it shall be void; but it shall become effective if and when it shall be approved by such a majority, or at the expiration of sixty days from the mailing of such notices, if it shall not have been disapproved by such a majority."

How Bureaucracy Would Be Avoided

But, in steering clear of the Scylla of Wall Street, is there not danger of foundering on the Charybdis of bureaucracy? Not if the directors of the holding company do their duty. It would depend on them whether the evils of bureaucracy — inefficiency, extravagance, waste, supernumeraries, indifference — crept into the management and operation of the railroads. If we can not trust twenty-five directors to avoid all this, chosen as they would be from different parts of the country, men of affairs, of character, experience, and independence, with the responsibility on their hands of controlling all the railroads of the country, then whom could we trust? They certainly would know what to do, and if the standard of American citizenship remains as high as it is now, they would do their duty. They would serve just as the directors of the Bank of England now serve, without thought of personal gain or political preferment. They would keep the railroads out of politics and away from the evils of bureaucracy. They would justify their choice. The American people would expect it, would insist upon it, and would not be disappointed. The cardinal principle underlying this whole plan is that the future control of the railroads of America should be in the hands of the choicest men, disinterested, picked men of the nation, representing not alone capital on the one hand nor the voting public alone on the other, but representing all,— the toiling millions as well as the millionaires; labor as well as capital; voters as well as investors,— avoiding the evils and dangers of government ownership and bureaucracy, and administering these vast properties, the arteries of trade of the vast Republic, as great *national highways*.

A "Holding Company" in the Nation's Interests

The prejudice against the holding company in America is now very great. The reason is that holding companies have only too often been used to form illegal combinations in restraint of trade. But that is an abuse of the holding company plan. The holding company, when properly used, is a lawful and very workable mode of organization. It is the latest, most useful, and highest development of the corporation. And the corporation is a wonderful mechanism. The holding company is capable of infinite uses as well as great abuses. It is admirably adapted to the ownership and management of railroads, and, in fact, all great properties.

It is my belief that this excellent instrument should be taken from the hands of Wall Street and placed in the hands of the people; that it be used for the formation of a new industrial democracy. I myself have, as a lawyer, been familiar with the use of the holding company, and know that it is capable of proper and beneficent use. The Mackay Companies — a holding company which has acquired and administered great telegraph and cable companies — has acquired stocks on exactly the plan I have outlined — except, of course, that it has no government guaranty of dividends.* I have taken part in the formation and the operation of this holding company from its beginning, and I know intimately the ease, simplicity, and workability of the idea.

The above plan is presented to meet a great and overwhelming issue which is now disturbing the entire country. It would give the advantages claimed for government ownership; it would insure lower rates, no discriminations, equal facilities, the protection of the small shipper, and the cessation of waste from ruinous competition. It would not impair the efficiency of the present railway staff, because the present railroad corporations would be continued, the present officials and employees and mode of selection, promotion, and organization, retained, with no government officials to interfere. Commissions, courts, and legislatures would find a large part of their present occupation gone.

And it would give advantages which government ownership could not give. It would mean the avoidance of a vast national debt and a railroad deficit to be made up by taxation; the preservation of the institution of private ownership of railroad property; and a more efficient management of railroads than any government ownership ever did or ever could give. It is the utilization of the corporate idea which has proved such an Aladdin's lamp for modern industries. It is saving the corporation by placing it in new hands. It is creating a *State Industrial* to work side by side with the present *State Political*. It is avoiding government ownership by keeping the property out of the hands of ignorant voters and politicians. It will prevent the great Republic foundering on the division of spoils. It is not socialism; it is not government ownership; it is not even direct governmental control; and it is absolutely practical. It would nationalize railroads without political agitation and without costing the national government a dollar.

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* The Mackay Companies, organized in Massachusetts, December 19, 1903, has outstanding $50,000,000 preferred and $41,380,400 common stock.

EILEAN-AN-UANE

BY

EDITH B. SPAULDING

OFF the dark headlands of rock-bordered Raasay
Lieth an islet asleep in the sea,
Kissed by the sunshine and swept by the tempest,
Gray on the mountain and green on the lea,
Flowery-starred in the brief summer bloom-time,
Silvery-veiled in the chill autumn rain,
Singing or sighing in sunshine or shadow,
Ocean winds blow over Eilean-an-Uane.

Far on the sea, where the changing blue billows
Merge as they meet with the constant blue sky,
Who than my rover more fondly remembers
How the light sparkles on bonny Alt-bwy?
Or, when the pole-star in dark skies is gleaming,
Brilliant o'er billow and mountain and plain,
Will he not dream, as at midnight he watches,
How the stars shine over Eilean-an-Uane?

Wave-wasted rock-shore, as thou I am lonely,
Missing and calling the lad of my heart;
Seas, sing of time, and of hope, O ye wild-birds,
Till the day comes when no more we shall part.
West wind, sing softly, and north wind, blow freshly,
East wind, shed lightly thy soft silver rain,
But speed, O ye south wind, across the wide ocean,
And waft his bark homeward to Eilean-an-Uane.

Oh, my leal boatman, wherever you're sailing,
Deep though the waters and many the miles,
Yet I am knowing your heart will be always
Here in the mists of the far Western Isles;
And you will say, in the dark, lonely watches,
When you would follow your rover heart fain,
"Long though the night be, and deep though the billows,
Over the ocean lies Eilean-an-Uane."

The shimmering whiteness of fine linen, the glow of shining silver, the sparkle of fine cut glass express more than culture and good taste. They indicate knowledge in the laundry and in the kitchen. They show that the housewife knows how to care for as well as to choose. They say distinctly that their owner realizes the value of Ivory Soap as a safe and efficient cleanser for fine fabrics and fine ware.

To Wash Fine Linen: Use water that is warm, not hot, and if the water is hard soften with borax. Make a thick lather with Ivory Soap. The soap should never be rubbed on the fabric. Soak the linen pieces thoroughly in the lather; then rub the spots gently with the hands, "sousing" the material up and down in the suds. Rinse in several warm waters until all traces of the soap are gone. Rinse once again in boiling water, followed immediately by a rinsing in as cold water as you can obtain. Hang in the sun, if possible, but do not permit the linen to dry entirely. Iron without sprinkling.

Ivory Soap . . . 99$\frac{44}{100}$ Per Cent. Pure